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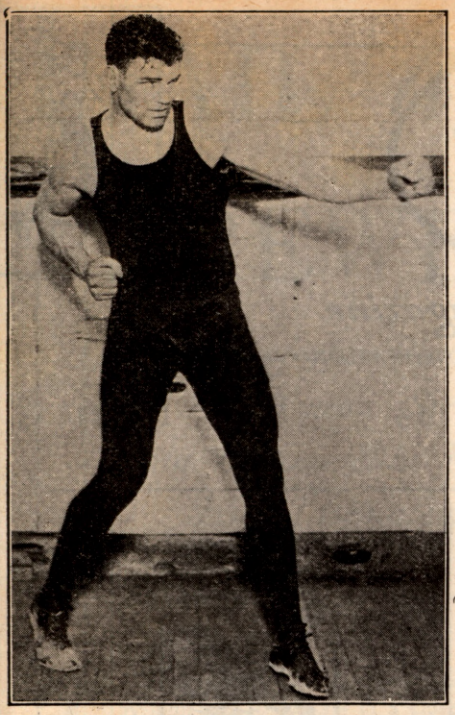

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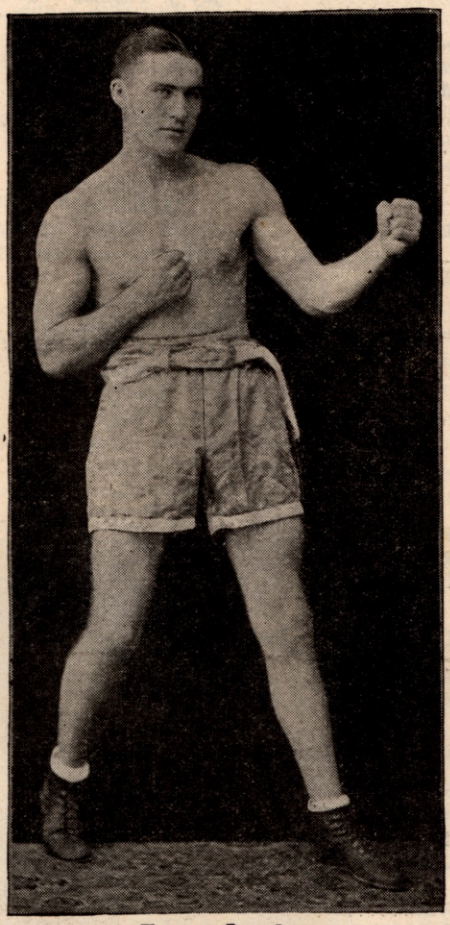

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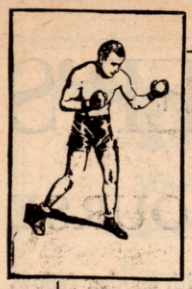

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XII DECEMBER, 1933 No. 11

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"The Ring's" annual review of the year's best fights in thrilling action pictures—Many pages of photographs, including pictures of the heavyweight championship battle between Primo Carnera and Paulino. Something every fight fan will want to cut out and save.

An intimate life story of Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh's successor to Harry Greb—Wilbur Wood, one of America's foremost boxing writers, is the author of an article that will hit the mark with all "Ring" readers.

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Ever hear of Tommy White? If you haven't, ask dad, he'll tell you that Tommy was one of America's greatest featherweights in the "nineties," and he tells a most interesting story of his fighting days. If you want to know why Australian Billy Murphy is regarded as one of the four best feathers that ever fought, follow Tommy White's story.

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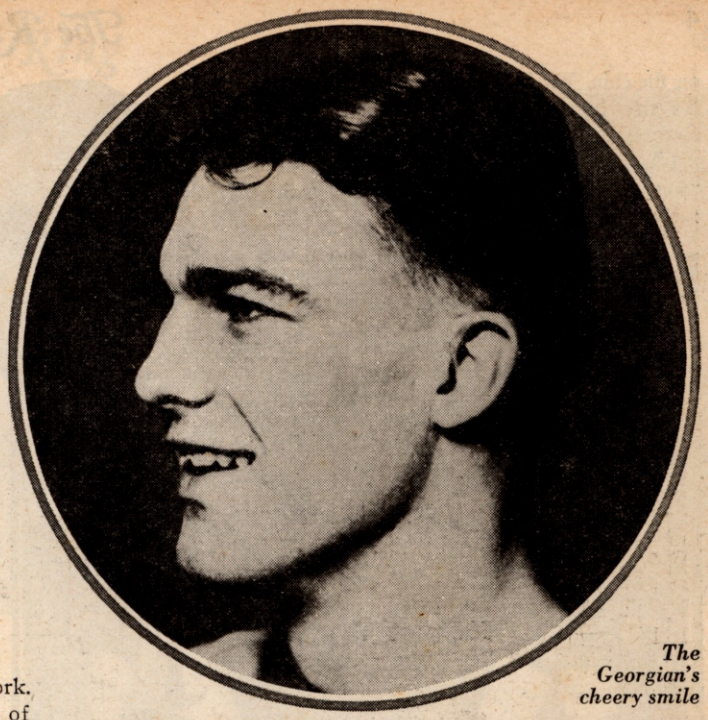
HAIL *and* FAREWELL!

The Story of the Picturesque Career of Young Stribling Told By One Who Knew Him Intimately

By WILBUR WOOD



The Georgian's cheery smile

THE scene is Madison Square Garden, in New York. A fight has just come to a close, with a difference of opinion among the officials and the fans as to the winner. The cheers of those who favor the award mingle with the jeers of the dissenters.

Joe Humphreys, veteran announcer, raises his hand, imploring silence.

"I crave your indulgence," he begins.

The hubbub is hushed. The crowd senses what is coming.

A bugler from a cowboy band, in garish red trousers, yellow waist and high-heeled, spurred boots, climbs into the ring. The lights are dimmed.

"I ask you to stand for a moment of silent prayer," intones Humphreys, "in memory of one we all knew and loved, W. L. Stribling, better known as Young Stribling."

There is a confused, scraping noise as the fans get to their feet in the half-darkened arena. Men and women of all shades of creed and race are standing, silent. Even the click of the telegraph instruments in the working press section is stilled.

For a moment there is utter silence. Then the silvery notes of the bugle sound in the plaintive cadences of "Taps."

As the last note dies away, Humphreys' voice is heard again: "May his soul rest in peace. Amen."

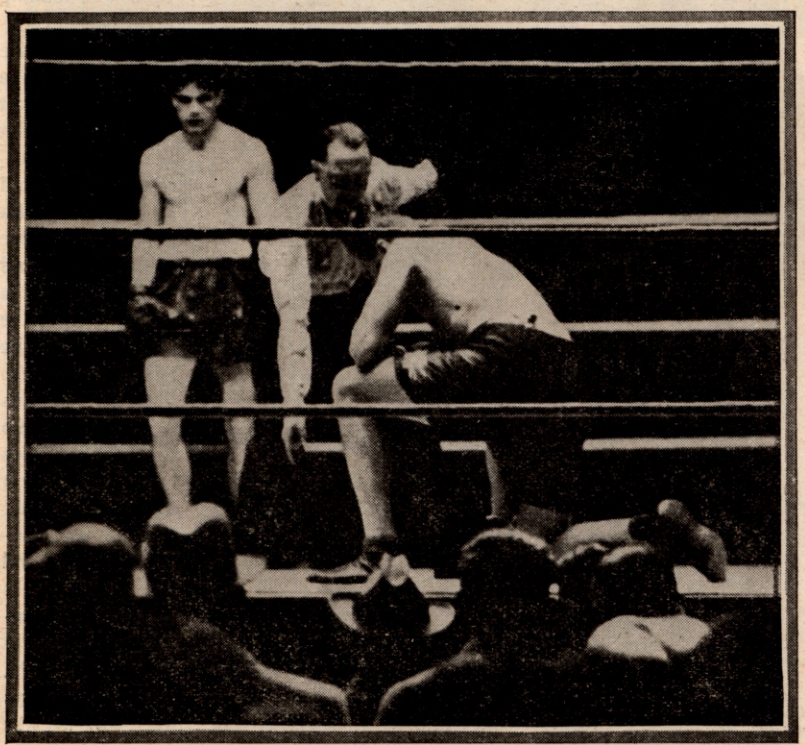
There is a catch in old Joe's voice as he pronounces his homely benediction. He is getting old, and he himself was near death's door not so long before.

The lights flash on. The bugler steps out of the ring. The fighters in the next bout step into the ring. Nervously they shuffle their feet in the resin dust in their corners.

The fans resume their seats and again there is the hum of conversation. The show goes on.

New York fandom has paid its respects to the memory of Young Stribling, one-time Georgia school boy, who for years was a leading figure in Fistiana, but whose life was snuffed out before reaching the twenty-ninth milestone, as the result of a traffic accident near Macon, Ga.

* * *



Here is Stribling's knockout of Phil Scott, which put the Georgian back into the title scramble.

I REVIEW this scene in Madison Square Garden, New York, the capital of Fistiana, for several reasons. For one, it is only a single incident of many others like it, wherever there is boxing. For another, because it demonstrates the popularity of Stribling as a man, in New York, as against his unpopularity as a fighter, in New York.

Truth compels the admission that New York fandom as a whole never liked Stribling as a fighter. He seemed to reserve his worst exhibitions for the ring of New York audiences. But as a man, he enjoyed universal esteem, in New York as elsewhere.

Though the Georgian made many bad fights, fights no doubt even more disappointing to him than to the fans, he was a wonderful fellow in his life outside the ropes and thus a credit to the fight game, regardless of his failures in the ring.

He was a good son, a good husband, a good father, a good citizen. What better epitaph could any man have?

Stribling goes into Queensberry history as one of the enigmas of the ring. He had all the qualifications of a heavyweight champion, save one. He lacked, in important contests, the fighting spirit, the spirit of do or die, that he displayed so conspicuously in other and more dangerous activities. Sometimes he was a jack rabbit in the ring. He seemed to fear a punch

on the chin. Yet he never feared to gamble with his life in an airplane, an automobile or a motorcycle.

I have heard it said many times that Stribling "dogged it" in an important fight, in which he faced dangerous competition.

Baby Stribling (left) and W.L. in a boxing exhibition on the stage. Ma and Pa, who performed acrobatic stunts, are shown in the inserts.

"He'll fold up when the going gets tough," it frequently was remarked. And truth forces the admission that in his crucial ring battles, he seldom performed up to the full measure of his ability. Something seemed to be lacking.

So they put it down to lack of courage. It couldn't have been that, because his whole life outside the ring showed that he had high courage. He was the sort of a boy who, had he been born a few years earlier, would have come out of the Great War a famous fighting ace of the air or would have gone down in flames to glory as one of the heroes of his country.

* * *

HIS was a strange case, another demonstration of the fact that courage is of many kinds. In the ring, he would not gamble on a mere punch on the chin, a matter of passing discomfort. Outside the ring, he cheerfully gambled with his life as the stake, many, many times, and thought nothing of it. I leave it to you to judge which was the higher brand of courage, the courage that flares for a price or the courage that risks all with life or death as the stake.

In connection with Stribling's case, I am reminded of Fred McKay, a heavyweight fighter who was around more than twenty years ago. McKay, because of his fragility in fistic combat, was dubbed a "diver." It was said of him that even the swish of a hard punch was enough to make him go to the canvas for the full count. He was regarded as a "dog" of the worst sort—a misfit in the game.

Then came the war. McKay, the fistic "dog," did not wait for this country to enter the conflict. He joined the Canadian Expeditionary Force. On the fields of Flanders, he was a fighting fury. Maybe he lacked courage in the ring, where the worst that could happen to him was a punch on the chin. But no man could have shown more desperate courage in a fight where life itself was at stake. If the boxing glove had terrors for him, the bayonet, the shell, the gas and the machine-gun or rifle bullet of the war had none.

This rabbit of the ring was a hell-roaring, fighting man on the fields of Flanders. He enriched that sad soil with his blood from many wounds. And he won almost every decoration for bravery that the British government could bestow upon him.

Yes, there are different kinds of courage!

* * *

STRIBLING was a unique character in boxing history. So far as I know, he was the only one, destined and trained and taught for the ring from the day when he first could toddle around, who made good in the game in a big way.

Pa and Ma Stribling, almost as well known in the Queensberry realm as their boy, had it in mind from the day of the youngster's birth to make a boxer out of him.

Pa had not been a fighter himself, and he did not know a great deal about the game, but he taught the youngster his own ideas of boxing from the moment the baby boy could toddle. Pa and Ma were vaudeville equilibrists. They traveled all over the world.

So, at an age when most youngsters were learning their ABC's, Young Stribling had been in most of the civilized countries of the world as the baby member of the act. Later, he was to go over most of the same ground again as a fighter. He probably boxed in more different rings than any other member of the fisticuffing profession.

Baby (left) and Young Stribling in comedy makeup in vaudeville in 1911.

Students of the game always have contended that but for the fact that he was managed, trained and seconded by Pa and Ma, the Georgian would have acquired a title, would have been one of the ring immortals. These blame his failure to live up to his capabilities in important fights on the fact that he was handled by Pa and Ma. There is logic in this contention.

Naturally, Pa and Ma always were worried lest their boy be badly punished in the ring. So Pa made

as many soft matches as possible—fights in which his boy had very little chance of being annoyed by the other fellow.

This soft diet, while it fattened the family treasury, did not fit the fighter for the stern competition in which any boxer must engage if he is to get to the top. And on top of that, when Stribling did get into what figured to be a tough fight, the last words he would hear from his own corner were: "Don't get hurt."

Now anyone knows that is no way to send a fighter out for what figures to be a hard-fought battle. That saps his confidence right at the start.

* * *

IF Stribling had been managed by any one of a dozen professional managers I could mention, if he had been divorced from the family influence, it is almost a certainty he would have been a much better fighter and would have won a title.

But that was not to be. The Striblings—father, mother and son—stuck together all the way. It was a combination unique in boxing. When young Will married, his wife was taken into the fold without reservations, and things went on as before, except that, eventually, Pa and Ma became Grandpa and Grandma.

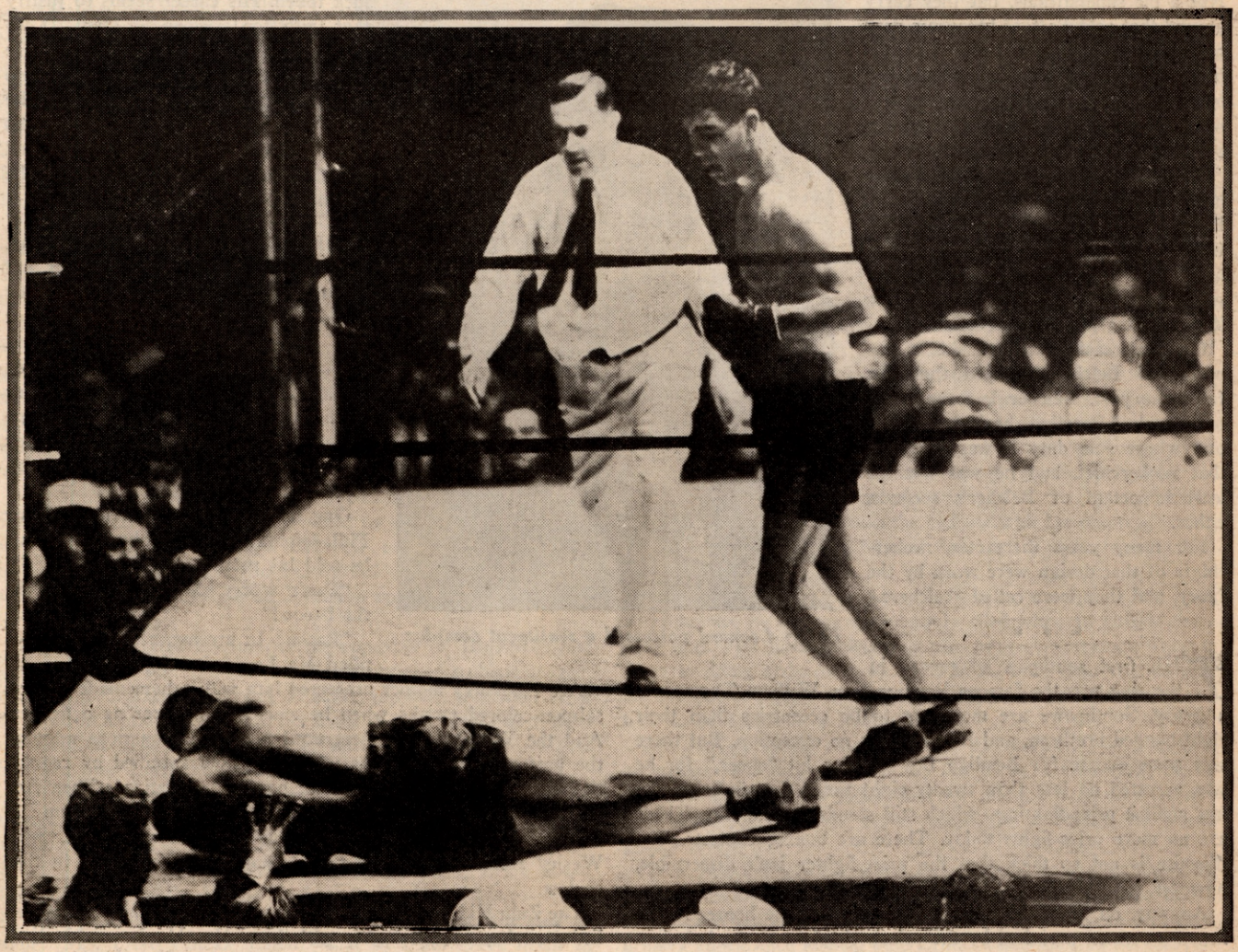
It was after he had been boxing for many years that Stribling, always a daring driver of automobiles and motorcycles, took up aviation. Flying was his favorite occupation. He was a good pilot, who more than once, by skill and courage, prevented disaster in the air. He was an officer in the army aviation reserve.

The Stribling family set for a joyride in W.L.'s plane.

The writer will never forget one daring exhibition of flying by Stribling. It was in 1931, when the Georgian was getting ready to box Max Schmeling in Cleveland for the heavyweight crown.

The grind of training had frazzled Stribling's nerves. He decided to take an afternoon off. And how did he relax? By going to an aërodrome and taking to the air in a plane.

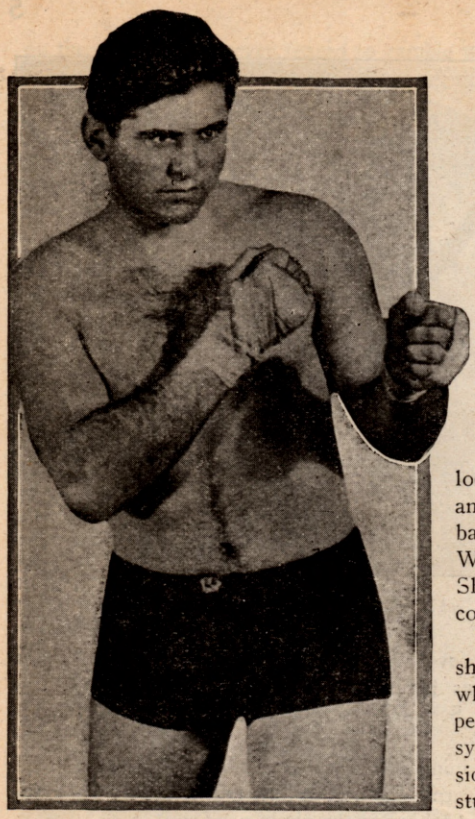
At Conneaut Lake Park, Pa., that same afternoon, Schmeling was going through his customary sparring drill in an open-air arena. A crowd of several hundred, *(Continued on page 44)*



And here is where Stribling proved to the skeptics that he had an abundance of courage. Battered by Schmeling and floored in the fifteenth round, he arose to face his tormentor until Referee Blake stopped the slaughter.

PLAIN *and*

By BILL MILLER



Luis Firpo, who had a weakness for celluloid collars.

EVERY trade, occupation, profession and pursuit has its quota of loons, goofs, nuts and eccentrics. Baseball had its Rube Waddell and Art Shires, to mention a couple of stand-outs.

But boxing outshines them all. The whims and fancies, peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of professional battlers would stuff a hefty tome.

Superstitious? Not much! No-o-o-o! Not a bit superstitious, but they carry around that rabbit's foot because a dear pal gave it to them as a keepsake. Or insist on wearing that torn and faded bathrobe because they are used to it—not because they think it will bring gobs of fortune.

Back in 1798, there was quite a battler in England, bearing the name of Jem Belcher. He invariably entered the ring wearing a blue polka-dot hanky tied to his trunks. Just before the fight, he would untie the handkerchief and fasten it to the ring-post in his corner.

On one occasion, an enthusiastic supporter of Belcher's swiped the wipe from the post. Belcher lost that fight on a foul. After that, he had one second whose sole duty it was to guard that neckerchief, and he was not the least important of Belcher's seconds, either.

For many years thereafter, neckerchiefs of that design were worn by the fancy, and they were called "belchers."

* * *

THE first southpaw of record in the ring was the famous Bendigo Boy, William Thompson, a gypsy. Southpaws are more apt to be eccentrics than their right-handed brethren, and Bendigo was no exception. But there was some excuse for Bendigo Boy being a bit "queer," for he was arrested no less than twenty-eight times for violating the law against prize-fighting—which still stands, by the way. There are no more prize-fights today. There are boxing contests. The disguise is not so thick that the prize-fighter isn't discernible, however.

Anyway, on Bendigo's twenty-eighth trip to the hoosegow, he heard a sermon preached by the prison chaplain to the boarders of the dungeon. It was an eloquent sermon, and the gypsy fighter was strangely moved. Like Joan of Arc, he saw a vision. The following day, he sent for the chaplain, renounced his profession as a fighter, and took up religion instead. So Billy Sunday wasn't the first professional sportsman to become a sky-pilot.

Bendigo's sermons attracted huge crowds. His lurid oaths and ring phraseology, and quaint profanity, delighted the potential converts. On his death, a monument was erected to his memory in Brighton, England, which still stands.

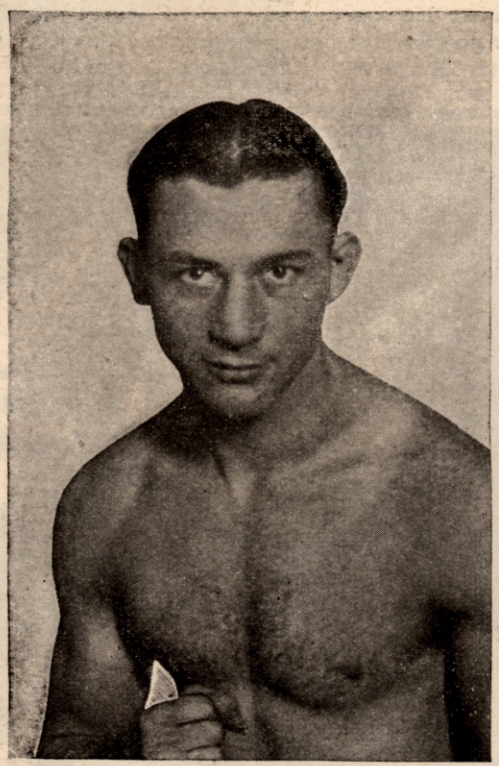
* * *

IN more modern times, yet still not exactly recent, Stockton Charley Turner, colored middleweight, and brother of Rufe Turner, crack lightweight of thirty years ago, had a stunt which is worthy of emulation by boxers of today, if boxing commissioners would be broadminded enough to permit it.

Stockton Charley insisted on a skittle of beer in his corner. Between rounds, he'd indulge in a hearty slug of foaming lager. And, while he was never a champion, it didn't seem to hurt his fighting a bit—so there, Mister Volstead!

The great Jack Dempsey used to enter the ring wearing a big woolen sweater, even in hot weather. That sweater was knitted by the Manassa Mauler's mother, and he had a firm faith in its qualities as a good-luck token. His career seems to justify that faith, too!

Dempsey had another eccentricity. He never shaved before a fight. But there was method in that madness, for the stiff bristles of the former champion's heavy beard were like a wire brush, and raised Cain with his opponents in the clinches.



Benny Leonard possessed a sentiment complex

* * *

BENNY LEONARD, in his heyday, would insist on his father and mother accompanying him to the door of the arena where he was boxing, but they never went in to see him fight. He'd kiss them at the door, and they would wish him luck. Immediately after the fight, Benny would rush to a phone to tell "mommer" the good news—for that's what it was, with very few exceptions.

One time, as Benny was leaving for Philadelphia to fight Johnny Kilbane, he told his mother:

"Don't worry, Ma—I'll bring home the bacon!"

"Bacon? In my house? Phooey!" replied Ma Leonard, indignantly.

Ace Hudkins's mother presented him with a homemade pair of salmon-colored trunks when he started his career as a fighter. And the Wildcat wore them until boxing commissions adopted the uniform-colored trunks which are now specified by regulation in almost every state where boxing is legalized. Then Ace changed to a pair of black-and-reds, presented to him by Jack Dempsey. He wore them up to his last battle, with Wesley Ketchell, although they brought him little luck in that contest.

The Zulu Kid, flyweight crack of a dozen years ago, brought a little monkey into the ring with him. Mr. Monk would climb atop the ring-post in Zulu's corner and chatter excitedly at the crowd while the referee gave his instructions.

FANCY NUTS

JOCK MALONE, now a bartender (sh-h-h-h-h!)—a waiter, I mean—in a Chicago speak—er—cabaret, would make queer promises before a fight. When Jock met Johnny Wilson, former middleweight champion, in Boston, in July, 1924, Malone told the sports-writers of Beantown that if "he couldn't lick that bum, Wilson, he'd dive off the Charlestown Bridge with all his clothes on." That "bum" knocked him out in the sixth round. Jock kept his promise, at noon next day, and was nearly drowned.

That didn't cure Jock. In 1928, in Chicago, Malone was boxing Walcott Langford, then a tough middleweight, now a stone-blind newsboy in Chicago. "If I can't lick that shine, I'll walk barefoot from Chicago to St. Paul," Malone told the press.

It was good ballyhoo, but Malone wasn't eager for the hike, so he saved himself the trouble by whipping the stocky colored battler, easily.

Johnny Dundee, the Ol' Man River of Boxiana, would chew on a bit of matchstick during a fight. Hugh Ross, whose brother Wirt is now a prominent manager in California, would read poetry in the dressing room "just before the battle, mother." Good poetry, too—not the "Girl in the Blue Velvet Band." Stuff like Keats, Shelley, Tennyson and Browning.

* * *

IMAGINARY ailments were the nemesis of Mike McTigue before a fight. "Ow, me 'and's 'urted!" he'd yelp to his seconds in the dressing room. "Oh, me bloody leg's afire!" Yet the pain vanished in the heat of the fray, as countless opponents of the hard-bitten Irishman can attest.

Half a cow, or something approximating that, was the meal that Luis Angel Firpo ate after weighing in and before a fight. Celluloid collars were another eccentricity—but that saved laundry bills. Chinese laundrymen in New York still curse his memory, for he set a style of celluloid collars that robbed them of quite a bit of revenue for a while.

Battling Siki, an eater of "fire-water"

Perhaps the greatest of all nuts was Battling Siki, that colorful Senegal Negro, who startled the world by kayoing Georges Carpentier in 1922, only to blow the title to Mike McTigue the following year at Dublin, on St. Patrick's Day. That in itself was a nutty stunt—to fight an Irishman on March 17 in Dublin for a world title!

When Siki arrived in America, he appeared on Broadway one day garbed in a purple-checked suit that shrieked to high heaven, sporting a Malacca cane and a white top-hat, and wearing a monocle on a black ribbon. On his shoes he wore a pair of violent red spats. It took a regiment of police to scatter the crowd that followed him down the Great White Way.

Again, in Memphis, he stood on a street corner one day, holding a huge bunch of bananas in his arms, and gravely but politely handing a banana to each passer-by who would accept one. When the cops ran him in for lunacy, obstructing traffic, and a dozen other offenses, Siki's defense, in broken English, was:

"What is ze mat-aire? Everybody in la Amerique, she sing ze song: 'Yes, I No Got Ze Banan'—and so I am geeve heem ze banan', hein?"

WHEN Siki was matched with the Astoria slugger, Paul Berlenbach, in Madison Square Garden, he staggered into the ring under the influence of a heavy load of fire-water. Yet he gave Berlenbach a great fight, losing a close verdict after twelve rounds of vicious battling. He seemed to sober up as the fight progressed.

Siki was found dead one morning in the gutter, with an assassin's knife sticking out of his back. The motive is still a mystery, although many amateur detectives have attempted to solve the puzzle.

Gene Delmont had a weakness for soup-and-fish suits. He sometimes wore a tuxedo in the daytime.

Kid Williams of Baltimore—and what a scrapper HE was!—would enter the ring with a little skull cap perched on his dome.

Nerts? Maybe they were.

But I suppose YOU never pick up a pin, cross your fingers, or walk around your chair during a poker game to change your luck. Oh, you don't?

Well, nerts to YOU, mister! I do!

* * *

TERRY McGOVERN always went into the ring with his left shoe unlaced and, after he had taken his corner, he would bend over, pull his shoe off and spit in it for good luck. While the crowd invariably roared at this most unusual procedure, the Brooklyn terror would shuffle his foot into the shoe, after which his chief second knelt down and laced it, while at the same time another second fastened his gloves and gave him his final preparations.

If you don't call that a nutty act, then I'm fit for the bughouse myself.

When it comes to a matter of ring peculiarities, one must not overlook Jim Jeffries. He was a most nervous individual when he entered the ring, and even when in training, he always insisted on having things done in a certain way and if, at any time, there was a change, he would raise the dickens with the one responsible for doing so. He always figured that such a move brought him ill-luck.

Jeff liked animals, but when he was in training, unlike Bob Fitzsimmons, he became considerably riled when an animal drew near him. The Boilermaker was also very superstitious when it came to doing arduous work on a Friday. On that day he was always out of humor and seldom smiled. He considered it hard luck to be jovial on a Friday.

Kid McCoy would never fight on the thirteenth of a month, no matter how large the size of the purse. Unlike Jeffries, he considered Friday his lucky day, for he was born on that day and, whenever he could get a match for a Friday, he would gladly accept it.

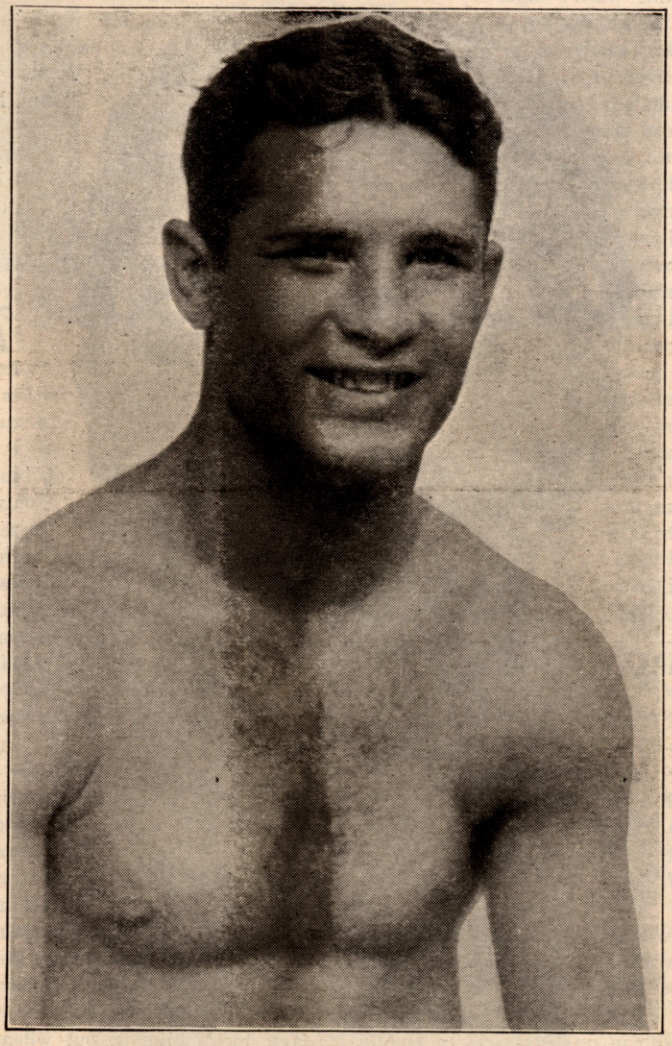
Tom Sharkey always wore faded green trunks in the ring and had another pair of faded green trunks that he used in his training. When he appeared on the stage, however, he presented a natty appearance in long blue tights, which showed his marvelously developed legs to advantage.

Sons of the Sunny South

By JAY J. THOMAS

Petey Sarron, Birmingham's sterling featherweight contender.

Joe Knight, who looms as the successor to the late Young Stribling in the South.



THE royal battle banner of the Sons of the Sunny South, which made its first real appearance on the heavyweight pugilistic horizon when Marvin Hart, of Louisville, Kentucky, laid claim to the championship when Jim Jeffries retired, is flying at half mast. For W. L. Stribling, Jr., the brightest star in the constellation, recently passed away. "Strib," the Pride of Dixie, was an internationally known attraction, he boxed in almost every country where the sport was known, and for the past ten years he, more than anyone else, kept the game alive in the South. The Georgian was different in that respect from the other high-class boxers in that part of the country. Most of the others were popular in their own home towns and states, but none had the nation-wide appeal of Stribling.

Boxing lost one of its greatest sportsmen when the "Pa, Ma and Young" combination was broken up. It will be many a year before we see another who was surrounded with the deserved glamour of "W. L.," so far as the South is concerned.

Since the passing of Stribling, the lone possible successor appears to be Joe Knight, also a native of Georgia and at present the outstanding figure among the Southern warriors. Joe at present is a light-heavyweight, who has just passed the voting age. He has never been knocked out and has referees' decisions over such formidable opponents as Maxie Rosenbloom, George Nichols, Lou Scozza, and knockouts over Bob Godwin, George Courtney, Yale Ukun and many lesser lights. Joe is taking on weight and will soon be a full-fledged heavyweight and, if his punching power increases in proportion to his poundage, he will be a challenger for any titleholder to reckon with in another two years.

PETEY SARRON appears to be the hope of the little fellows. The mighty midget from Birmingham, who made a great name for himself in Australia, at present is just about at the peak of his career. He has battled and beaten most of the good boys in his class—Davey Abad, Tommy Paul, Johnny Farr, Tony Leto are among his victims. He lost a close one to Fidel LaBarba. Sarron is a miniature Harry Greb and just as aggressive, with considerable more sting in his offerings.

Eddie Kid Wolfe, of Memphis, was well on his way to make a strong bid for a title when he unfortunately received a broken jaw at Mobile in a bout with Ray Kiser. He will be on the side lines for some time to come. Wolfe, a veteran campaigner, just seems to have found himself within the past year or so and has been hammering at the top.

Eddie Flynn, the ex-amateur, displayed considerable promise in his early professional career, but he seems to have hit a rut and is not able to get clear of it. Eddie, a Tampa (Florida) boy, has been doing most of his warring around New Orleans, the cradle of such valiants as Pete Herman, Pal Moran, Joe Mandot, Martin Burke, Happy Littleton, Amos Kid Carlin, and others. That place at one time was the Mecca of the pugilistic parade, when John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Jack McAuliffe, Billy Meyers, George Dixon, Harry Gilmore and other stars displayed their wares.

* * *

TIGER FLOWERS, the Fighting Deacon, was another asset to the game. He was one of the Southern lads who gained a world championship. Manuel Quintero, Tommy Freeman, Pal Moore and others made a name for themselves—champions and near champions—all from Dixieland.

But at present all eyes in Dixie are watching the star of Joe Knight, for the big boys have a place in the affections of the fans, or at least the box office proves this contention. Hence the interest in the Cairo youngster, who may succeed to Stribling's place in the Southern fistic firmament. He can box, hit, and take it, and now, with a little over three years of professional experience behind him, Joe is about due to step forth and into the shoes left vacant by the Macon schoolboy who blazed the trail and left pleasant memories behind him with all who really knew him.

His most recent achievement was his knockout victory over Bob Godwin, another good southern star.

The South will miss Young Stribling. Boxing showed its love for him by the great turnout at his funeral. He sowed the seeds that popularized the fistic sport in the Sunnyland.

BAER A CINCH!

Mike Cantwell, Famous Trainer, Predicts Max Will Take Title From Carnera if They are Matched

By SKIPPY JOYCE

HE trained Packy McFarland to win the championship in his class.

He trained Hugo Kelly, former middleweight title-holder.

He trained the great Tommy Ryan and Ty Cobb.

He trained Jack Johnson for the Jim Jeffries fight.

Today one of the greatest trainers in the field of boxing, Mike Cantwell, picks Max Baer to win against Primo Carnera when the two clash, if ever, for the world's heavyweight crown now worn by the Venetian Gondolier.

Cantwell makes a convincing, logical argument for Baer, whom he now handles. He bases it on the close observation he was able to make of Primo Carnera during the screening of a ring bout with Baer for the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "The Prize Fighter and the Lady," as directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

Walter Huston, Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery and Otto Kruger were among the screen stars whose comments as to Carnera's immense size, when he stepped into the studio ring, started Cantwell on a verbal rampage.

"Apparently you fellows have never read boxing records," he said, as he listened to their comment.

"Size has never been worth a tinker's damn in the fight game against speed and a game heart. Baer is fast; so fast Carnera will never land one of those slow blows of his. As for courage, it has been proven that Baer has a fighting heart.

"History will repeat itself in the Baer-Carnera fight, just as it did when Jack Blackburn, 135 pounds, licked the great Sam Langford, who outweighed him twenty pounds; when Corbett licked John L. Sullivan; when Tommy Ryan, 148, steadily beat men weighing 160, 170 and 180 pounds, and when Joe Wolcott battered to a pulp fighters twice his size and pounds heavier.

"To my mind, Baer, at his weight, is another Blackburn. He has the same dazzling speed, the same terrific punching ability, the same indomitable fighting heart.

"Let's consider the two men.

"Carnera outweighs Baer—that is true, but Carnera's reach is only one inch longer—and that's vital in fighting. Carnera can't hold Baer off, and Max has the speed to be out of the Italian's reach.

"Carnera has improved greatly but I *(Continued on page* 45)

Heavyweight champions, past and present, posing with the director of "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" and Max Baer. Left to right—Jess Willard, Max Baer, W. S. Van Dyke, director; Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey and Primo Carnera.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Baer's Stock Rises as Carnera Fails to K. O. Paulino
America is the Land of Milk and Honey for "Pugs"
Boxing Owes a Vote of Thanks to Frankie Petrolle

NO doubt Carnera's fifteen-round demonstration with Paulino in Rome was an interesting affair for the Romans. They saw the first Italian heavyweight champion win, and that was enough, especially as they got a very long run for their money.

Actually, the fight was a terrible disappointment, and indicated that Jack Sharkey was a lot worse than most of us had believed after the Italian had relieved the Lith of the title. It also proved that Carnera's handlers are doing a fine service for themselves in keeping the giant away from Max Baer, who would knock him colder than a cold storage egg.

Chief interest in the battle, so-called, of Rome, lay in the fact that it marked the first appearance in Europe of a world's heavyweight champion since Jack Johnson beat Frank Moran in Paris on June 27, 1914. It was the first championship bout in Europe in the leading division since the heavyweight title became a million dollar proposition, and only the second world heavyweight titular affair since the famous bare-knuckle Chantilly mill back in 1888, when John L. Sullivan, the American champion, fought a thirty-nine-round draw with Charley Mitchell, holder of the British crown.

From a monetary point of view, we in America can understand why the kings of the Queensberry Realm prefer to defend their titles in America. As John L. Sullivan so aptly put it forty-five years ago, when there was an influx of British fighters to Uncle Sam's domain: "They all flock here because they know it is the land of milk and honey." The receipts of the Carnera-Paulino fight rank among the lowest for a titular affair in their class in recent years. Sixty-four thousand persons saw the mill. The net receipts were only ninety thousand dollars. Fifteen thousand complimentaries were issued!

Paulino Uzcudun giving Carnera the "Merry Ha! Ha!"

Of course, the contest was a benefit affair and Primo, under the edict of Premier Mussolini, was ordered to give his services gratis in the interests of charity. But, knowing both Primo and his banker manager, Louis Soreci, as I do, I can realize fully their tender feelings in the matter. Perhaps, after all, it is a far better move for the Venetian and his mentor to fight abroad for nothing, since they cherish the crown so much, rather than to take a chance on cleaning up a fortune by fighting the only logical contender—Max Baer.

* * *

WHEN Soreci and Carnera announced after the fight that they planned to come back to the States in five weeks and arrange for a Miami bout with Baer, they knew full well that such an affair would not be staged and that the announcement was made simply to ease the poor opinion that Primo's countrymen had formed about his prowess after his woefully weak hitting exhibition against Paulino.

Granted that Paulino is a tough hombre who has withstood the shock of the storm troops in the heavyweight section and has been knocked off his pins in only one fight and has never been put out—that does not aid Carnera's cause any. Paulino, in all his recent appearances, has been battered from pillar to post. He is a veteran, who passed his zenith four years ago.

Almost sixty pounds under the weight of his adversary—notwithstanding the false figures announced by the officials, he should have been put to sleep by the Italian long before the fifteenth round; provided, of course, we who saw Carnera stop Sharkey were not mistaken about Primo's hitting ability. Based on that fight, Carnera should have knocked out Paulino. Yet we find the Basque on his feet at the end of fifteen rounds, with thousands of Italians cheering him and hooting their countryman—the champion.

True, Primo won and retained his title, but for a champion, he didn't convey to the spectators any signs of greatness. He was reputed to be a superman and, therefore, much was expected of him by those of his race, but he failed to click before the home folk. The Basque got a beating, to be sure, but what fighter in the last five years hasn't given Paulino that?

If Carnera's showing in the Paulino fight is taken for what we, in America, think it is worth, then it behooves Messrs. Soreci and Duffy and the rest of the Carnera entourage to remain abroad if they do not want the title lost, or else, at least to keep the Venetian from Max Baer and Max Schmeling. Either would take the crown. I now base my conclusion on the performances of Sharkey against King Levinsky and Loughran, and Carnera against Paulino.

* * *

WHAT has become of the Carnera punch? Did he lose it out in Hollywood when he faced Baer for a movie shot? Or was there ever a punch? I thought I had detected one the night he knocked out Sharkey, for I was then certain that I distinctly saw the blow crash against the Boston Boy's chin, but perhaps my eyes deceived me. I hope not. Yet events following that Sharkey fight indicate I judged Carnera too hastily.

I do know this much—that I saw Max Baer punch Max Schmeling all over the ring before he put him away and that Baer wallop was a corker. My advice to Carnera is to keep away from that Larrimore Terror or I will be compelled to spend another six hundred dollars for a new belt to give to the Californian, and,

at this writing, my funds are so low that I would like to be protected against such an occurrence at least for a year, if possible.

There are any number of heavyweights parading this country at this writing who, I venture, could give Paulino as sound a whipping as Carnera gave him, hence there can be no glory for Primo in his victory at Rome. The American fight fans who had seen Sharkey shorn of his crown had hoped that Carnera, by stopping Paulino, would put a halt to the innuendoes that the contest at the Garden Bowl was not fought strictly on its merits, but the Italian sadly disappointed them.

* * *

ONE thing is certain—though Premier Mussolini voiced his approval of Carnera as a champion, and praised him for his victory, the Italians, at least this one time, failed to agree with their chief. The fans were not satisfied that Primo was a real champion, the kind they had been led to believe he was, and hissed him—an extraordinary occurrence, considering that the Venetian is the first world champion heavyweight Italy has ever had, and that it was expected his countrymen, regardless of the outcome of the fight, would stand by their standard bearer.

They were not satisfied with the unveiling of their title-holder in his first defense of the crown. They saw a distinct weakness in his attack and that failed to suit them, for Italians have been taught through Fascism that national heroes, even though they be only ring fighters, stand for greatness. Primo was anything but great against Paulino.

By his victory, the Italian proved one point conclusively—that his tremendous weight advantage over prospective challengers is the one thing that may enable Primo to hold the title for a long time. It won't be his punch so much as his weight that will prove the deciding factor in all of his future bouts. I, for one, continue to believe that Carnera can whip any heavyweight now in the field with that poundage, except Baer and Schmeling. Carnera is far from being a great fighter. He does not compare with the champions who preceded him—not even the Jack Sharkey that we liked so much prior to his last fight with Primo—but his physical build makes him almost a superhuman obstacle for the average heavyweight to surmount, unless that man possesses an extraordinary punch. Such a man, I believe, is Max Baer.

* * *

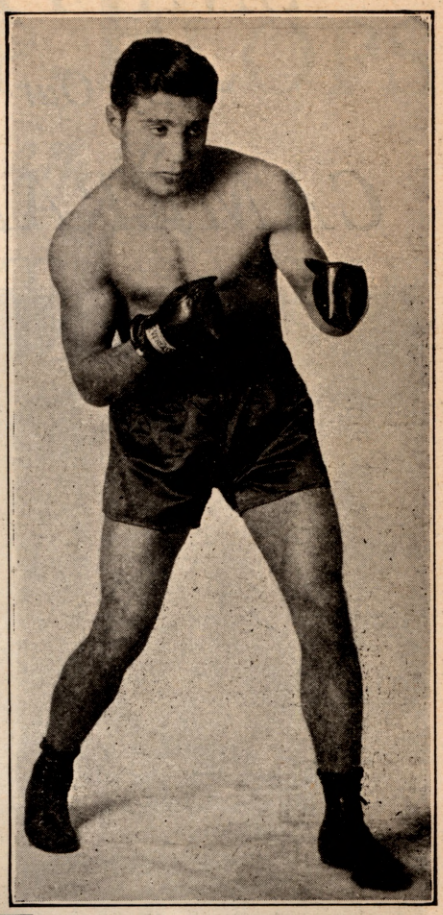
UPSETS seem to be the rule this year. Just when he was being considered as one of the two outstanding middleweights in America, Teddy Yarosz, youthful Pennsylvania fighter, was stymied by an aggressive young man from Trenton, N. J., Young Terry. The victor, fighting like a demon, stopped Yarosz's long string of victories and halted his rise to fistic fame. Prior to that setback at Newark last month, Yarosz was placed on a par with Lou Brouillard and was in line for a match to decide the American title-holder. Now Teddy must take a back seat while the Trenton Buzz Saw, his conqueror, receives the recognition due the victor.

Those who have followed the career of Terry are happy at his latest triumph, for he is of the type that makes boxing popular. Ever aggressive, courageous, a hard hitter, Terry is a colorful lad, who commands a large home following and, with his victory over Yarosz, he should be of considerable help in regaining much of boxing's lost patronage in New York and New Jersey.

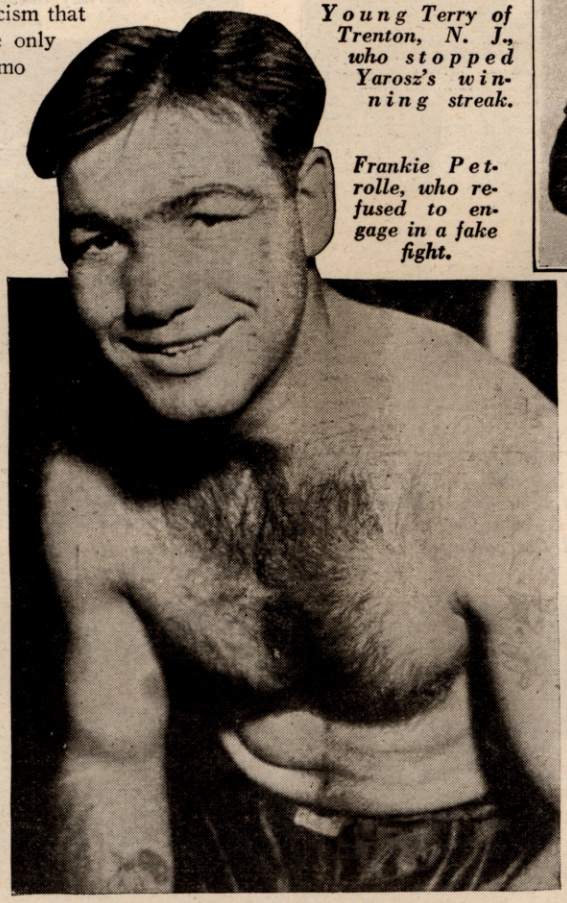
As for Yarosz, the defeat won't hurt his prestige. It is only a temporary setback, for any fighter who can roll up the string of consecutive triumphs that Teddy did is certain to retain his drawing power and popularity.

* * *

THE boxing fans throughout the world—at least those who have the interests of the sport at heart—should doff their caps to Frankie Petrolle, young brother of the famed Fargo Express. What Frankie did when he testified to the proposed frame-up in which he was to have had a part, is a most commendable act. If other boxers would show the nerve that Frankie did, boxing would soon be rid of the vultures, the human leeches, whose total disregard for the sport of which they have chosen to be a part has brought boxing into discredit.



Young Terry of Trenton, N. J., who stopped Yarosz's winning streak.



Frankie Petrolle, who refused to engage in a fake fight.

Nobody knows how many hundreds of phony fights are staged each year. Nor does anyone seem to care a great deal. There was a time when people got excited about it if they thought a fight was phony. In recent years, however, since the racketeers chiseled into the game, fake fights are taken as a matter of course. Nobody gets excited, not even the customer, because he half expects to get fooled.

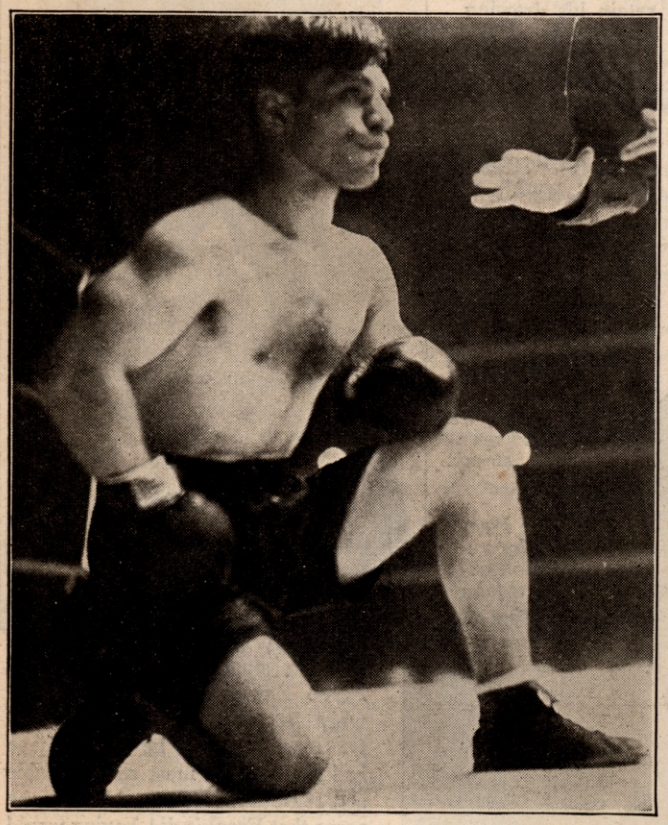
Not long ago, the New York Boxing Commission tried to find out the reason why Frankie Petrolle, who is just a third-rate fighter, refused to enter the ring to box Ruby Goldstein at the Broadway Arena in Brooklyn. It never has been anything unusual for Goldstein himself to run out on a fight, but that was the first time one of his opponents had failed to show up. Previously, they never had failed to act their part, even if they were lame and halt and blind. In fact, the worse shape they were in the better—or so it seemed.

Now, it is by no means unusual for the New York Commission, or any other commission, to investigate anything that looks fishy and smells fishy. But it is most unusual for a commission to dig up the actual dirt. They may be convinced that something phony has been pulled off, but the culprits *(Continued on page 46)*

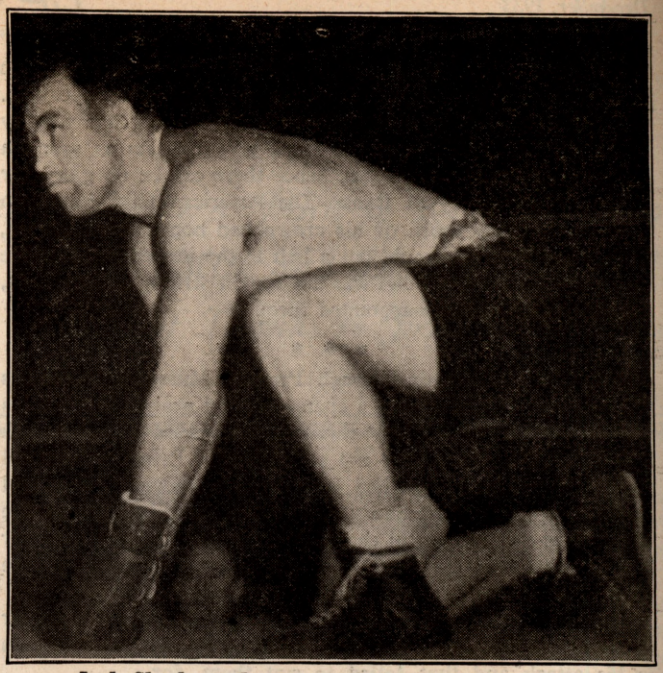
SNAPPED

By Our

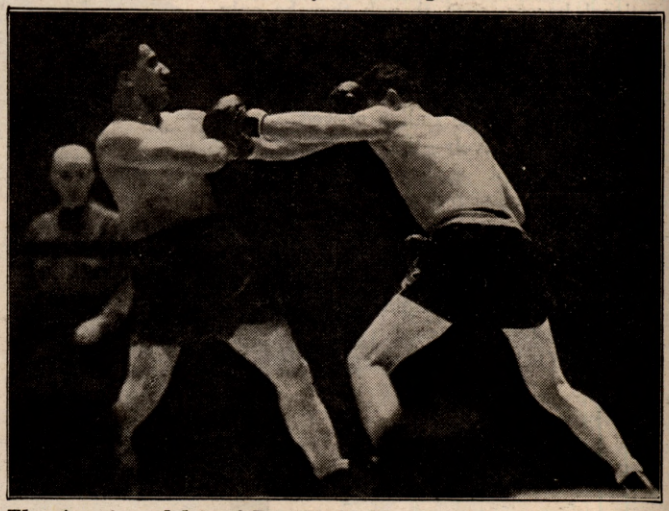
CAMERAMAN



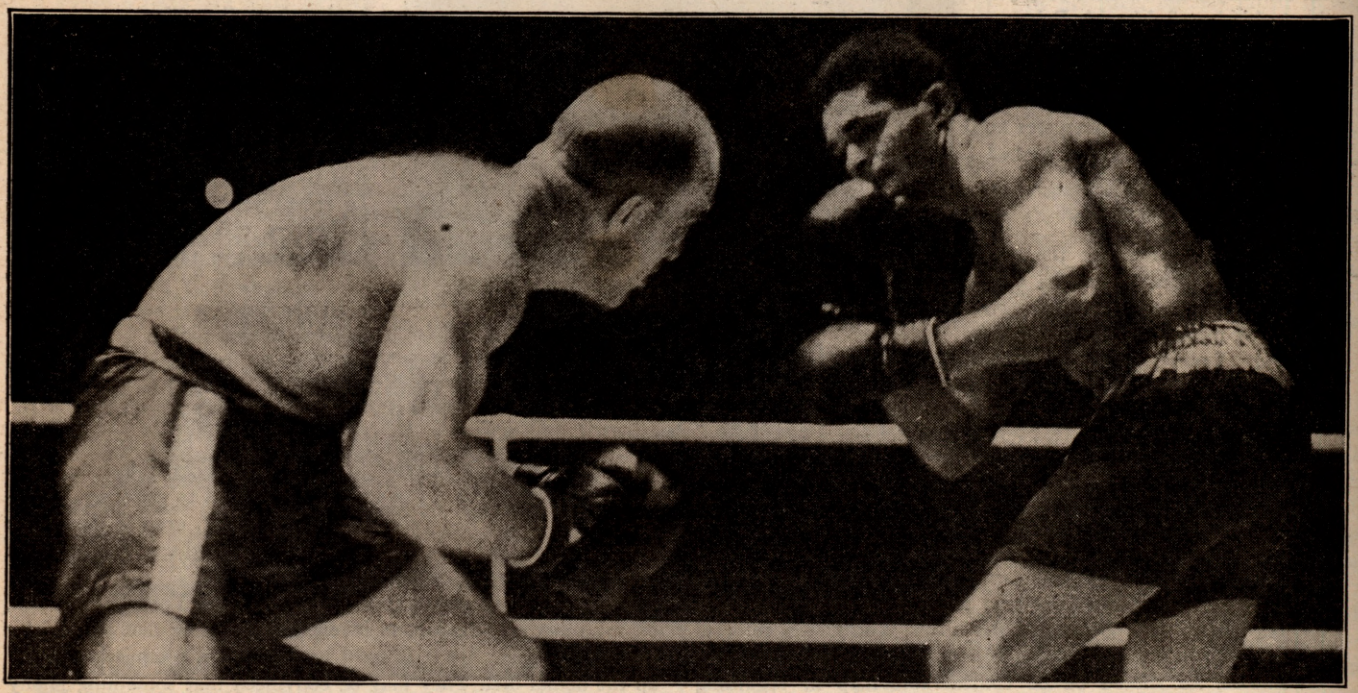
Sammy Fuller, the Boston Italian, who gave Billy Petrolle a tough battle at the Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, is seen resting after a knockdown, while the referee is tolling off the seconds. Note that the official has reached the count of seven.



Jack Sharkey taking a count in his fight with King Levinsky in Chicago.

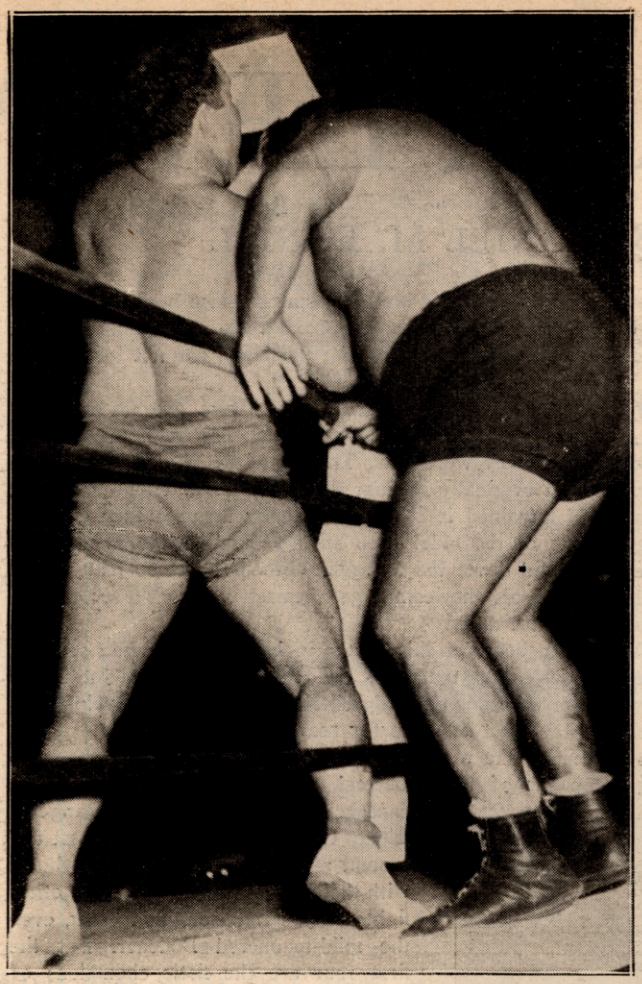


The American debut of Don McCorkindale of South Africa. Don beat Patsy Pirrone (left) of Cleveland in the New York Garden.

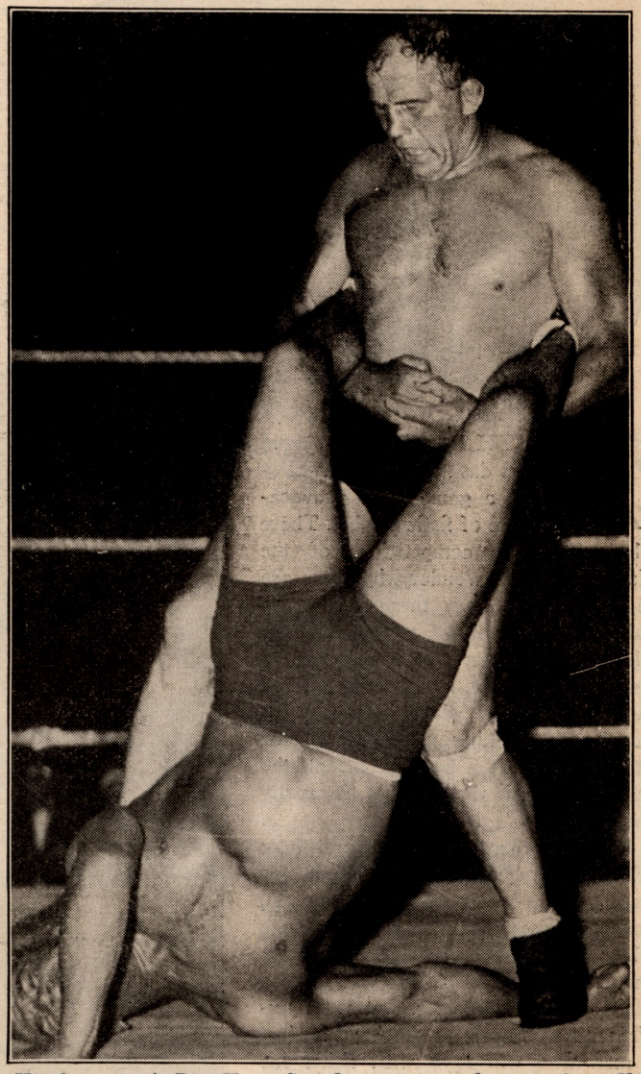


When Marcel Thil, recognized generally as the world middleweight champion (left), successfully defended his title against Kid Tunero of Cuba in Paris. Thil has beaten Vince Dundee, American champ.

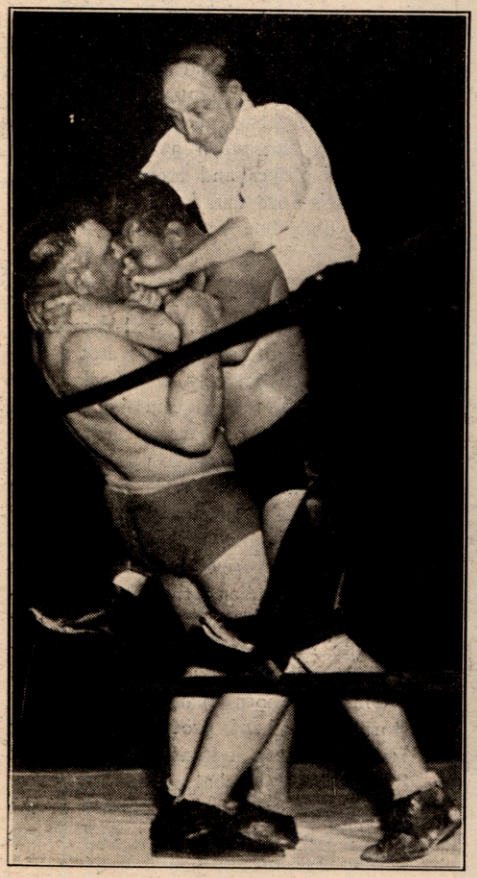
FLIP-FLOPS *in the* MAT GAME



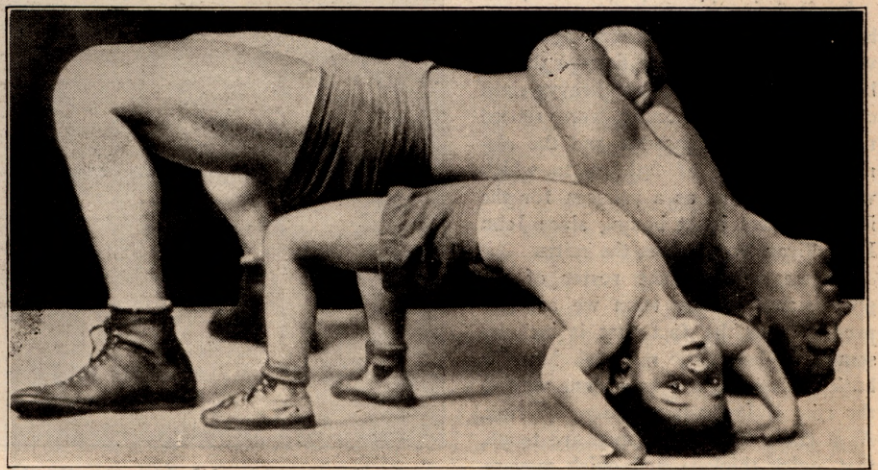
What a man! It's a tough job Bibber McCoy has tackled. He surely has his hands full trying to bring "Man Mountain" Dean back into the ring during their recent match.



Here's action! Big Hans Steinke seems to be stepping all over Ray Steele in this picture, but Hans had to take it, too.



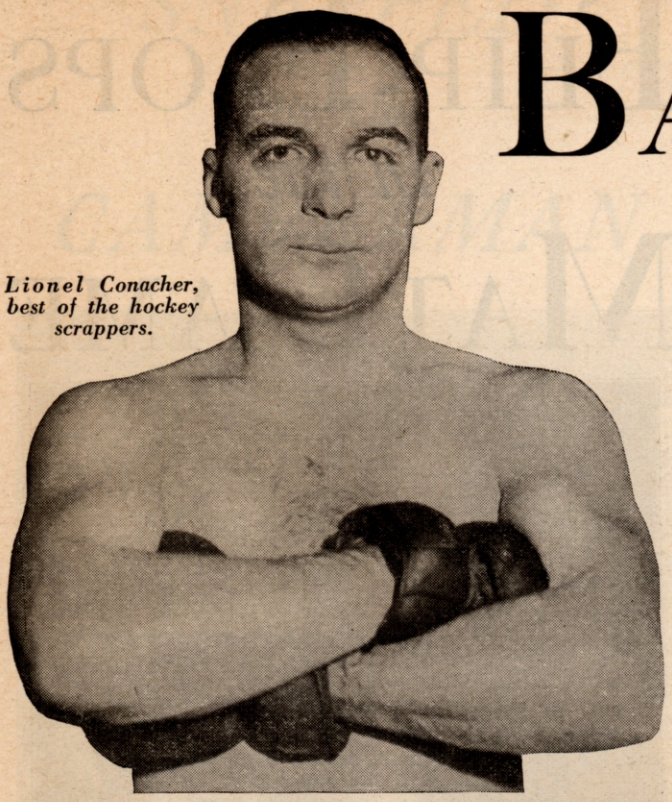
Referee Tod Tonneman entered into the spirit of the thing when Bull Martin and Pat Fraley decided to "play."



Gino Garibaldi has a companion in training in the person of his young son.

BATTLERS

By DANIEL M. DANIEL



Lionel Conacher, best of the hockey scrappers.

You have seen synthetic boxers. Some of them have gone as far as championships. You have seen boxers who did not like to box, and who were in the game only for the money and not for the fun.

* * *

BUT hockey has no such tribe. There are no synthetic hockey players in the big league. The men all took up hockey when they were kids. They grew up in the game. They went into it originally because they were crazy about the sport. And they remained in it, and developed, because they liked to play. Some of the older men stick around in the game after they have slid down the toboggan—because, like so many baseball professionals, they cannot get themselves to quit a sport about which they are daffy.

When you consider this factor in hockey, when you consider the mad dashes down the ice, the tremendous chance for injury—when you consider the body checking and the stick swinging—well, hockey must be made for real fighters.

And among the real fighters we find Sprague Cleghorn, who was manager of the Montreal Maroons in 1932; Bill Cook, captain of the New York Rangers; Lionel Conacher, Canada's greatest all-around athlete; and Joe Lamb, who is with the Boston Bruins. There are other fighters—Joe Simpson, Bun Cook, even the mild-mannered Boucher. But the first four are the fistic champions of professional hockey of the last five years.

You may have seen them wade into it in the rinks of New York, Boston, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec. Sometimes you may have wondered if some of those fights weren't put on à la wrestling. But when a hockey player tears off gloves and tosses away that stick, he's sore and he isn't staging it for anybody but his own sore self.

* * *

SPRAGUE of the hockey-playing Cleghorns is well-known all around the circuit as a hot scrapper. He was that way 'way back in the days of the New York Amateur League, when he was with the Wanderers in those games they used to play in the St. Nicholas Rink, before the new Garden and its big ice area was built. Sprague flourished around 1907. Later he was with the Renfrew Millionaires, the Montreal Canadiens, the Ottawa Senators and the Boston Bruins. In 1930 he ran the Providence club of the Canadian-American League.

This Cleghorn man has been the stormy petrel of professional hockey for many years and has figured in more hand-to-hand combats than any other player. Players, officials, officers of the law—all have looked alike to Sprague in the heat of battle and a grievance. Not that there is anything unsportsmanlike about Sprague. But he is simply a hard fighter. And his fistic record

WITH its body contact and its dash and furor, hockey is a game truly provocative of fistic combat. Those who watch the competitions of the National League wonder why there are so few fights. True, there are scraps galore as the season progresses, but when you consider the nature of the game and the prize at stake, as well as the fact that the players are professionals and battling not only for the Stanley Cup but a better contract, the self-control of the skaters is really phenomenal.

However, there are fights—and there are fighters. There isn't a club in the league which hasn't its fistic champion, and sometimes that man is not the one who will be the first to drop his stick and his padded gloves and wade into a battle of bare knuckles. Let it be explained here that in professional hockey a man who will fight with either his stick or his heavy gloves is rated a mucker.

In fact, in this writer's experience he never has seen a hockey fight that wasn't waged with bare fists—a throwback to the days when heavyweight championships in boxing were settled that way—the primordial and the elementary scheme of fighting to which we might return as a panacea for the ills that have beset boxing since John L. Sullivan first put on the mitts.

As we go over the roster of the professional hockey team we are impressed with the fact that it includes some excellent fistic material. Many a hockey player would have done well in the ring if he hadn't chosen the rink. As a class, the hockey men are tough, fast, quick thinkers and quick movers, hard as nails and, above all, unafraid.

Joe Lamb, who, rink fans say, should be called Lion.

of the ICE

Many a Hockey Star Has a Reputation for Being Clever With His Fists

Sprague Cleghorn, a battler from the old days.

is longer than Jack Dempsey's, if not quite so colorful.

Bill Cook, for the last seven years one of the star players of the Rangers in New York, has been in quite a few fights since his arrival in the East.

Cook has one pet feud. It is with Red Dutton, of the New York Americans. This vendetta started back in 1920, when Bill and Red were amateurs, and they have not permitted it to cool. A look at a Ranger-American game will testify to that. In fact, Ranger-American contests seem to be just a collection of private feuds.

Early in his career with Sault Sainte Marie, Ontario, as an amateur, they began to call him Bad Bill, and the name has stuck. When Bill gets sore the cops get ready.

* * *

JOE LAMB, who hails from Sussex, New Brunswick, was a fiery, hot-tempered kid in school hockey and the years have not cooled him off. He made his professional début with the Montreal Maroons and that very night gave a demonstration of fistic skill which served notice on the entire league that Lamb of Sussex was not a sucker for a body check or a right. And it has been that way ever since.

He fought with Montreal, then with the Ottawa Senators, then with the New York Americans and the Boston Bruins. Hockey writers insist that Joe should be called Lion instead of Lamb. He has a pet "hate" on every team in the league.

* * *

AND now for Lionel Conacher, big and strong and really built to be a fighter. Conacher is the writer's nomination for boxing champion of the professional hockey forces. Conacher once engaged in a three-round exhibition with Jack Dempsey in Toronto and Jack told Lionel that he had the makings of a fighter. That was no news to Conacher, or those who for years had followed his progress, and his all-around prowess, not only in hockey but in lacrosse, Canadian Rugby football, wrestling and baseball.

Conacher's favorite is lacrosse, and as you know that is not exactly a pansy game, either. Admirably built for fighting or for speed, and equipped with the willingness to battle anybody at any time, Conacher has had a colorful and eventful career.

Back in the days when Lionel was the star of the Pittsburgh Yellow Jackets, champions of the United States Amateur League, Conacher started right in to show them the value of fistic skill.

These fighters of the rinks are not bad with the maulies. Ball players, as a class, are not especially expert with their fists. Here and there you may find an exception, but as a group they swing around the neck. Hockey players seem to have a better knack at fighting, and that, no doubt, is due to the game's body contact.

Bill Cook, fistically inclined member of New York Rangers.

* * *

WITH all the body contact and hard skating and flashing stickwork of professional hockey, amateur hockey and lacrosse is rougher.

The hockey professional is a conservor of energy. He appreciates that hockey is his medium for making a living. He knows that if he is hurt, he will be out for a long time, and he also appreciates that if he injures an opponent, that man will be handicapped in a similar way.

And yet, with all that, professional hockey is full of fight and aggressive incident. Hardly a match passes in the Garden in New York without some demonstration of fistic prowess—and again we wish to call to the attention of the reader the important fact that, when hockey battlers exchange blows, they take off their gloves and drop their sticks.

It is interesting to note that hockey developed out of the game of field hockey, and that it had its inception at the Royal Military Academy at Kingston, Ontario.

The cadets started out on a little rink in Kingston by cutting off the rounds of a field hockey ball. Out of this pioneer effort grew one of the most remarkable games in the world's sport curriculum.

It is worthy of note that the greatest players hockey has produced were not the fistically inclined kind. For example, Art Ross, whom many experts rate the best of them all, was a rather mild-mannered man and not given to swinging his fists. Hod Stewart was another candidate for the all-time designation, and he, too, lacked that fistic fire which we have ascribed to Cleghorn and Cook, Lamb and Conacher.

However, hockey fans have become accustomed to looking for their sensational play from the lads with the ready and eager fists.

A "K.O." That Cured Him

By ALBERT K. ETTLINGER

JIMMY MEEHAN entered the shop as usual that October morning. A little tired, but that was always the case after a six-round preliminary. Nelson's machine shop, you understand, was where Jimmy worked, and where he had been working for more than five years.

Jim had a great ambition—to become a fighter—and, if dreams were ever to come true for Jimmy, why, some day he'd lead them all. He was weary, that's certain, but he smiled, smiled the way he always did, even though sometimes he felt much different.

Half-past eight found him standing over the rapidly moving lathe, whistling a tune while he worked.

"Excuse me, but—er—I'd like to see the proprietor of this shop."

Jimmy opened the circuit and the lathe came to a wheezy standstill. He dried and wiped his soiled hands on a rag; then looked at the person who had so abruptly interrupted his labors.

There he stood, fumbling an old checked cap, a young man of possibly Jim's own age. A nervous sort of person, Jimmy thought, but one who was "all there" in every particular.

Pals, it has once been said, are predestined; that is, they are chosen from birth to meet some day and to become friends. Well, the moment Jimmy saw the newcomer, he felt a sudden surge of sympathy sweep his heart. Jim seemed to understand that here was a friend—and the other young man understood, too.

"I guess the boss is in," Jimmy began slowly. "Want a job?"

"That's right," came the answer. "You've hit it. My name's Patsey Walker; I'm sort of new to New York; came from Illinois with my sister. Say, how do they call you?"

"Jim. Jimmy Meehan," and the young men shook hands. "Listen," broke out Meehan. "Maybe I can put in a good word for you with the boss. Sh! Keep still, here he comes now, and Nelson's certainly cranky this morning."

Timothy Nelson, a stalwart, gray-haired Irishman, approached. Most assuredly he was grouchy, and looked first at Jim, then at the stranger.

* * *

"WELL, Jimmy?" queried Nelson. "Anything troubling you? What does your young friend want?"

Jim thought awhile, framing his words carefully before opening his lips.

"Everything's O.K., Mr. Nelson. I've been thinking, though, if I had somebody to help me out with my work, why, that you'd gain through a greater output."

"Ahuh," from Nelson. "You've worked for me five years, haven't you, Jimmy? Helper? Maybe—but whom could you get?"

At such encouragement, the face of Jimmy lit up.

"There's a man right next to me, who'll work for—well, eleven a week to start with." Jimmy turned toward Patsey, who nodded his satisfaction. "This is Patsey Walker, Mr. Nelson."

It was Patsey's turn for a short, but critical, examination. He tried to meet Nelson's gaze with a frank, open smile—and succeeded.

"You're engaged," Nelson said abruptly. "Follow Jimmy's instructions."

Then, without a word further, Mr. Nelson turned his back and walked away.

All this happened on October 29. For Jimmy Meehan and Patsey Walker it meant the beginning of a long friendship that led both into hardships and struggles—a friendship that was to last until both had died, and perhaps, who knows, even longer.

Through Patsey's sister, Mabel, the tie became more binding. There is such a thing known as love at first sight, and when Jim saw Mabel for the first time, that theory became known to him.

So you see, it was a three-cornered affair, encircled in an ever-clasping hold through the love of Jimmy Meehan and Mabel.

Spring drew around again, with the gray, snow-driven winter passing before the warm sunshine and the dreams of poets. Patsey Walker was now a fixture in Nelson's shop on Broome Street, where, because of the efforts of Jimmy, he had advanced until he, through what seemed natural ability, became more proficient even than Jimmy.

But Jim was happy. Preliminary bouts had given way to ten-rounders. He was, many said, "a comer," while all the time Patsey was laboring and experimenting with machinery, Patsey having decided to become an engineer. Patsey had no use for boxing.

* * *

AND in just a year, Jim was to be married! Patsey knew, and often thought how happy Mabel would be with Jim by her side. A loving match, if ever there was one. Ah! those were the days of expectations, and hopes, and smiles—days when the heart in one thumps merrily onward. But a streak of darkness came to spoil it all.

Jim, during his entire life, never forgot March 10. It was near the closing hour in Nelson's shop and Jimmy's mind had already centered on the fact that he was to see Mabel soon.

"Switch off?" questioned Patsey, breaking in on Jim's thoughts, as he bellowed through the place.

And Jimmy, absent-mindedly, carelessly, although unconsciously, answered "Yes."

That night Patsey lay on a white cot in Bellevue Hospital. Near him sat Jimmy and Mabel, both suffering terribly at the thought of Patsey, who kept wavering between heaven and earth.

"Doc!" Jim would burst out. "Is there a chance? Can't I help?"

Then Mabel would attempt to quiet Jimmy, saying that it had not been his fault. Jim, however, thought differently. He knew that the one thousand volts would not have gone through Patsey's body had he not told him that the switch was open.

All night they remained at the hospital, until outside the noises of the new work-day told them that dawn had broken. Finally the doctor spoke.

"Young man," he said, addressing Jim, "your friend will live, but I am sorry to tell you that the shock has so affected his nerves that he will always be dumb."

"Dumb!" repeated Jim, as in a daze. "Patsey won't be able to speak? God!" And Mabel sobbed softly, the doctor endeavoring to calm her.

* * *

WITH the days, Patsey entirely recovered, except for his inability to speak and his shyness toward any kind of electrical apparatus or machinery. Naturally, he no longer worked in Nelson's machine shop on Broome Street and, because of his dumbness, was doubly handicapped.

Poor Jimmy! For everything he blamed himself, and in every way possible, he tried to make restitution. He even said that he did not deserve to marry Mabel, until he could find for Patsey some means whereby he could make a livelihood. But what did Jimmy know, what could he do?

Boxing! Fighting! The solution, or what he thought to be the solution, came to him as a godsend. Jim would teach Patsey the science of fisticuffs.

So Jimmy no more used his spare time to advance his ambition. Every minute, every hour, he had free, was used to teach his pal the rudiments of boxing. And in Patsey, who once disliked fighting so, Jim found a willing and brilliant pupil.

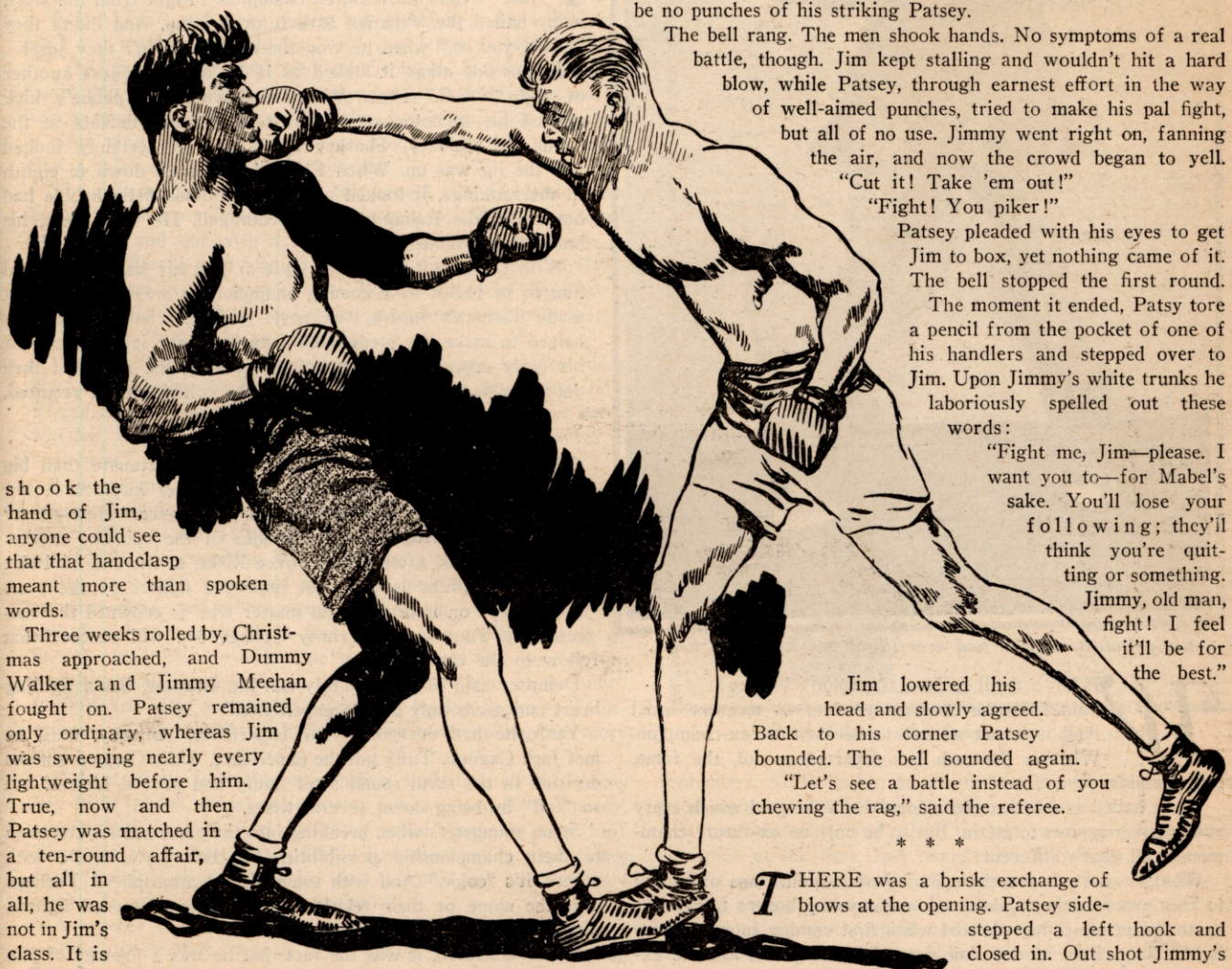
Therefore, soon afterward, Patsey fought in his first preliminary, earning his first dollars at his new trade by hammering a tough specimen of an Italian from Navy Street, Brooklyn, all over the ring. Patsey Walker was now Dummy Walker, and so his chum fulfilled one obligation.

Once again Jimmy Meehan could fight his way up the ladder of pugilism, and this he did in an expert manner now, he having taught Patsey all that he knew.

The pals climbed together, Jim as a fair ten-rounder, and Patsey as a good preliminary boxer. Moreover, Jimmy found it more profitable to stop work entirely at Nelson's shop. He could spend all his time at fighting now.

* * *

AND on December 1 he was married to Mabel. Patsey gave away the bride, while Timothy Nelson acted as best man. A great day in the life of Jim, surely. Patsey, although he could not express his feelings in words, showed through the expression upon his face how happy he was. He understood, as he kissed his sister, that she, too, was happy, and when Patsey shook the hand of Jim, anyone could see that that handclasp meant more than spoken words.



"There was terrific force behind that punch as it landed on Patsey's jaw—an awful blow!"

Three weeks rolled by, Christmas approached, and Dummy Walker and Jimmy Meehan fought on. Patsey remained only ordinary, whereas Jim was sweeping nearly every lightweight before him. True, now and then Patsey was matched in a ten-round affair, but all in all, he was not in Jim's class. It is sufficient to say, however, that the two pals never fought each other.

"What!" Jimmy would often exclaim, when asked whether he would fight Dummy Walker. "What! Me punch Patsey? Quit it."

During the Christmas week, Friday to be exact, the Fairdale A. C. of Brooklyn advertised a ten-round bout—Battling Jimmy Meehan *vs.* K. O. O'Dorgan.

The hall filled early, a real holiday crowd it was, out to get its money's worth. Jimmy was still in his dressing room, when the announcer of the club came forward to address the spectators.

"Owing to a serious accident, K. O. O'Dorgan finds it impossible to be present this evening. The management is sorry, and wishes to state that, as a last-minute reserve, Dummy Walker, the young middleweight, is to fill in as substitute."

A low muttering went through the house. A first-class fight was going to become punching-bag practice for Jimmy Meehan. This didn't exactly please the spectators, who had paid what they called "good cash."

* * *

JIMMY, in his dressing room, knew nothing whatever concerning this last-minute substitution. The management had purposely kept it from him, fearing the certain result.

"Patsey!" cried the amazed Jim, upon clambering through the ropes. Jimmy's heart blackened toward the club. They had tricked him. He couldn't quit now; it would mean a great loss to his popularity. But to fight his pal, who, in some way, had consented to enter the ring, probably through another trick—that seemed impossible to Jimmy. Inwardly he cursed everybody.

He noticed the look in Patsey's eyes, a look that seemed to tell him to go on. How he wished his chum could speak for just a minute. Well, thought Jimmy, he knew what he'd do. There'd be no punches of his striking Patsey.

The bell rang. The men shook hands. No symptoms of a real battle, though. Jim kept stalling and wouldn't hit a hard blow, while Patsey, through earnest effort in the way of well-aimed punches, tried to make his pal fight, but all of no use. Jimmy went right on, fanning the air, and now the crowd began to yell.

"Cut it! Take 'em out!"

"Fight! You piker!"

Patsey pleaded with his eyes to get Jim to box, yet nothing came of it. The bell stopped the first round.

The moment it ended, Patsy tore a pencil from the pocket of one of his handlers and stepped over to Jim. Upon Jimmy's white trunks he laboriously spelled out these words:

"Fight me, Jim—please. I want you to—for Mabel's sake. You'll lose your following; they'll think you're quitting or something. Jimmy, old man, fight! I feel it'll be for the best."

Jim lowered his head and slowly agreed. Back to his corner Patsey bounded. The bell sounded again.

"Let's see a battle instead of you chewing the rag," said the referee.

* * *

THERE was a brisk exchange of blows at the opening. Patsey sidestepped a left hook and closed in. Out shot Jimmy's right fist. There was a terrific force behind that punch as it landed on Patsey's jaw—an awful blow! Then followed a terrible right flush on the temple.

Then—the gong rang! Patsey straightened up for the instant and looked around hesitatingly. Moving to the opposite corner, he shook the hand of Jimmy, after which he vaulted from the ring and rushed to his dressing room.

Once there Patsey collapsed, falling to the ground. Ten minutes later an ambulance took Patsey away.

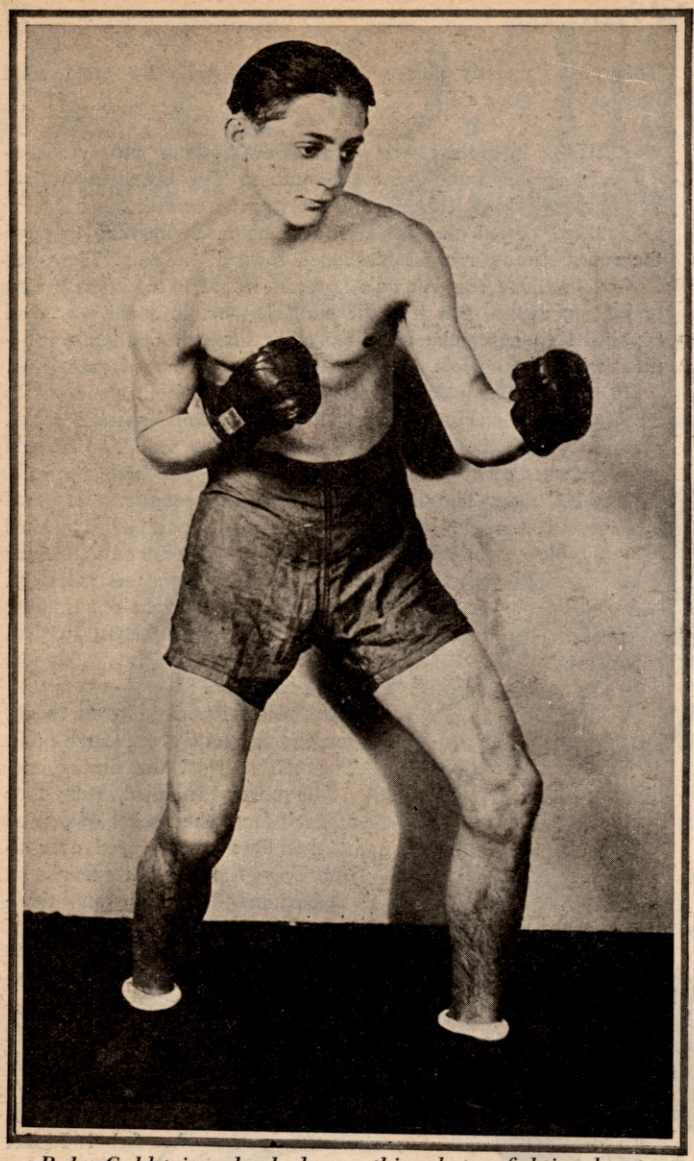
Jim sat weeping in his own room. He had killed Patsey. Patsey, his pal, Mabel's brother! Then there came a telephone call for Jimmy. His hand twitched as he grasped the receiver.

"The Brooklyn Hospital, di-di-did you say! There's no chance."

The receiver dropped from Jim's limp fingers. Patsey was still alive! He was not dead only unconscious. Jimmy rushed from the room and hailed a taxicab.

(Continued on page 55)

FADED



Ruby Goldstein, who had everything but a fighting heart.

WHAT a thrill to be a champion! Wacko! Fame! Honor and glory! Not to mention cash! And it is not so bad to be even an ex-champion. Whether the cash has departed or not, the fame, etc., remains.

To be hailed as a future champion—that's the goal which every young boxer aspires to attain. But to be only an ex-future champion—well, that's different!

What is an ex-future champion? Just as politicians often fail to keep promises they make, so do many young boxers fail to live up to the promise they showed when first coming into the limelight. Those lads, at one time potential champions, are the ex-future kings of pugilism.

Ever since fighting began, there have been boys of the "X.F.C. Brigade." Just think of David and Goliath. Wasn't the Big Boy hailed as a moral certainty to win? Sure he was. But he reckoned without that little bit of stone which sent his hopes crashing to the ground along with his huge body.

Right up to modern times, there has always been something—just like that little stone—to give the lie to the ballyhoo. Sometimes that "something" is a brittle chin, or inability to take body punches. Maybe it is lack of speed. Or, perhaps, bad management and, along with it, overmatching.

Then again, that "something" might be an inferiority complex, or the other extreme—overconfidence. It might be just a mere "something"—something known only to the fighter himself.

But whatever it is, the fact remains that there have been ex-future boxing champs galore. So let's get on with the tale.

The rise and fall of Al Singer was more rocketlike than most. Al had been fighting scarcely three years when he won the lightweight title. He held the crown for just four months. Then he lost it to Tony Canzoneri, following a defeat at the hands of the welterweight, Jimmy McLarnin. Singer could easily have been an ex-future champion. As it was, he happened to meet Mandell for the title before he took on McLarnin at catchweights, which wasn't so well for Al, for that overweight fight ruined him.

* * *

PRIMO CARNERA, world's champion, will some day be just "Primo Carnera, ex-champion." Right from the start, many hailed the Venetian as a future champ. And didn't they "I told you so," when he won the crown? Didn't they just!

But at one stage it looked as if he would be just another of the "X.F.C." boys. When, following the public's kick against his monotonous diet of set-ups, came defeats at the hands of Maloney, Sharkey and Gains, it certainly looked like the jig was up. When Primo had slipped down to eighth in the rankings, it looked as if just another fistic bubble had burst. But the Italian wasn't discouraged. He went about his business and made good.

With Carnera it wasn't his style or just his size that caused him to be hailed as a coming champion. It was ballyhoo that made Carnera's future look rosy. And that ballyhoo greatly helped to make the predictions come true, for it had many of his early opponents beaten before entering the ring and then defeat helped to give the Venetian the confidence he required.

* * *

BUT there were many who were less fortunate than big Primo and little Al. Tuffy Griffiths, for instance. A few years back, the Sioux City lad was going great. How great? Well, the following gives a fair idea of the opinions experts had of Griffiths, after his win over Risko at the end of 1929:

"Tuffy Griffiths is the most improved fighter of the year. If he keeps on improving, no matter who is crowned the successor to Tunney, this Trinity College boy will succeed that fellow to the championship."

Dempsey said of him: "Tuffy can hit, is game, has a fighting heart and needs only a little experience."

Yeah, he had everything bar experience. Anyway, until he met Jack Gagnon. Tuffy got the experience, while Gagnon got the decision in the sixth round after Tuffy had proved himself not so "tuff" by being down several times.

Some youngsters when breaking into the game attract attention to their championship possibilities by their style, while with others, it's "color." And with some it's the atmosphere. Perhaps it is the name or their relationship to some renowned fighter. Maybe it's their manager.

With Al Morro, it was the fact that he was a protégé of Jim Jeffries, which caused him to be heralded as a future headliner. But, having Jeffries to teach him, was not having Jeffries in there to take the punches which more experienced fighters threw at Morro. Being over-matched, stopped Al Morro from reaching his good morrow.

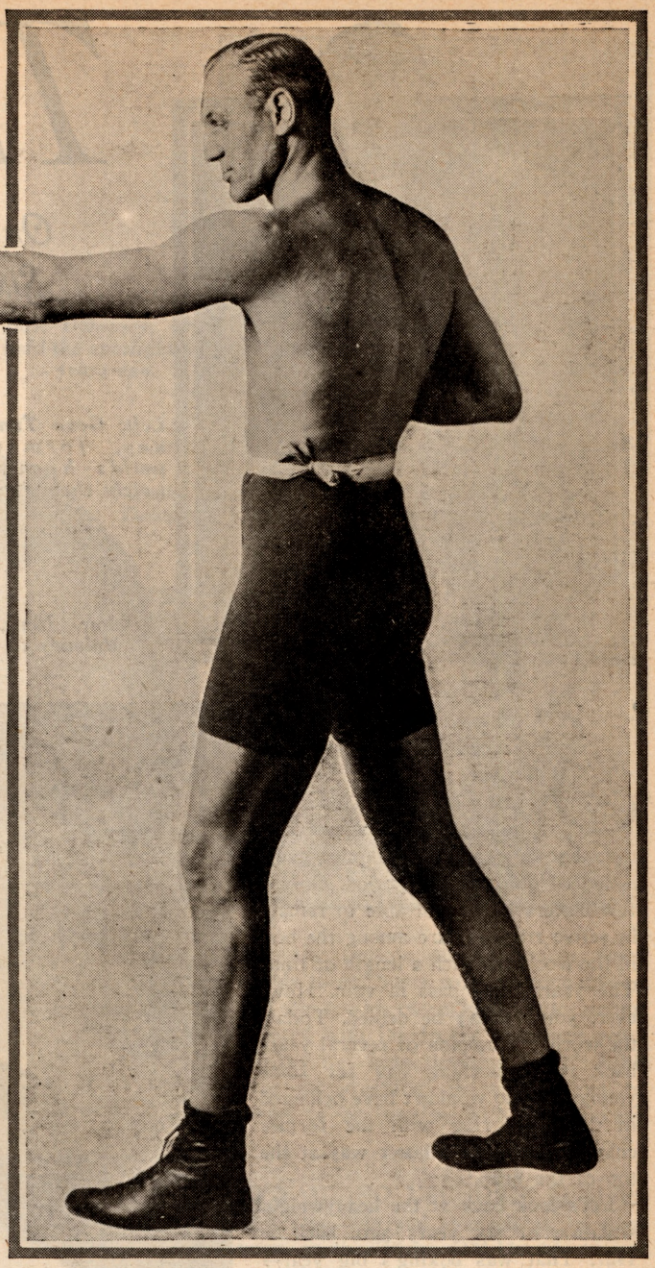
Then there was the case of young Jack McAuliffe II. Besides the name, young Jack seemed to have everything. He was fast and smart, with a fair punch. But "everything" included a brittle chin. Came a match with Firpo when the Bull was roaring to the top. Nuff sed!

Bombardier Billy Wells, ditto; only Al Palzer exed his future with a "now or never" wallop after being floored by a peach of a punch from "Goldy Locks," who sure could hit.

Fred Fulton was another champion-to-be, but it was left to Dempsey to put the "ex" in front of "future champion." Fulton had the aforementioned "everything," while Dempsey was just a "little fellow" at the time of their meeting. Since those days we have found that Dempsey had plenty of pugilistic "it" and

HOPES

By GEORGE F. NOCK



Fred Fulton, who possessed a glass chin.

Fulton had a glass chin. Dempsey also had that "if" in his favor. "IF" it landed, the other bloke went out. Well, "if" landed just a few seconds after the opening gong and Freddie went out. And so did his future as a champion.

* * *

SMALLER and more recent, but with just as big a "future" and with just as big an "ex," was Ruby Goldstein. Ruby has punch, cleverness and color, but he lacks the fighting heart. His punch, one of the hardest for his weight in the world, is a sure sleep-producing wallop when it connects. But Ruby has a weak chin, and with it the fear produced by the knowledge that a solid wallop would put him out.

The first inkling that a weak chin would stop Goldstein from living up to his predicted future was when Ace Hudkins smacked him down and out with a left hook to the whiskers, back in 1926. Sid Terris, who was no kayo king, put the "ex" to Goldstein's future in one round at the Polo Grounds in '27. Then a few years later, Jimmy McLarnin just about completely wiped out Ruby's "future" in two rounds.

When a boxer stops a heavy clout on the jaw, he often does not know whether he is coming or going. And that is just how Young Stribling was to the public for years. They did not know whether he was a "comer" or a "goer," a "would-be" or a "has-been."

Talk about seesaw, Marjory Daw—Stribling was up and down repeatedly. Not that he was hit on the chin and knocked down. He was not. If he had been, the public would have been justified in not expecting him to become a titleholder.

But as it was, he would run up a long list of kayos over sparring mates and other set-ups, only to get into the Big Time and then lose a waltz to a topnotcher. But another string of kayos, plus alibis, would wipe that memory and once again, Stribling would be the man of the hour. Yep! "Man of the hour" is right, for after an hour of safety-first boxing against a front-ranker, Willie would be back to tank-towns piling up more kayos.

Did not both Bob Edgren, leading authority on the game, and Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard and Gene Tunney, predict back in 1924, that Stribling would reach the very top? Then, six years later, after Willie had seesawed several times, Jack Dempsey gave his opinion that it would not be at all surprising if Stribling became champion.

A number of the men he fought will go down in history as world's titleholders, among them being Sharkey, Schmeling, Loughran, McTigue, Berlenbach, Carnera and Rosenbloom, but Stribling will only be remembered as a champion of the "ex-future" variety.

* * *

THERE was one future champion who never had a future, not as a boxer, anyway. The only one who ever thought that he had, was Morrissy himself, and that was only after a lot of kidding by his handlers. Morrissy met Peter Maher before a huge Irish gathering at the old Lenox Club in New York, back in the Horton Law days, and it only took one punch from Maher to convince everyone, including Morrissy, that his business was truck driving.

Mention of Maher recalls how he also upset the championship aspirations of another "X.F." champ. The "would-be," in this instance, was Steve O'Donnell. O'Donnell had a better chance than any other boxer of winning a title. Unlike the others, he did not have to beat a champion or win an elimination tournament. He did not even have to fight his way through the other contenders. All he had to do was to beat Maher, who, although a good man, was not in championship class.

It happened this way: Jim Corbett, who was heavyweight champion at the time, had boxed with O'Donnell in the gymnasium and had found that the clever Australian was quite his equal in boxing science. Now Jim was getting kind of tired of the worries and being champion and the razzing he was getting in the papers for ducking the challenges of Fitzsimmons, Sharkey and others, so he wanted to retire. But he did not want to just walk out and leave his title to Fitz, who already had claimed it. He wanted to have some say in its disposal, and, as O'Donnell was the boxing apple of his eye, he let Steve know that all he had to do to win the title was to beat Maher, and Corbett would pass the crown on to him.

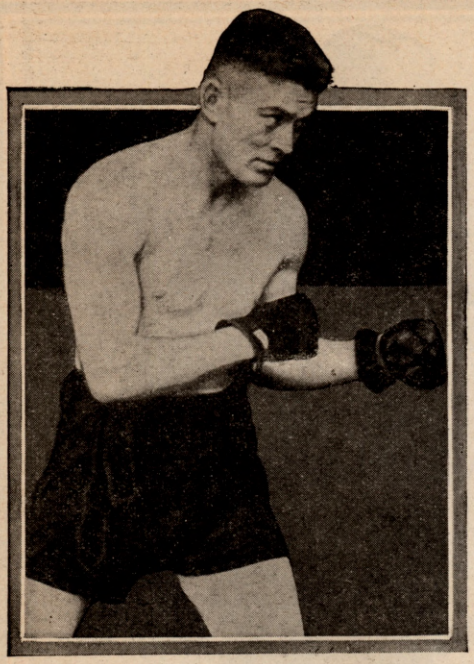
So sure was Corbett that his protégé would turn the trick, he announced before the fight that he would crown the winner champion of the world. But that even the great Corbett could err in his judgment was proved when Maher stopped O'Donnell in the first round.

And so it goes on. No matter who is the reigning champion; no matter how long he reigns; no matter how many times the title changes hands—there are always "future" champions. And as "many are called, but few are chosen," the majority of these "would-be's" join the "X.F.C. Brigade."

Yes, the irony of it! Yet it is better to have tried and failed than not to have tried at all. So laugh ye not, ye non-triers!

TIME TAKES

Only Three Fighters Who Starred Six Years Ago in Heavyweight Ranks Still Active in the Ring



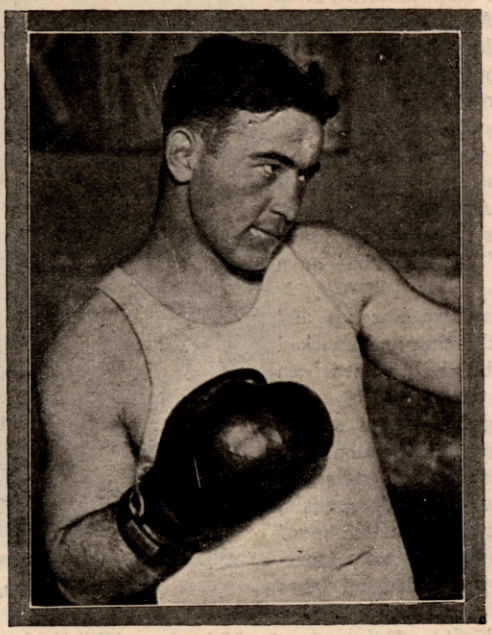
Left, Gene Tunney, former world's heavyweight champion.

Below, Jim Maloney

JACK SHARKEY, the former Navy gob, is truly boxing's enigma. He is a perpetual question mark. At times, he has fought like a champion; at others, like a fourth-rater. Sharkey's long campaign for the title finally came to a successful close in the summer of 1932, when he was awarded a fifteen-round decision over Max Schmeling, the then champion. It is my purpose not to discuss the merits of the decision.

That Sharkey reached the top when he was just about all washed up, was proven conclusively the following year. He lost his title in the very first defense of it, and moreover, to a man to whom, two years previously, he had given a sound thrashing—Primo Carnera. No doubt Carnera improved greatly in these two years between their first and second contests, but it is probable that Sharkey slipped even more than Carnera had improved.

Strength to this contention was given later in Sharkey's more recent bouts with Levinsky and Loughran. Judging from Sharkey's showings against Carnera, Levinsky and Loughran, it would appear that at last the former sailor has arrived at the finish of his boxing career. He was on the floor in all three matches, once to stay—rather unusual for a man who, only recently, held the world's heavyweight title.



SIX years ago! That takes us back to 1927.

Six years in the majority of professions is not necessarily a very long time, but six years in the boxing game is indeed quite a long period. Only a few boxers have been able to remain in active ring warfare among the best in the world for such a length of time. The years don't pass in vain. However, youth won't be denied. Today, the world's champion of several years back is a punching bag for some youngster who wouldn't have belonged in the same ring with the former champion when the latter was at the top of the heap.

Let's look back at the heavyweight situation of six years ago, back in 1927. That was boxing's big year—two heavyweight battles which drew the million-dollar gates: the Dempsey-Sharkey affair and the Tunney-Dempsey championship contest.

The outstanding heavies that year were: Gene Tunney, world's champion; Jack Dempsey, former title-holder; Jack Sharkey, Tom Heeney, George Godfrey, Johnny Risko, Paulino Uzcudun and Jack Delaney. I have not endeavored to list them as a classification.

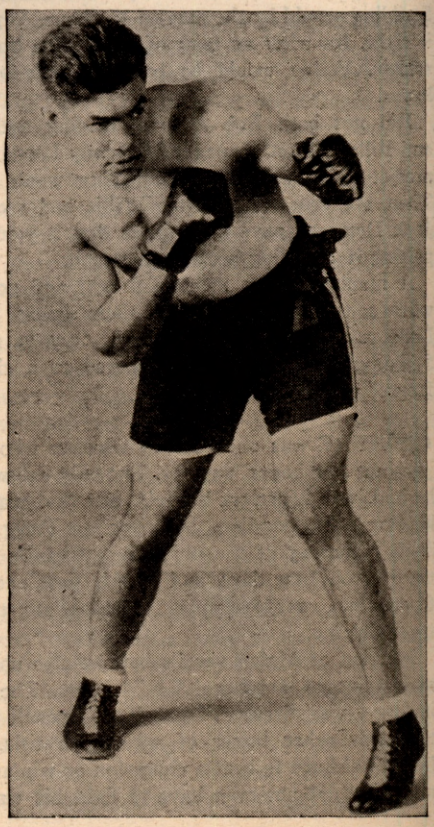
Let's take up each one individually and see what happened to him—what he's doing now.

First, Tunney. Little need be said about the former marine. Every one knows that, after making a fortune in the ring, he retired as undefeated champion. He made his farewell to the game that gave him both fame and wealth by scoring an eleven-round technical knockout over stouthearted Tom Heeney. Tunney married shortly after quitting the ring.

Jack Dempsey's doings since retiring from active ring competition are as equally well, if not better known than Tunney's. Jack has remained in the fistic limelight. He has been referee and promoter and has appeared in many exhibitions. His most recent venture as a promoter—the staging of the Baer-Schmeling mill last summer—was a huge success.

Late in 1931, Dempsey tried a comeback, taking part in numerous exhibition bouts. He went along pretty well, showing a good deal of his old-time form, until, in the early part of 1932, he ran into wild-swinging King Levinsky. The latter proved to Jack that his fighting days were over.

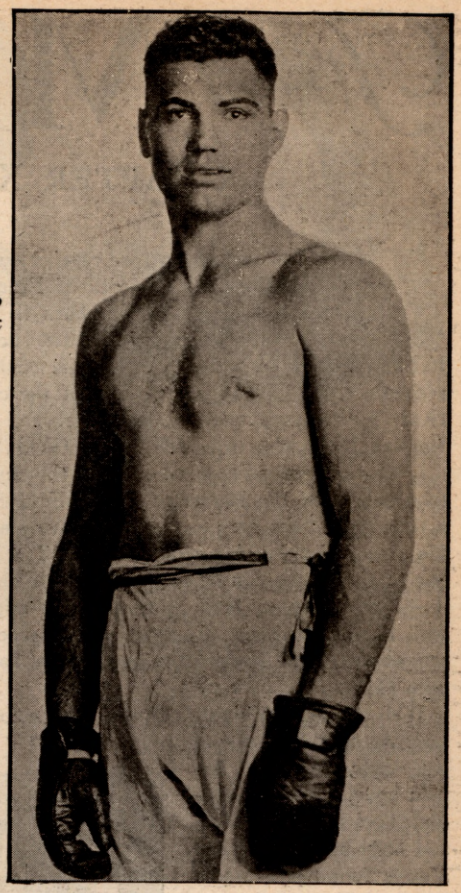
Tom Heeney, that game "Hard Rock from Down Under," has been through for several years. In fact, he was through the night Gene Tunney stopped him in their bloody championship scrap. Old Tom recently lost on a technical knockout to Stanley Poreda. For this beating he received only about two hundred dollars. For the Tunney bout five years before, Heeney was paid a hundred thousand dollars.



Paulino Uzcudun

ITS TOLL

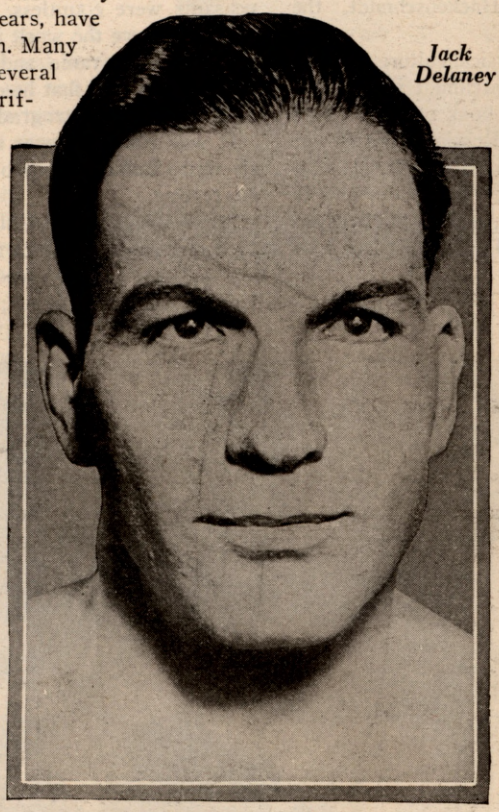
By WALTON L. ROBINSON



Jack Dempsey, who held the spotlight six years ago.

VETERAN Johnny Risko is still with us, and apparently almost as good as ever. At least, he still seems to be perfectly able to upset the plans of promoters. John has been the trial horse of the division for the last half-dozen years.

Dempsey and Carnera are the only two heavyweight boxers of note who, in recent years, have not boxed Risko on at least one occasion. Many of the leaders have boxed Johnny several times. Sharkey, Loughran, Walker, Griffiths, Heeney and others have both won and lost with the veteran Clevelander.

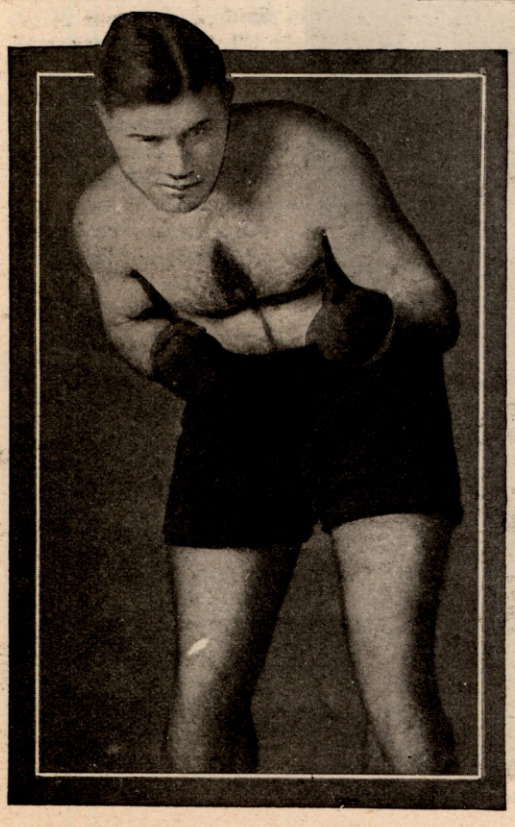


Jack Delaney

On more than one occasion, Risko has pounded out wins over such tough customers as King Levinsky, Paulino Uzcudun and K. O. Christner. Risko has been declared "through" time and time again by the fistic writers, only to upset the dope by coming back with a win over some headliner. Tex Rickard used to call Risko "The Spoiler," because he "spoiled" so many of Tex's pugilistic plans by whipping one of Rickard's favorites.

Johnny Risko will never win the championship, but it certainly appears that he is yet capable of upsetting a few more favorites.

George Godfrey, the "Black Menace," is no longer a menace of any kind. When in his prime, Big George was unable to obtain bouts with the leading white boys, principally because they feared him. However, Godfrey didn't do very much with the few opportunities given him. Sharkey outpointed him in 1926, and Risko, two years later. In February, 1928, Godfrey was extremely fortunate to receive the decision over scowling Paulino Uzcudun, erstwhile Basque woodchopper and then heavyweight champion of Europe.



Godfrey

Tom Heeney

naturally became discouraged at being unable to get bouts with the topnotchers, and allowed his powerful body to become covered with fat. In the last three years George has been devoting most of his time to wrestling, in which sport he seems to be meeting with fair success.

* * *

PAULINO UZCUDUN, he of the iron chin and stomach, is, in many ways, another Risko. Old Umski can still make it interesting for any heavyweight in the world, although he is thirty-five years old! The last ten of those thirty-five years have been spent in constant warfare with the leaders of the heavyweight division.

Paulino cannot be accused of picking opponents. He has fought Schmeling, Baer, Von Porat, Godfrey, Carnera, Schaaf and many others. There are no pushovers in that group. Two of them, Schmeling and Carnera, later became world champions, and another, Max Baer, is at the present time considered the most outstanding contender for the title. Uzcudun's most recent fight was with Carnera in Italy, a contest in which Carnera retained his heavyweight crown.

Jack Delaney was the Tommy Loughran of 1927—a light-heavyweight trying to mix it with the larger boys. And, just as Loughran, he was handled rather roughly by the big fellows. Delaney was a splendid light-heavy, but as a heavyweight he was a complete failure. He dropped decisions to Jim Maloney, Heeney and Risko, and was stopped in seventy-two seconds by Sharkey. The only two men whom he whipped were Paulino, on a very doubtful foul, and Jack Renault, on a decision.

Delaney retired in 1928. About two years ago he tried a comeback, which died a natural death, probably fortunately for him.

That about completes the list of the really outstanding men of 1927. There were others, such as Jim Maloney, the Boston fishmonger, Chuck Wiggins, Knute Hansen and Jack Renault, but they all soon skidded out of the picture. Maloney, Wiggins and Hansen have quit the game and, although Renault occasionally engages in a bout with some second or third rater, he has, to all intents and purposes, stopped *(Continued on page 46)*

From MILO *to* LONDOS

CHAPTER XIV

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(World's oldest, active sports writer)

IN our last installment, we carried our story on American wrestling through the death of Frank Gotch, by far the greatest mat star who was born in this country. Before entering into the story of the successor to the Iowa Farmer, and those who came into the public eye following his retirement, we shall give a résumé of the career of his greatest rival for international honors, George Hackenschmidt, the Russian Lion, who twice fell before Gotch.

Living in England now, where he is the physical culture director to members of the House of Lords, Hackenschmidt is enjoying his health and has been engaged in writing a book on philosophy. He also is writing his reminiscences. The Russian Lion is not one of those who can sit idly by and live on his laurels. He is a most active person, both as regards his mind and body, and is well liked throughout England and France, where he lived in retirement on the Riviera for many years following his last bout with Gotch.

Well educated, a highly cultured man who converses in several languages, a student of philosophy and the human body, author of several books on wrestling and body-building, he has always found pleasure in keeping himself busy. Recently, in discussing wrestlers, Hackenschmidt, asked what he thought of the present-day stars and their unorthodox system of grappling, replied that it would be difficult to say what the old-timers, those of his period, including himself, could have accomplished against the talent of today. He says it is a matter of conjecture, as conditions are different and the style has altered.

Yet those who know their wrestling and knew the great Hackenschmidt when he was in his prime are not backward in saying that there isn't a man in the field who could have stood against the Russian Lion more than half an hour. They simply don't come like Hack and Gotch today. Acrobatics has taken the place of the science those men displayed, and their science would have conquered the acrobats.

* * *

MORE than half a century ago, in a little town a few miles from Petrograd, then St. Petersburg, Russia, George Hackenschmidt was born. He was one of a large family of husky children, but of the family, George was by far the mightiest, although he had a brother, Charles, who could tear down the side of a barn with his hands, so strong was he.

Just as Shelby, Mont., never dreamed it would be known of, neither did George nor his family dream of fame, for Russian peasants were countless, with little chance for any of them to struggle above the work in the fields. But George was born with an enormous frame and with ambition. It was only through unceasing efforts that he obtained a chance to learn the rudiments of education in Petrograd.

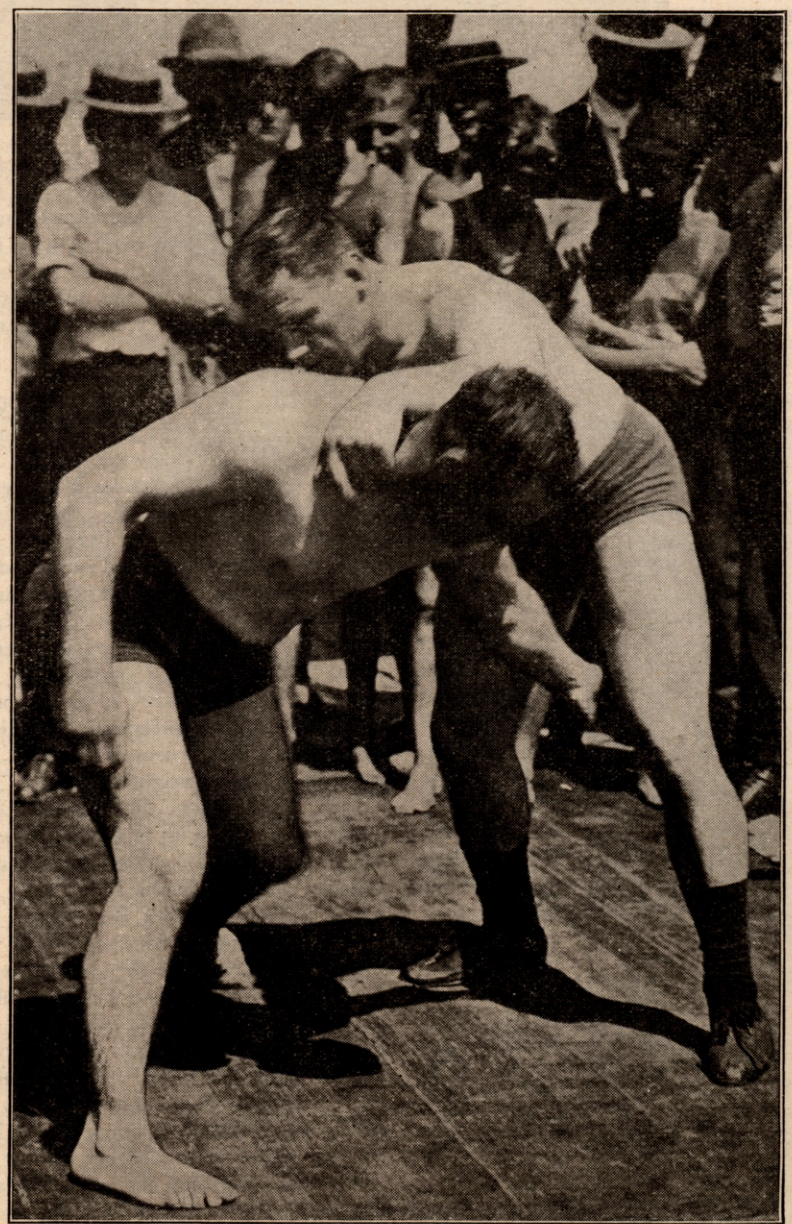
It was while there at school that he realized the value of his strength. But the story of his start, as told by himself, is more interesting.

"In the primary and higher grades I stood first at the end of each term in gymnastics and last in everything else, except singing, and at that I was second out of four hundred pupils. Oh, yes, I was a very fine singer; but one day when I started to warble my voice became hoarse, like a frog's. The master got all excited, tore his hair and then mine, but my voice had broken. That ended the singing and I had more time for gymnastics.

"The gymnasium class came after school and it was a fifteen minutes' walk to the building from the school. The boys always ran a race on the way there and, even though I was very heavy for my age, I usually managed to get there first.

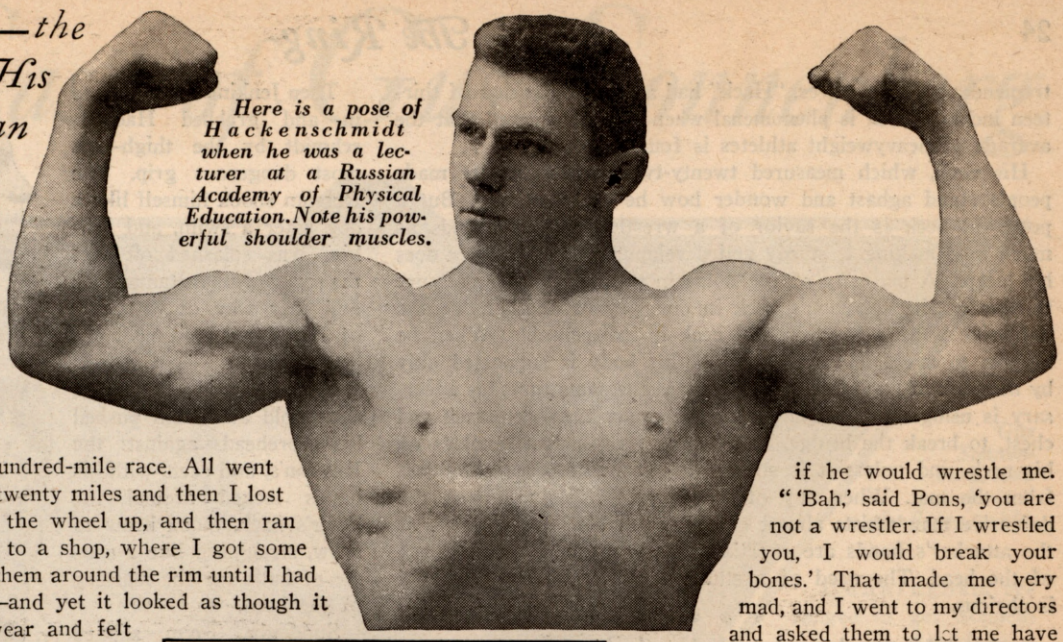
"I was still a very small boy when I first saw a wrestling match. A circus came to town. It was considered a disgrace to go to such a show, and the headmaster of the school was generally on hand—supposedly not to see the circus, but to see that none of the boys were there, and to punish us if we were. I begged the money with which to go, blackened my face so that no one would know me, and got a seat in the last row.

"When the wrestlers—they were very poor, but I didn't know it then—came on, my heart went up in my throat. While they were wrestling, I became so excited that I got sick, and my heart beat so hard I thought I would die. But after that, I always wanted to be a



The Russian and Americus, tuning up for his American invasion.

Hackenschmidt—the Russian Lion—His Rise to Fame as an International Wrestler



Here is a pose of Hackenschmidt when he was a lecturer at a Russian Academy of Physical Education. Note his powerful shoulder muscles.

wrestler. When I was eighteen years old, in 1895, I was given a bicycle. It was a high one with solid rubber tires. When I had had it but two weeks, I entered in a two hundred-mile race. All went well for the first fifteen or twenty miles and then I lost a tire. I picked myself and the wheel up, and then ran along the road until I came to a shop, where I got some leather scraps and wrapped them around the rim until I had something like a solid tire—and yet it looked as though it had seen a great deal of wear and felt as rough as a corncob. For three or four years I had a sore thigh from the strain, but I finished the race and that quite satisfied me.

"When I was nineteen I was very strong. A doctor in St. Petersburg saw me and asked me to come to his house and show him what I could do at lifting weights. I went. There were a lot of people there. But first we had dinner. I was given a glass of claret before the meal and, as I had never drunk anything before in my life, it went to my head. However, when the time came to lift, I broke three world's records.

* * *

"THAT was the first time I had tried it, and I pleased the doctor so much that he asked me to come and live with him and train under his supervision. I thought it would be a good idea and I did it. It was through the efforts of this friend that I developed my strength. I worked harder and harder all the time. I kept on working until after a short time I became well known about that locality.

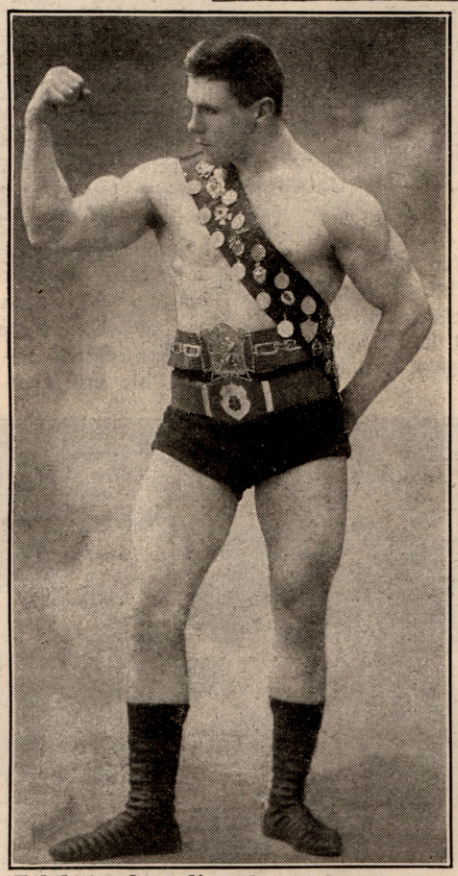
"One day Paul Pons, then the champion, came to the club to which I then belonged, to give some wrestling exhibitions. He offered a thousand francs to anyone who would wrestle with him and not be thrown. I went up and asked him if he would wrestle me.

"'Bah,' said Pons, 'you are not a wrestler. If I wrestled you, I would break your bones.' That made me very mad, and I went to my directors and asked them to let me have the next bout with Pons. 'No,' they told me. 'You are not a wrestler.'

"'But I am strong,' I answered. 'If you do not let me have the first bout with Pons, I will resign.' So they allowed me to wrestle with him. I went at him and threw him all around, and won the fall in forty-six minutes. That victory brought to me the championship of Europe.

"I threw him so easily that some of the crowd felt I had been purposely permitted to throw the title-holder. That broke my heart, and I left the friends and the club behind and followed Pons to Moscow, where he was showing. They wouldn't let me go on with him and they begged me to go away.

"I didn't get another chance to meet him until the two of us figured in the tournament at Berlin. I threw him in seventy-one minutes. Later I did it again in Vienna in forty-one minutes. That is how I became a wrestler."



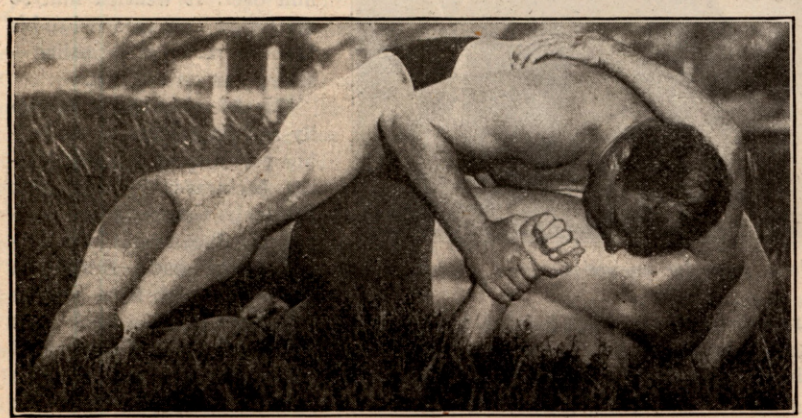
Exhibiting himself, with medals and other trophies, before a distinguished gathering at the Viennese Academy.

* * *

HACKENSCHMIDT usually weighed in the neighborhood of two hundred and ten pounds. He was five feet six inches tall and had a chest, when expanded, that measured fifty-four inches—very nearly as great as his height. He measured twenty-two inches around his neck, thirty-three around his waist, twenty-eight around his thigh and nineteen around his forearm.

Hackenschmidt was considered the most marvelously developed man in the world some twenty years ago. He was the most imposing physical specimen that America had even seen. He did not have the tremendous girth that many of the so-called "Terrible Turks" who visited our hospitable shores possessed.

Like most successful wrestlers, Hackenschmidt had smooth, well-rounded shoulders. The huge, knotted muscles of the Sharkey type were not in evidence until George began to move about inside the hempen square. And then one saw a sight not easily to be forgotten. Springy, elastic muscles bulged from every part of his anatomy. His legs and arms seemed to be coated with steel springs. His shoulder muscles showed unprecedented development and indicated



The Russian Lion and Dr. Roller in training.

tremendous lifting power. "Hack" had a chest expansion of thirteen inches, which is phenomenal when it is considered that the average of heavyweight athletes is four inches.

His neck, which measured twenty-two inches, usually made people stand aghast and wonder how he got that way. But a powerful neck is the savior of a wrestler, and he spends as much time making it sturdy and developing it as a fighter does his biceps. A majority of the holds in the game bring pressure to bear on the opponent's neck in one way or another. To the defensive wrestler, a powerful neck is indispensable. When he bridges to avoid an imminent fall, his body is supported only by the back of his head and his feet. At the same time, his adversary is using all his strength on the under man's stomach and chest, to break the bridge. In a bridge spin, a man revolves on his neck, and unless it is strong he cannot keep his shoulders from the mat. When any of the Nelson holds are used, the defensive man resists almost entirely with his neck muscles, as the attacker's hands are exerting violent pressure on the back of the head. The need of a sturdy neck in the strangle hold is obvious.

* * *

AMONG the giants that Hackenschmidt threw was Nouroulah, the Turk, who, in about 1905, whipped Tom Jenkins. The bout with the Turk was not a hard proposition for "Hack" and he put the dusky boy down and out in easy style. After that he met Hali Adali, the biggest Turk wrestler. He weighed three hundred and fifty pounds and stood seven feet high. He was no easy meat for George, but he succeeded in flooring him in one hour.

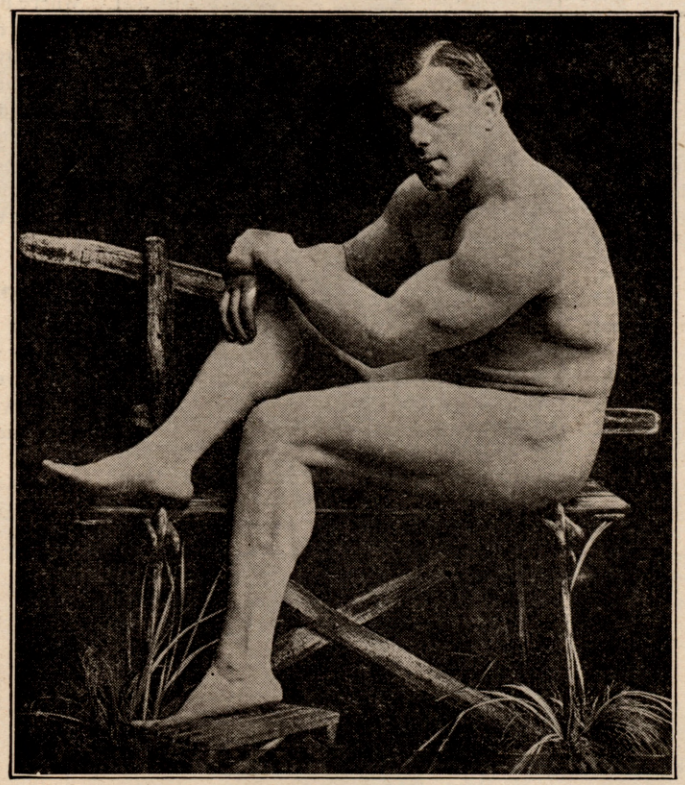
Then came the last of the Sultan's giants, Ahmed Madrali, who stood six feet two and weighed two hundred and twenty-four. Like many of the Turks, he knew a lot of fighting tricks. Madrali, in the first clinch, thrust his fingers into Hackenschmidt's nostrils and brought out a spurt of blood. This riled the "Russian Lion." He took a firm grip upon his opponent's waist, raised him a couple of feet in the air, shifted for a lower hold and then pitched him to the floor on his neck.

That was the end of the Turk. He was carried out with a broken shoulder. There were innumerable other Græco-Roman artists who fell before the Russian, and then, in 1905, he came to America to wrestle Tom Jenkins, who had just won the title of catch-as-catch-can champion of the world from Frank Gotch.

The memorable match took place at Madison Square Garden, New York City, on the night of May 4, 1905, and Hackenschmidt not only retained his Græco-Roman title, but took Jenkins's catch-as-catch-can honors. The "Russian Lion" put him down for the first fall in thirty-one minutes, fifteen seconds, and the second fall came at the end of twenty-two minutes' work.

At the moment time was called, George leaped at Tom and grabbed him by the back of the neck with both hands. Jenkins jumped up and down, as if trying the Russian's strength, and broke away from him.

A couple more clinches followed and, as "Hack" tore Tom away, George threw him halfway across the ring, as though he were a jack rabbit. "Hack" instantly pounced upon his man and grabbed him by the neck. Jenkins freed himself and was again flung against the ropes. This was repeated four times.

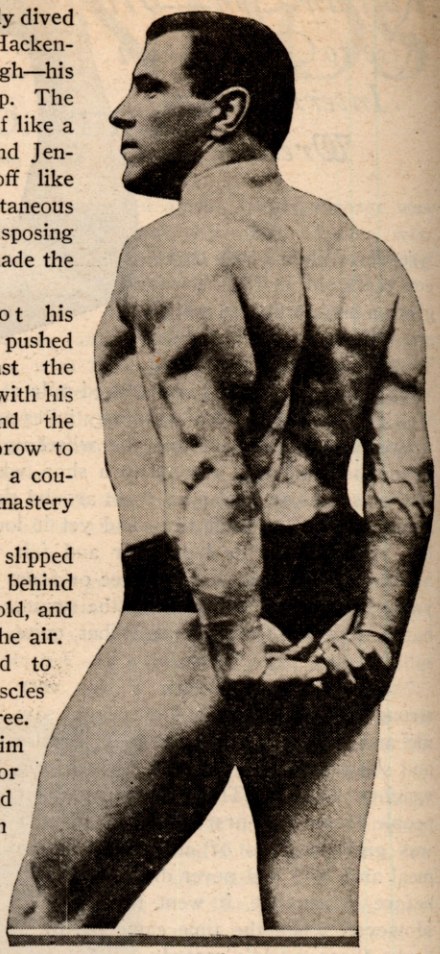


In a pose for an artist

Then Jenkins swiftly dived in and grabbed Hackenschmidt by the thigh—his most dangerous grip. The Russian shook himself like a dog after a swim, and Jenkins was splashed off like the spray. This instantaneous and easy way of disposing of Tom's best hold made the crowd gasp.

Hackenschmidt got his neck hold and Tom pushed his forehead against the Russian's, and each, with his hands locked around the other's back, stood brow to brow, struggling like a couple of bulls for the mastery of the herd.

Suddenly Tom slipped aside and darted behind George, got a body hold, and tried to toss him in the air. The Russian seemed to contract all his muscles and then he sprang free. Jenkins looked at him with open mouth, for he realized that he did it as easily as a lion jumps through a paper hoop. Once more Jenkins darted behind his man, but "Hack" blocked with his left arm and, with one swing of his lionlike left paw, sent Tom flying across the ring and against the ropes.



A picture showing Hackenschmidt's powerful back.

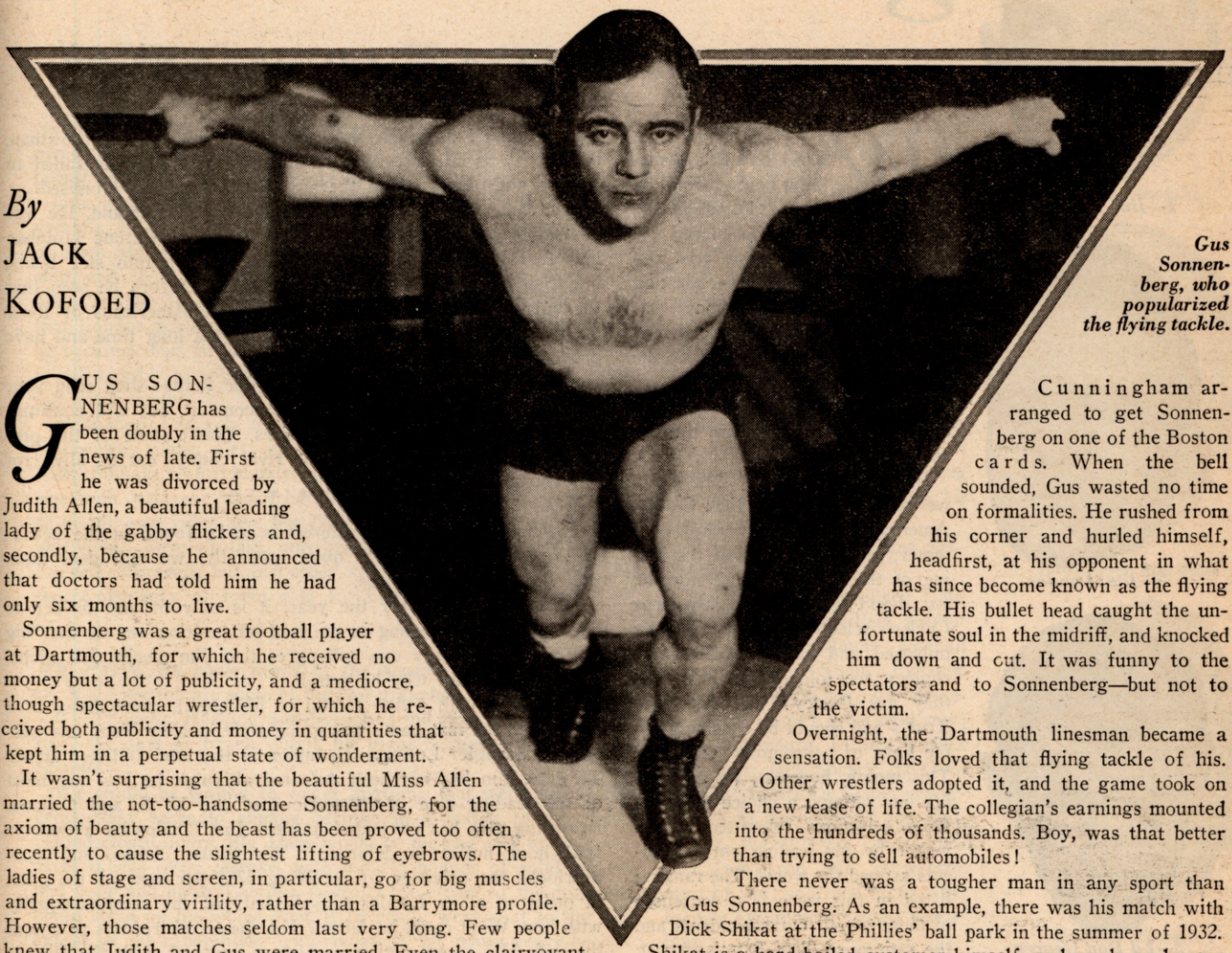
* * *

NOT only the power, but the speed of the Russian was amazing. His moves were made so swiftly that the eye could scarcely follow them. Then "Hack" hurled Tom down on all fours. He heaved mightily at Tom, but could not turn him over. It wearied him so much that Tom resorted to his favorite mode of wrestling—sitting flat on the mat.

"Hack" again heaved mightily and raised him to a standing position, with Tom pushing backwards in resistance. Suddenly, George let go, hoping that Tom would hurl himself on his back. But, by a marvelous quick turn, Jenkins caught his balance and saved himself. Tom made a swift dash for George, got behind him and got a body hold. One upward leap and the Russian was free. Tom tried again, and this time threw him to the floor on all fours. Here was Tom's golden opportunity; he had his opponent on the floor and on the defensive. He grabbed "Hack's" right leg, *(Continued on page 47)*

The Case of Gus Sonnenberg

By JACK KOFOED



Gus Sonnenberg, who popularized the flying tackle.

GUS SONNENBERG has been doubly in the news of late. First he was divorced by Judith Allen, a beautiful leading lady of the gabby flickers and, secondly, because he announced that doctors had told him he had only six months to live.

Sonnenberg was a great football player at Dartmouth, for which he received no money but a lot of publicity, and a mediocre, though spectacular wrestler, for which he received both publicity and money in quantities that kept him in a perpetual state of wonderment.

It wasn't surprising that the beautiful Miss Allen married the not-too-handsome Sonnenberg, for the axiom of beauty and the beast has been proved too often recently to cause the slightest lifting of eyebrows. The ladies of stage and screen, in particular, go for big muscles and extraordinary virility, rather than a Barrymore profile. However, those matches seldom last very long. Few people knew that Judith and Gus were married. Even the clairvoyant Walter Winchell had nothing to say about it in his column!

When announcement of the impending divorce was broadcast, the public discovered for the first time that the promising featured player of "Too Much Harmony" had been wed to the Flying Dutchman for quite some time.

Gus cut a rather pitiful figure. His heart had gone to pieces, he said, and he was not only washed up athletically but, if he lived six months more, he'd be having all the better of it. I wouldn't be too much worried if I were he. Many a man with a leaky heart has lived until senility got him.

* * *

SONNENBERG became a wrestler by accident. He and Bill Cunningham, now sports editor of the Boston *Post,* had played together on the Dartmouth line, and developed a deep friendship.

One night they were in a small town and, to kill the monotony, decided to go to the movies. On the way, they passed an athletic club where a professional wrestling show was advertised.

Cunningham was just a busman on a holiday. He proposed that they go in and have a look.

After half an hour or so, Gus said: "On the level, Bill, do those mugs get real money for clowning like that?"

"Money? Say, listen, the top-notchers make a fortune doing just that sort of thing."

"Well, lead me to it," chortled Sonnenberg. "If I can't knock bums like that around I won't ask for a penny."

He was selling automobiles, or trying to sell them, at the time, and not doing so well. If you know the Flying Dutchman, you'd realize that Nature did not cut him out for a salesman.

Cunningham arranged to get Sonnenberg on one of the Boston cards. When the bell sounded, Gus wasted no time on formalities. He rushed from his corner and hurled himself, headfirst, at his opponent in what has since become known as the flying tackle. His bullet head caught the unfortunate soul in the midriff, and knocked him down and out. It was funny to the spectators and to Sonnenberg—but not to the victim.

Overnight, the Dartmouth linesman became a sensation. Folks loved that flying tackle of his. Other wrestlers adopted it, and the game took on a new lease of life. The collegian's earnings mounted into the hundreds of thousands. Boy, was that better than trying to sell automobiles!

There never was a tougher man in any sport than Gus Sonnenberg. As an example, there was his match with Dick Shikat at the Phillies' ball park in the summer of 1932. Shikat is a hard-boiled customer himself and needs no lessons in toughness. They slugged and butted and punched their way through a session that had the customers in a frenzy of excitement. Then, with one of his impetuous rushes, Gus hurled Dick through the ropes and onto the apron of the ring.

* * *

THE rules called for him to wait until the German had climbed back . . . . but that didn't please the Dartmouth man at all. The referee tried to hold him back, but Sonnenberg brushed the arbiter aside and went after Shikat. This time, he hit his enemy with another flying tackle. They plunged off the apron and into the crowd—bruising customers and smashing chairs. Gus struck his head on the ground, and was so groggy he could barely pull himself to his feet.

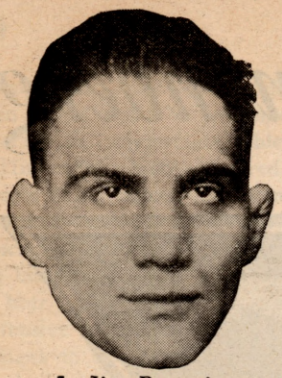
Shikat was still down, half-unconscious and groaning. He had ripped ligaments in his back, and could not even lift himself to a sitting position. Sonnenberg hauled himself back into the ring, where Referee Paul lifted his hand in sign of victory.

They met in another match some months later, and the German Oak gave the Flying Dutchman a terrific beating before pinning him to the canvas.

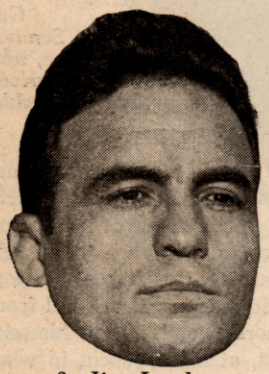
When Joe Savoldi was in New York several weeks ago, he discussed Sonnenberg, and the condition in which Gus found himself.

"If his heart really has gone bad," said the former Notre Dame back, "it's because he never learned to relax. If Gus was in the ring for two hours, he'd be in tense condition every second. The heart can't stand everything, you know, and the fellow who can't relax is going to find that out, sooner or later."

(Continued on page 51)

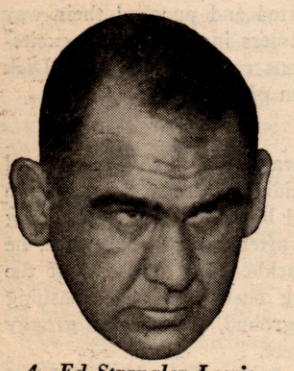


1—Jim Browning



2—Jim Londos

3—Ed Don George



4—Ed Strangler Lewis

5—Dick Shikat

THE RING'S

Our First Annual Ranking of Wrestlers

WITH this issue, THE RING starts something new—rating the wrestlers of the world on their performances for the year 1933. For the past ten years THE RING has been selecting the leading boxers, and now that the wrestling game has reached high proportions and has become as popular a sport as boxing, we have decided to give the mat stars a break by listing them in the various divisions.

In the last issue of THE RING, we carried a story by Jack Curley, America's foremost wrestling promoter, giving his view of the rating of the pachyderms. Naturally, we didn't expect that Monsieur Curley's selections would be wholly unbiased, and when we offered his choices, we told our readers that they are Curley's and not THE RING'S and should be considered in the light of a promoter's ranking. This month, however, we are giving our ratings, a choice made up from selections submitted to the writer by his leading correspondents around the world. The ranking listed in this issue is a consensus of those of our correspondents and the ratings of THE RING'S expert, "Tex" Austin.

In submitting the names, we feel that from an unbiased, accurate gauge of the performances of the mat stars throughout the world, we are giving our readers as fine a rating as could possibly be made. Of course, we realize that our foreign readers, especially in England and Australia, may find fault with us for not placing the stars who are competing in those lands among the leaders, but the fact remains that the greatest of the world matmen are now in this country and that in most cases when a star from abroad has come to these shores, he has been defeated, quite frequently by those who are performing in the U.S.A.

For example, there were Bonnie Muir, Tom Alley and Jim Heslin of Australia. Of those, only Muir displayed sufficient ability to give him a chance against the best of the American campaigners. Heslin and Alley were only fair.

Then there came to these shores Pat McClary, a fine, smiling Irishman who made a hit with the fans by the manner in which he acted in the ring—a real showman, but so far as his wrestling ability was concerned, he failed to hit the high mark which the advance notices had promised.

The same may be said of Athol Oakley of England. He was a phenom abroad, but did little of note here. Ferenc Holuban and Leo Pinetzki, two freaks, were built up into star bouts, but they likewise failed to click. It will therefore be seen that the bulk of the rating must rest with the Americans or those of the foreigners who have been here for a long time and have proved their right to high recognition.

So here goes—look it over—find your faults—then send your criticism to the writer. We will welcome it, but will continue, nevertheless, to stick by our choices. Won't some of the promoters and the matchmakers of rival cliques eat us alive for our choices?

* * *

AS in boxing, most interest is to be found in the heavyweight division, so quite naturally, we will deal more thoroughly with that class.

On performances for the year, it is only fit and proper to place Big Jim Browning in the lead-off position among the "big bruisers." Not every one will agree that Jim merits that niche, but let us explain why he gets it.

Browning, with a fine record to his credit, came along at a time when the mat game was going stale in New York and succeeded Strangler Lewis as champion in that and affiliated states. To date, Jim has not been defeated although he has met most of the leading men in all sections of the U. S. and Canada. Browning also has consented to meet Jim Londos on a twenty-four hour notice in defense of his titular claims, and even overlooks the privilege of receiving 37½ per cent of the gate, in order to allow Londos to split half of the receipts equally with him. What could be fairer? Yet the Greek refuses to accept the defi. His recent action in filing a contract with the Illinois Commission for a bout with Browning is only a gesture, as such a contract, filed by Browning, has been with the New York board for many months without Londos having taken any recognition of it.

Browning's willingness to meet all comers is a good indication of the confidence he has in his own ability. Jim possesses plenty of skill and physical ability to back up that confidence, too.

Next, we have the idol of the Greeks, Jeemy Londos. Outside of a very unsatisfactory and much complicated loss to Joe Savoldi—a match which can be thrown out—Londos has not been beaten this year or in three years, for that matter. However, splendid as that record seems, it must be remembered that the Greek has shown no desire to mingle with Lewis, Shikat, Browning or George. Londos is a great actor and a highly skillful wrestler, but seems to lack the confidence that some of the others have in themselves, so cannot very well be ranked at the top of the heap. The only way that Jeemy can recapture the position he held two years ago, is to meet Browning in New York, where a square deal for all is assured. Browning is willing, but Jeemy says no—only in Chicago, his bailiwick.

* * *

THIRD in line is another titular claimant, Ed Don George. Some think he should be recognized as undisputed champion because his claim is based on succession. If honors won and lost on the mat mean more than real ability, then George has first claim on the throne, but when ability is considered, there are others who overshadow him.

Don has been held even in too many ninety-minute matches. Of all three leading men in this ranking, Browning, alone, is

Mat Rating

By "TEX" AUSTIN, *Wrestling Editor*

willing to enter a round robin tournament to decide the rightful owner of the world crown. When a man shows that spirit in behalf of the sport, he deserves proper recognition.

Our nomination for fourth place goes to that old Kentucky veteran, Ed "Strangler" Lewis. It was he, who, with the aid of Dick Shikat, chased Londos out of the New York championship, and it is he who proved to be the stumbling block for many of the top-notchers. Were Lewis gifted with the color that Londos possesses, it would be he and not Jeemy who would be packing them in all over the country. The veteran Strangler is still capable of tossing most of the so-called challengers without much trouble.

Following Lewis is the cleverest heavyweight now parading before the public. Yes, you've guessed right, none other than Dick Shikat. Unfortunately, Dick received injuries in an auto smash-up last year which handicapped him from doing as well as he did two years ago, but Dick seems to have regained much of his old form of late, and bears watching. True he lost to Everett Marshall, but his other sterling performances and his recent recovery of form gain for him fifth place.

* * *

NOW we come down to the second five. Rated in this section are some of the best grapplers of the past fifteen years. Heading this division is the most natural wrestler since the days of Frank Gotch, the giant German veteran, Hans Steinke.

We would be willing to wager anything that were any of the present-day stars to engage Steinke in a match to the finish behind closed doors, Big Hans would be the one able to walk out after it was over. Steinke, with his 245 pounds of solid muscle and bone and natural ability, is really the cream of the crop and could clean up the whole crew if he really went at it to the full extent of his capabilities. Unfortunately, for many years he has been a stablemate of Jim Londos, and so has remained in the background, while the more colorful Londos has been overballyhooed.

Least known of the titular threats to spring up recently, perhaps, is the blond Colorado sensation, Everett Marshall. Marshall compiled an enviable record during the year and recently tossed both Dick Shikat and Ray Steele in Philadelphia. Billy Sandow, former manager of Strangler Lewis, handles Everett, and no doubt that is one of the main reasons why Marshall has advanced to the fore so rapidly. John Pesek thinks that Marshall is the coming champ, and John should know.

Following Marshall is one of the cleverest grapplers in the business. He is Karl Pojello, the man who twice defeated Szabo when that worthy was all set for a shot at Londos. Karl so gummed up the works that he found himself on the outside looking in, and had to journey across the ocean to keep active. His jaunt has been a complete success, so much so, in fact, that Karl has just about run out of opponents over there. We trust he will soon be back in the States and hope he will receive a better deal this time.

Rudy Dusek, a really great wrestler when at his best, cannot be sidetracked, even though he did not exhibit his best earlier this year. Rudy is back in shape again, and if his recent match with Browning is to be taken as a criterion, the rest of the heavies had better watch out. Rudy's big handicap is his shortness of arms and legs.

Holding down the last position of the leading ten, is the old Nebraska Tiger-Man—John Pesek. Pesek has constantly insisted that he could not induce any of the leaders to meet him, but of late John, although still a great grappler, has not been as active nor as interested as he once was. He did hold Londos to a ninety-minute draw this past summer, though.

* * *

AND now for the naming of the second ten best matmen.

Topping off this group is Ernie Dusek, younger brother of Rudy, who scored victories over Steele, McMillen, and Zaharias to come to the fore with a rush. Ernie has plenty of time yet, and it wouldn't be at all surprising should we find him quite a bit higher up next year.

Winners of the next nine positions are:

Ray Steele, the bronzed Californian; Jim McMillen, former University of Illinois football star; Sammy Stein, dynamic Newark Hebrew ace; Joe Savoldi, Notre Dame's great grid star; Gus Sonnenberg, former world's champion; Jack Sherry, the Ohio veteran; Henri De Glane, powerfully built Frenchman; Joe Malcewicz, the veteran Utica Panther, who can still outwrestle most of em; and Earl McCready, former Oklahoma Aggies sensation.

No doubt many of these choices will be disputed, but in view of what these men have done during the year, and because they have the ability, we think they are deserving of the honors.

* * *

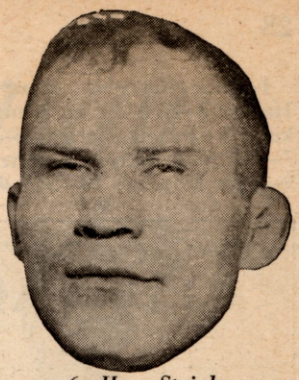
Now for the light-heavyweight division. The following is our ranking based on real ability and willingness to meet all comers:

1—Hugh Nichols, *champion;* 2—Frankie Wolff; 3—Stanley Rogers; 4—August Sepp; 5—Pinkie Gardner; 6—Charles Fisher; 7—Joe Banaski; 8—Leroy McQuirk; 9—Jim Logas; 10—Ted Travis.

The following is our middleweight rating:

1—Gus Kallio, *champion;* 2—Waino Ketonen; 3—Gust Johnson; 4—Dan McDonald; 5—Otis Clingman; 6—Leo Donoghue; 7—Buck Weaver; 8—Bob Myers; 9—Ernie Arthur; 10—Ralph Percaut.

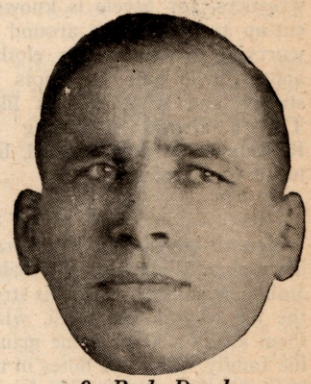
Now to wind up with the welterweights:



6—Hans Steinke

7—Everett Marshall

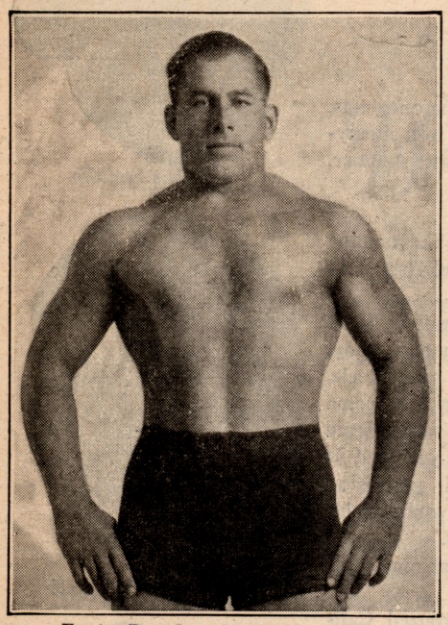
8—Karl Pojello



9—Rudy Dusek

10—John Pesek

1—Jack Reynolds, *champion;* 2—Billy Hallas; 3—Wildcat McCann; 4—Art Perkins; 5—Johnny Herley; 6—Robin Reed; 7—Lefty Briestly; 8—Pete Metropolis; 9—Pete Marelia; 10—Sam Vangler.



Ernie Dusek, who holds down eleventh position.

America's "Apollo" is Ray Steele, of Glendale, California, a protégé of Lou Daro, who discovered him. Daro, king of the mat game on the Coast, always had a good eye for talent and when he first ran across Steele he recognized in him a great prospect. Under Daro's promotion and management, Steele became heavyweight champion of California. The toe hold is one of Steele's favorites. Ray, who was born on a farm, started to wrestle when he was sixteen years old. He has earned the sobriquet of being the "playboy" of the wrestlers, for Steele is known as a great cut-up and when he's around the boys are worrying whether their clothes will disappear, who puts the knots in the shoestrings and what else is likely to pop. There's always something doing when Ray's present. Just a good, big, good-natured Californian.

* * *

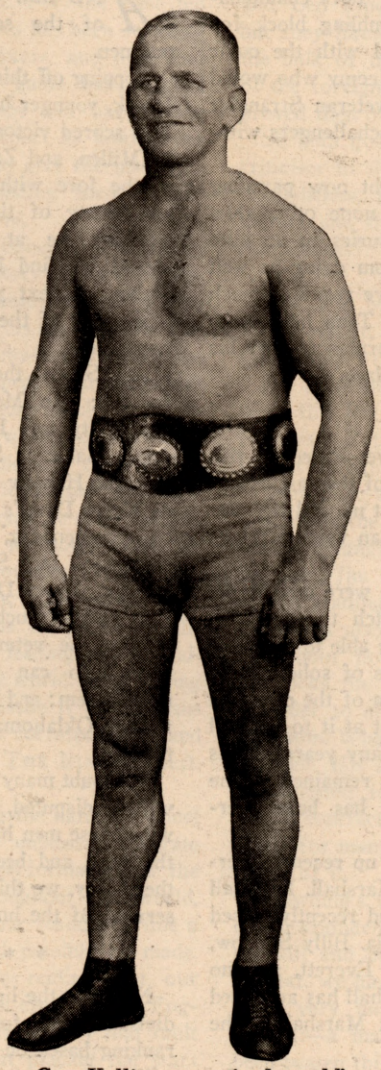
You all know about Red Grange and the ice racket. Well Gino Garibaldi, St. Louis Italian, acquired a lot of his strength aboard the ice wagon. Garibaldi, who has faced them all, is a great home man who enjoys his family. Gino just dotes in talking about his four-year-old boy, who is already starting to practice wrestling. Few of the mat fans know that Garibaldi's first youngster suffered from pernicious anemia and every two or three months Gino gave his blood to his offspring, but the poor boy passed away.

* * *

Gus Sonnenberg, former Dartmouth football star, came into renown by reason of his victory over Champion Ed "Strangler" Lewis. Although Gus is credited with bringing out the football tackle, in which he injected football tactics into wrestling, Jim McMillan, former University of Illinois favorite and erstwhile teammate of Red Grange, is said to have pulled the football tackle before his New England rival successfully used it to down the "Strangler." Sonnenberg became a big favorite, while McMillan is one of the most popular and colorful grapplers America has turned out in years.

* * *

Jack Sherry, of the aeroplane spin, is a native of Alaska. The man who has become known as the persistent chaser of all championship claimants and styles himself "Uncrowned heavyweight champion of the world," attributes his success as a wrestler to the many tussles he engaged in with the gold diggers and miners who invaded his territory looking for the hidden treasures.



Gus Kallio, recognized world's middleweight champion

Another popular exponent of the Londos aeroplane spin is Everett Marshall, a native of California, whose recent match with Jim Londos in the Philadelphia Arena created such excitement that more than 5,000 people were turned away.

* * *

Ad Santel, still meeting our best 'uns in competition out California way, is one of the most picturesque performers in the business. Santel, who came to this country from Dresden, Saxony, when he was fourteen years old and settled in Chicago, was the trainer of George Hackenschmidt and worked with the Russian when the "Hack" trained for that famous match with Frank Gotch in Chicago. Santel was too small to compete against opponents like Hack and Gotch, scaling only 175 pounds, but he nevertheless is credited with having been the light-heavyweight champion of the world for twenty years. Many mat experts claim that Santel's great speed and wonderful technique has never been equaled by any light-heavyweight or heavyweight. Despite his long campaigns, Santel is only forty-two years old.

* * *

Another veteran who is still plying his wares is Joe Stecher of Dodge, Nebraska, famous scissors king. Stecher is considered a real marvel. Joe was born and raised on a farm. His bewildering combination leg scissors and half-Nelson stamped him as a real standout among mat champions.

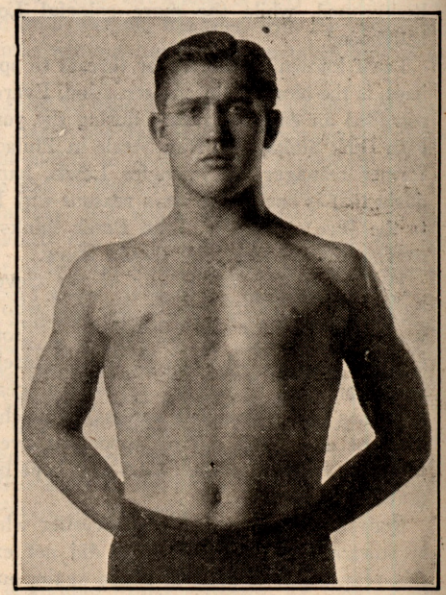
He trained a lot with pigs. When Stecher first went into competition, his opponents were so baffled by the workings of the scissors and half-Nelson that many of them found themselves downed within a minute or two after the action started. At that time, the boys had no defense to offset the fatal combination. In the days of the old Garden, where many mat thrillers were staged, Stecher had it out with the Zbyszkos, Earl Caddock, Ed "Strangler" Lewis and other stars.

* * *

More Jewish stars are to be found in wrestling today than ever before. Besides Abe Coleman, there's Sam Stein, a graduate of the college of hard knocks and also "pro" football crack, Herb Freeman, formerly of City College, and Eli Fischer, latest college youngster in the game.

* * *

One of the peculiarities of the mat game is the case of the late George Katsonoros, of Greece, a countryman of Jim Londos, whose favorite pastime for downing ambitious wrestlers was the toe hold. Katsonoros suffered a broken neck when killed while driving an automobile to New Orleans. It was said that George had the strongest neck in the business but it was broken when his car overturned. Katsonoros was also quite a figure in the movies.

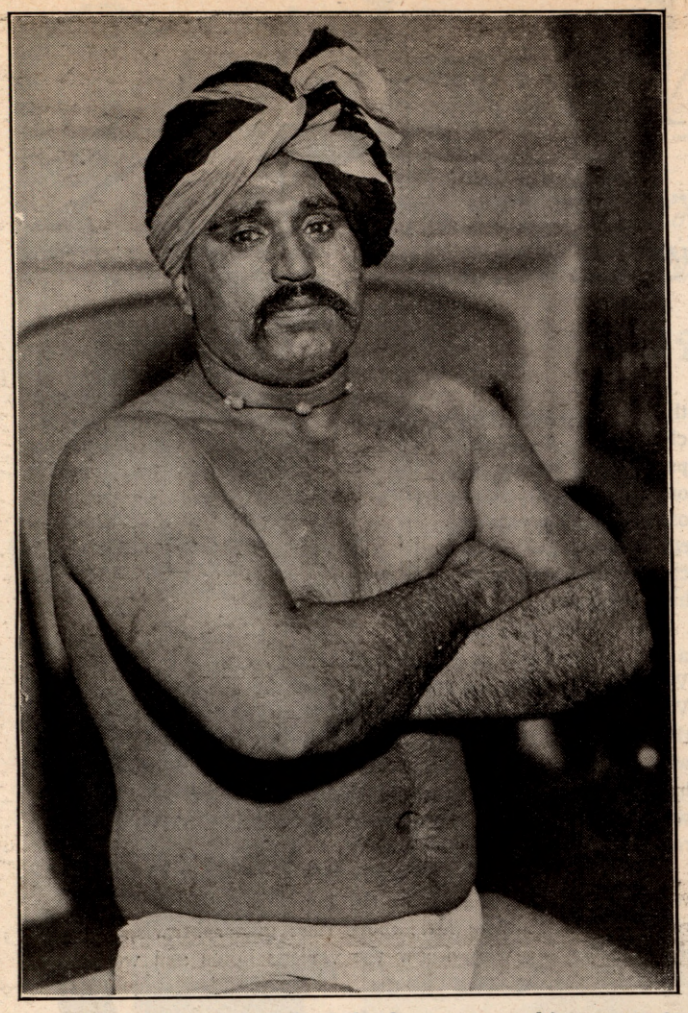


Nick Lutze, good California grappler, who just missed being ranked among the first twenty.

Punjab Wrestlers Greatest

Gama, the Most Renowned; Singh Latest Hindu Arrival

By JACK CURLEY



Jagat Singh, Punjab wrestler, who has come to this country in quest of the heavyweight crown. He hails from the same territory that was made famous by "The Great Gama."

AT last we have a wrestler from the Punjab, India. So, ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Jagat Singh, of the town of Bhindar, the Punjab, India. His manager or, shall we say, his patron, is the distinguished Maharajah of Patiala, whose fortune in lands, precious stones and cash equals the sum of the combined wealth of Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller.

His favorite sport is wrestling. Gama was one of his big stars. The Maharajah felt so elated over Gama's victories that he has deeded to him an estate of several thousand acres, and placed at his disposal the services of one thousand servants and farm workers. Needless to add, Gama, by the action of the Maharajah, at once became the richest wrestler the world has ever known.

Gulam was the first of Indian wrestlers to leave his country for contests among the Caucasian race. He came to Paris, France, during the 1889 exposition. He was of enormous size, standing nearly eight feet in his wrestling shoes, was well proportioned and strikingly handsome. The European wrestlers who tried him out, lasted less than a minute with him. That made Gulam a tremendous sensation.

He filled the Follies Bergere in Paris by the mere announcement that he would occupy a box seat at the show. He stopped all traffic on the boulevards when he appeared for his promenade, and the Champs Elysées crowds stood aghast when the turbaned, silk-robed Oriental hove in sight. Every drawing room was opened for him and Gulam became the man of the hour in Gay Paree.

During the cold winter of '89, he contracted plural pneumonia, which quickly caused his death. Gulam was given a Marshal of France funeral and his casket was shipped to India mounted on a gun carriage.

* * *

DUE to native superstition, no Indian wrestler migrated to foreign countries thereafter until, in 1910, Gama appeared in London under the guardianship of Ben Benjamin, to whom the Maharajah delegated the power to transact the star's business.

Gama defeated Dr. Benjamin F. Roller and Stanislaus Zbyszko in London and, there being no other champions to meet, he returned to India. Two years ago, Zbyszko again tackled Gama, this time on his native heath. Gama threw Zibby in the ridiculous time of ten seconds.

Now comes Jagat Singh, from the same school and of the same type as Gama. In looks and appearance, he resembles the Gama of 1910. Jagat Singh is thirty-four years old, wears a smile of confidence, and informs his friends that he will defeat all the wrestlers in America and return to his home country, there eventually to follow in the footsteps of his predecessor, the great Gama.

Believe it or not, Bob Ripley has tripped to the Punjab especially to size up in a close-up the Indian wrestlers. He brought back fabulous stories of their size and feats. But the best and most accurate description I ever received came from Anton Pierri and Tom Cannon, two wrestlers of the last decade. Pierri was also known in America as the importer of the most famous Turkish wrestlers.

He brought to our shores the original Big Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, who was drowned on the French liner, *La Bourgoyne,* in 1898. Later, he also brought over Nouralah, and in more recent years Yousif Mahmout, who was beaten by Frank Gotch.

* * *

IN the early '90s, when Cannon was the champion of England and Anton Pierri still considered himself good enough to tackle any of them, a sea captain friend informed the two in London how easy it would be to make a lot of money by going to India and win unbelievable amounts of gold pieces by defeating some of the Punjab champions. The Maharajah would back them for a million pounds, said the captain to the open-mouthed Cannon and Pierri.

We shall continue in Pierri's own words of broken English:

"I look at Tom, and Cannon, he look at me. Next thing we are on the boat, bound for India. We debarked at Delhi and soon are on our way to Punjab. We decide our reputation too big and Maharajah no bet against us. So we decide take other names to hide our reputations.

"We arrive in Punjab. We wait for Sunday and we go see big match in tournament. One Maharajah, he sit on a high gold chair. Another Maharajah, he sit on another big high very gold chair.

"Few minutes, two big wrestlers come on the big soft mat. Oh, how big and how heavy-muscled man! Never see such champion before! The match, he go about ten minutes. The show is over!

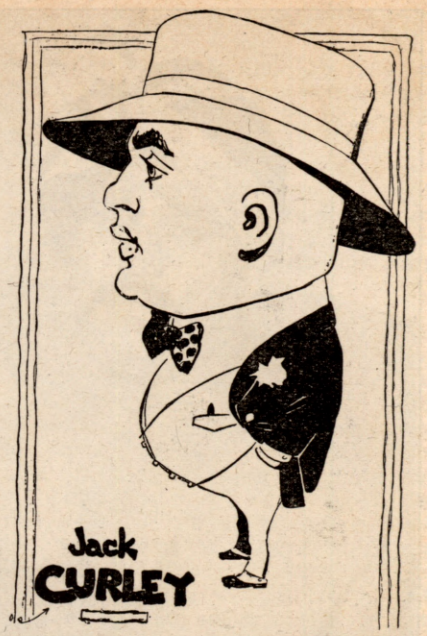
"Tom, he look at me and I look at him. We both look sad.

"I say, Tom, this is no place for *(Continued on page 47)*

Would Lift Ban

New York Commission Urged to Drop Curfew Ruling as an Aid to Wrestling

By ALFRED DAYTON



IF Jack Curley has his way the curfew law put into effect by the late William Muldoon will be rescinded in New York. Curley is leading a crusade against the practice of having wrestling shows stop at eleven o'clock.

Ever since Jim Browning and Joe Savoldi wrestled just a few minutes less than two hours last spring and time had to be called, Curley has fought against the curfew. Because of the eleven o'clock law, the match ended without a fall and brought on hisses and hooting because such an ending is a most unsatisfactory one so far as the fans are concerned.

If the ban is lifted, it is a certainty that matches such as were witnessed years ago, some of which went three hours, won't be repeated now. There is a reason—the mat stars of today employ a style that would ruin those who were forced to keep in action over an extended period. Two decades ago, such lengthy, prolonged affairs were the rule rather than the exception. The customers often went out for a midnight meal and returned to see the finish of the match along about three o'clock in the morning.

Wrestling has become too strenuous for such affairs today. With the tackles and the elbow slaps employed now, two wrestlers of the present crop could not go much more than two hours without scoring a fall or dropping either from pain or exhaustion.

* * *

WHEN one speaks of long matches, the one between Joe Stecher and Strangler Lewis in Omaha in 1916 takes the cake. They started to wrestle outdoors at three o'clock in the afternoon. The promoters figured they would be through by sundown and had made no arrangements for lights. But when darkness came, they were still at it and the last hour was fought with the aid of the headlights from automobiles which were run down near the ring.

Then there was the tilt between Billitiere and Trembley. They were on the mat for eight hours in Toledo in 1907. That's about the longest match on record. William Muldoon went four hours with Emil Bower and it took George Hackenschmidt three and a half hours to toss Henry Ordman.

In the old Garden and the early days at the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, there were bouts which kept the customers up long after their usual bed hours. Lewis and Stecher were very prominent in several long contests. They wrestled each other for almost three hours in one bout. Stecher fought Stanley Zbyszko for about the same length of time and Earl Caddock put on another long bout with Lewis.

It might be a treat to see some of these endurance contests again, but we doubt if they ever will take place, owing to commission regulations. This is an energetic age and the wrestlers are so in step with the times that two men would not be able to stand up for more than three hours. The fans today demand action and that's what they're getting.

* * *

TASTES are changing among the wrestling followers. There is a surging resentment against certain forms of rough-house work in all states, but the most drastic action yet taken was in Toronto recently when several hundred fans signed a petition asking Promoter Jack Corcoran not to use Jack Washburn again. Washburn, a really clever wrestler, found a couple of years ago that he could make more money playing a bad man than wearing the sombre cloaks of a straight part. So he turned into one of the arch villains of the mat. He converted jeers into gold as the crowds swarmed to see him whipped.

For a time this was a lot of fun, but as the Torontonians found a steady diet of Washburn and his ilk was not only tiring but almost sickening, Washburn finally was knocked off by Jim Browning, much to the delight of the natives of the Queen City, and he probably will not be seen soon again in those environs. However, that hardly will curb his activities. He will move on to some other wrestling center and get himself thoroughly hated as well as roll up a fresh bankroll.

But this thing isn't going to last forever. A new crop of wrestling fans sprang up in the last five years. At first they reveled in what were little more than gutter brawls, but now they are getting wise, know the various holds and want some straight wrestling for a change.

* * *

LIKE popular songs, wrestling holds usually are copied. Jim Londos, when he first stepped up as one of the greatest attractions in the history of wrestling, brought about an epidemic of airplane spins; Dick Shikat set the style for the crotch and helf-Nelson and Gus Sonnenberg started the vogue for the echoes from the gridiron.

The parade still goes on, but there are two holds which no one has been successful in perfecting except those who use them. One is Jim Browning's airplane scissors and the other shoots up to the powerful arms of Sandor Szabo with his favorite supplex, really a double arm flip.

Others have tried these grips but abandoned them after a short time. Szabo learned his stunt while an amateur in Hungary and Browning is at a loss why he seems to have sole rights to the airplane scissors. He thinks it may be due to some curious formation of his muscles. Others are willing to accept this explanation, for they just can't seem to do the same tricks as the gentleman from Verona, Mo.

* * *

"WHY do so many college men enter the wrestling ranks these days?" The question comes from all sides to those who have even a nodding acquaintance with the grapplers. The answer covering four out of five cases is "money." With bond salesmen unable to get a drawing account and customers listed with the missing persons bureau, the college grad can't be blamed for turning to wrestling where, even if he is only fair, a wage of $75 or $100 a week waits him. And there is more than an even chance of bettering this amount considerably.

One of the exceptions is Jack Riley, former football player at Northwestern. Riley comes from a wealthy family. He could be well placed in the business world, but he has been bitten with the wrestling bug and probably an offer to head the Standard Oil would not draw him away from the mat. That's the spirit which has made these college fellows catch on so fast. They may know more about calculus than wrestling, but they are so determined to please that you can't help but like them.

Guides Mat Sport

Joe "Toots" Mondt, the Power Behind the Throne in American Wrestling, an All-around Athlete

By HARVEY BRIGHT

"Toots" Mondt, the cowboy

YOU hear Jack Curley called the czar of wrestling. You've listened to Jim Londos and his manager, Ed White, take the credit for the recent boom in the game. Tom Packs of St. Louis, Aurelio Fabiani and Phil Glassman of Philadelphia, Lou Daro of Los Angeles, Jack Corcoran of Toronto, Jack Turner of Washington, Doc Krone of Chicago, Lucien Riopel of Montreal —each has been called the "Tex" Rickard of his home town, but, ladies and gentlemen, meet Joe "Toots" Mondt. He's the man of whom you read very little, but who is, and has been for the last ten years, the real power behind the throne in American wrestling.

Mondt hails from Greeley, Colorado, where he began life as a cowboy, a rodeo bucking-bronco buster, a rope spinner à la Rogers, a football coach with the Colorado Aggies, wrestler of championship caliber, manager and promoter. In addition, he is an excellent golfer. He was an all-round athlete, who starred in every branch in which he participated.

Few wrestlers and promoters doubt "Toots" Mondt's word. He can bring about a set of programs for matches when promoters reach the stubborn stage with the wrestlers, and seldom does he assert himself more than to put in a word here or there.

It was "Toots" Mondt who engineered Dick Shikat into the championship and it was he who maneuvered the Philadelphia eliminations out of which came Shikat as the world champion.

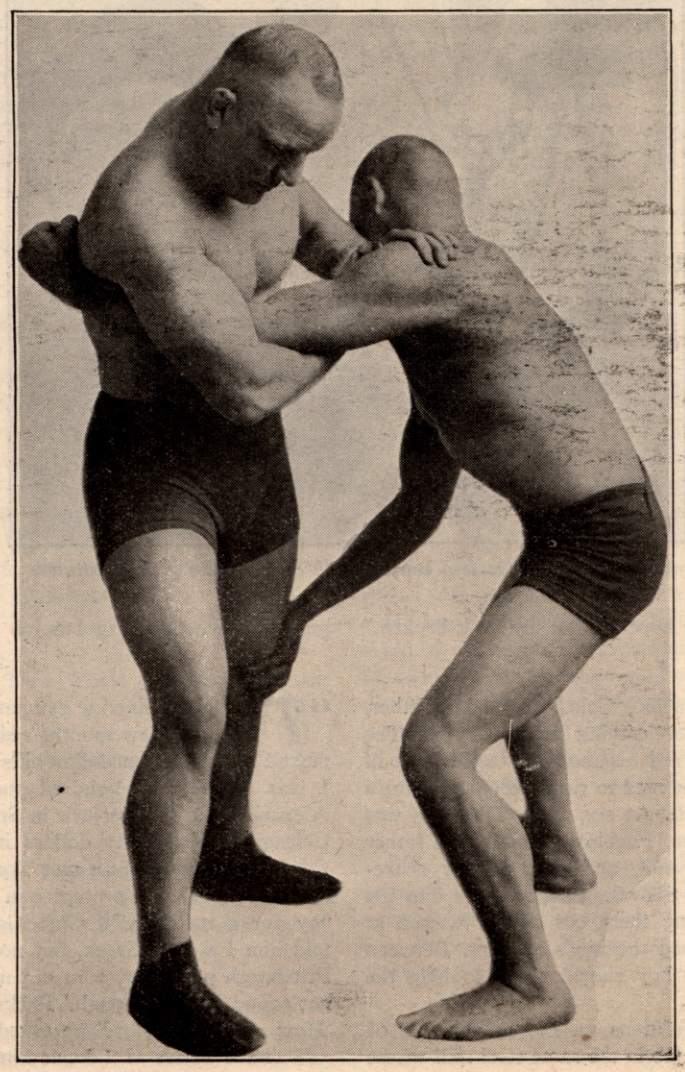
And this was at a time when Billy Sandow and Paul Bowser had a strangle hold on the game and with Lewis, Sonnenberg and George, dictated the cards to every promoter in America.

Billy Sandow was chief of wrestling and lost his hold when "Toots" Mondt pulled away from him. Mondt was the real pillar and the balance wheel. Take it from one who knows—and his name is Jack Curley.

* * *

WHEN any unusual thing happens in wrestling they invariably give credit for its performance to some one else, yet it is invariably the red-thatched, smiling "Toots" who has been behind it. Those in the "know" regard him as the greatest manipulator and politician ever identified with grappling.

In his dealings with wrestlers, "Toots" has the advantage of having been a wrestler himself. It is only about two years since he was last seen on the mat. He understands just what the men have to go through, especially second and third flight grapplers who often perform every night in the week for coffee and cake money. Wrestlers all swear by him. His word is his bond with them.



Mondt, the Master Mind of Wrestling, illustrating an arm lock.

Inside of a year, many "titles" have changed hands, notably that of Henri DeGlane, who lost to Ed Don George; Ed Strangler Lewis was beaten by Jim Browning, who has just won a decision over Joe Savoldi—and the Bunty who pulled the strings was "Toots" himself, not anybody else.

At times "Toots" is the matchmaker who handles some fifty or sixty clubs throughout the country, yet lying in bed, in the wee sma' hours of the morning, he is able to make five or six matches on a card without consulting any records or putting on paper any of the details, date, place or anything. His head is his record book.

* * *

"TOOTS" entered wrestling in a big way the time that Dick Shikat first met Jim Londos for the title in Philadelphia after this pair had fought their way successfully to the final. He had been one of those defeated by the German. He made a deal to manage Shikat and, when Dick conquered the Greek, he was his chief second and adviser. He taught him the crotch and half-nelson *(Continued on page 44)*

Zaharias, Mat Enigma

By SAM TAUB

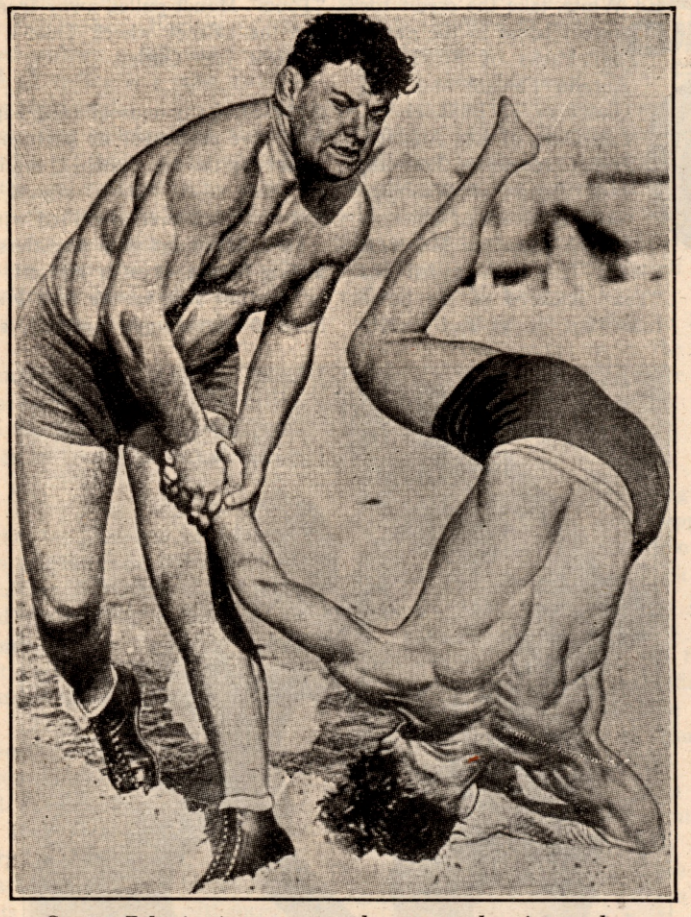
STRANGE tales appear every now and then of the dual personalities of big guns in sports affairs. This is especially true of characters in the sporting fraternity. There's the case of Gene Tunney, for example, in boxing, and in wrestling, we have the "Jekyl and Hyde" person in George Zaharias, of Pueblo, Colo., who, because of his vicious attacks in action, has been dubbed "The Wild Goat of the Rockies."

As any who know George well can tell you, "Zaharias is the meanest human in the game when he's in a match, but has a fine personality outside of the ropes." That's what they all say about the man whose family migrated from Greece long ago and settled out Colorado way, battling to bring up the usual big brood of offspring. Dad Zaharias often found the struggles difficult, but, coming from a hardy race that does not give up so easily, he carried on and made good.

Zaharias, known to the fans only as a scowling, growling demon, whose every action in the ring is greeted with hisses, has an attractive personality. He is friendly and his boisterous good humor and booming laughter are contagious. He speaks first-class English, with no trace of an accent, is a clever story teller and easy to interview. He is six feet tall, weighs two hundred and thirty pounds, and has black, curly hair.

Like "Roughhouse Richard" Daviscourt, he has two distinct personalities.

"I can't get sore outside the ring," he said, "but once I start to wrestle I go in for victory, and whoever wrestles me has to be a lot better than I am that night to win. The fans hate me, but pay money to see me wrestle, probably in the hope I'll get my neck broken."



George Zaharias is a most gentle cuss, as the picture shows.

* * *

ZAHARIAS was born in Pueblo, Colo., where his father, Gus Vetoyanis, settled after coming from Greece. The father worked in a steel mill, saved his money, bought a small farm six miles from town and managed to raise beets and alfalfa and continue his work in the mill. At six, little Theodore was helping on the farm, and going into Pueblo to school. His father rented additional land, quit the mill, and went in for share-cropping sugar beets and alfalfa. Shoveling sugar beets into the wagon at the farm, and shoveling them out of the wagon at the beet dump in Pueblo developed the boy's muscles. Between the age of eight and fifteen, the boy shined shoes to help the family exchequer.

Young George Zaharias, powerful as an ox, at the age of fifteen, gave up shoe-shining for a job in the same steel mill where his father was working, and it was there that he gained the powerful muscles he now displays. For three years, George was an apprentice and, at the end of that time, he quit and went to Oklahoma City to live with his uncle, owner of a hat store. George learned the business of hat cleaning and, before long, he owned several hat and bootblack parlors in Oklahoma City and Pueblo. When he began to succeed as a wrestler and started making money, he withdrew from business and turned those stores over to his two brothers.

Speaking of his career, Zaharias said:

"I was nineteen years old when I began to develop secret ambitions to follow in the footsteps of Londos. I had talked to Paul Martinson, a professional, after he wrestled in Pueblo and had let him look at my muscles. He advised me to go in for the game, although he was probably kidding me.

"He told me that if I ever came to Chicago to look him up and he would train me. For the next couple of months I was the busiest bootblack in Pueblo. I not only cleaned and blocked hats, but shined more shoes than my shiners, and saved every dime of my money. With two hundred dollars in my pocket, I took Martinson at his word and went to Chicago.

"Martinson didn't remember me, but agreed to train me. He worked with me two weeks and got a bout, for which I received ten dollars and a sound beating. I had a few dollars left and, having heard the game was good in Columbus, O., went there.

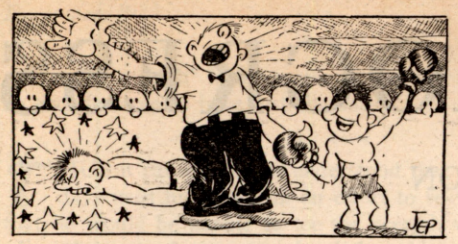
"I weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds, which was too much. I failed to get a match, and awoke one morning to find my pockets empty. But I was determined to make good. In two days I got a job driving a truck.

* * *

"THEN I joined a gymnasium and started training, and in the next few months reduced to two hundred pounds and picked up a few ten dollar bills wrestling in preliminary events. I was offered one hundred and twenty-five dollars to wrestle Alexander the Lumberjack in South Bend, Ind., won, went on to Chicago, earned forty dollars in another bout, and returned to Columbus, where I first met Tom Packs, the St. Louis promoter.

"Packs told me a promoter in Pittsburgh wanted a good Greek boy for a match with Gino Garibaldi, the St. Louis Italian. I told him I was a Greek, but not so good. Packs telephoned the Pittsburgh promoter, who did not like my name. He said it did not sound 'Greek enough.' Packs began calling off Greek names. 'How about Zaharias?' he asked.

" 'That's better—I'll book him as George Zaharias,' and so I became Zaharias. I wrestled Garibaldi— *(Continued on page 47)*



The "57 Varieties"

By JAMES J. DUNCAN

FISTIANA has lured many a man from his vocation in life. The field, from fighters to promoters, could fill probably every kind of work imaginable. A list of one hundred fighters, taken from among the leaders in the sport, shows thirty-two varieties of vocations, including professions such as lawyers, engineers, technicians, dentists, doctors and auditors. Clerks predominate, with mechanics next in line. Still more interesting, however, is the previous vocation of those who handle and promote boxing. Here's just a few of the most widely known personages:

Bill Carey, who recently gave up the post of president of Madison Square Garden to go back to private life, started his career as a young farmer on his father's land at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., and later became one of the world's most famous builders of bridges, government roads and canals.

* * *

Tex Rickard, who died at Miami a few years ago, started his career as a cowboy, then became a sheriff, gold miner, gambler and wound up as the world's greatest promoter of sports.

* * *

Paddy Mullins, who passed away a year ago, was a unique character. In his youth, he lived on the lower East Side of New York, in the famous Chinatown district, where he worked as a truck-driver. Then he turned to training bulldogs for pit fights, owned a large gambling establishment and finally turned manager. He handled the affairs of Mike O'Dowd, middleweight king, and Harry Wills, among other celebrated battlers.

* * *

Snappy Jimmy Johnston, in charge of the boxing department at Madison Square Garden, was a boss iron worker, a fighter, manager of many star pugilists (many of whom were from England), and promoter. He broke into the fistic sport as a fighter and, believe it or not, he's still a helluva fighter when they try to fricassee him. As a long-distance talker, Jimmy holds the marathon record. His greatest fault is in trying to convince the public that his matchmaking is flawless.

* * *

Jess McMahon was a baseball promoter before taking up promotion and managerial work. He had the old Lincoln Stars and Lincoln Giants in New York, the leading Negro teams in America. He had studied for the priesthood.

* * *

Gus Amos, an announcer in New York, was a black-face comedian.

* * *

Sam McQuade, assistant to Jimmy Johnston in Madison Square Garden, was a swell mixologist.

* * *

LOU BRIX, who was in Gene Tunney's corner in both his fights with Dempsey, and who has been handling fighters for years, was a high-class salesman in a New York department store.

* * *

Eddie Mead, manager of Paul Pirrone and former manager of Joe Lynch, bantam king, was a candy butcher, owned barber shops and was in other promotion ventures before taking up with the fight racket as manager and promoter.

Humbert Fugazy, promoter at the Coney Island Stadium, was a fighter. Under the name of Jack Lee, he performed around New York.

* * *

Luis Guitteriez, manager of Kid Chocolate, was a postoffice clerk in Cuba and a newspaper writer before he handled the affairs of the featherweight king.

* * *

Scotty Monteith, Western promoter, graduated from the ranks of the restaurant workers before he handled the affairs of Johnny Dundee.

* * *

Gentlemanly Jimmy Bronson, the most cultured manager in the boxing game, was a journalist, boxer and promoter before he turned to handling the affairs of pugs. Jimmy's specialty has been college lads. He loves to talk their language, though he can hold his own with any of the other type when he wants to.

* * *

Bill Miller, the comedian of the fight racket, was a secretary and prolific scribe before he identified himself with boxing as a partner first of Jimmy Bronson and later of the late Frank Churchill. Bill was editor of the *Manila Post* and is the author of two books. He now is out in California.

* * *

Frank Churchill, who died recently, was a gold miner and a gambling house proprietor before he took up boxing. He was with Tex Rickard up in Klondike. He also owned the largest distributing magazine concern in Manila, where he set himself up as a promoter. He was the importer of Filipino boxers and developed, among other stars, Pancho Villa, Pete Sarmiento and Emilio Flores.

* * *

The late Leo P. Flynn was a cake-walker, an excellent pool and billiard player and a fighter before he became the manager of the world's largest stable of boxers.

* * *

THE manager of Max Schmeling, Joe Jacobs, was an expert typist and stenographer-secretary prior to joining the ranks of the managers. His former co-partner, Billy McCarney, studied for the priesthood before he decided to throw in his lot with the racket. He also for a time took up fighting.

He has been identified with the boxing game ever since he was a kid of eighteen. He was promoter in Philadelphia and manager of some of the greatest gladiators in America. It was he who developed Luther McCarty, killed in a match with Arthur Pelky at a time when Luther looked like a sure successor to Jim Jeffries as heavyweight king. McCarney was at one time a journalist, showman, orator and even a lion tamer. As a ballyhoo artist, he has no equal.

* * *

Billy Newman, now gray-haired and retired, was a trainer of pedestrians, a bookmaker and a real estate speculator before he became manager and then one of New York's leading promoters during the Horton Law period and the early days of the Frawley Law.

* * *

Jersey Jones, purveyor of publicity for the Rangers Hockey Club, was a scribe and a fighter prior to engaging in the managerial field. Jersey, during the off-season, still handles fighters.

PUGILISM'S PROGRESS

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

(A few months ago, "The Ring" Publisher contracted with Charles F. Mathison, America's foremost authority on boxing, for a series of articles dealing with the various blows used in pugilism from the bare-knuckle days to the present time, the origin of the different modes of attack used in boxing and the fighters who employed them most effectively. Two weeks after the series was completed, Mr. Mathison, then New York State's best boxing judge, died. The series, however, is regarded by "The Ring" Publisher as so worthy a contribution to boxing data, that he has decided to use them, starting with this issue.—Editor's note.)

* * *

RECENTLY there was appointed to the New York State Boxing Commission a fearless, two-fisted fighter of the old school, a man who had gone through the mill triumphantly in days when it was almost worth one's life to stage bouts in New York. His name is Bill Brown. Bill, as he is affectionately known to a large following of sportsmen, was brought up in the boxing and wrestling game almost from the time he was a kid, and having gone through the stages of boxer and wrestler, second, manager, promoter and referee, he certainly should know how to make the best of the post he now occupies.

Having been in charge of the rules committee that drew up the code under which the Walker Law now operates, I fully realize that a number of the rules which were then incorporated in the laws of New York should now be changed, and I'm hoping that Bill Brown will be the means for bringing about such a change. (Since Mathison's death, Mr. Brown has accomplished this.—Editor's note.)

In my fifty or more years of active sports writing, during which time I have covered every fight of note in this country and abroad and have often acted as an official, I have found that the trouble with most of the fans who jeer, hiss, boo and often toss missiles at the fighters and referee, is that they are not sufficiently acquainted with the rules of the sport and also with the methods of attack and defense and the types of blows that go to make up such attack. It was with the idea of giving the patrons of boxing a little of the background of the sport as brought down to us from almost two centuries ago, that this series was written.

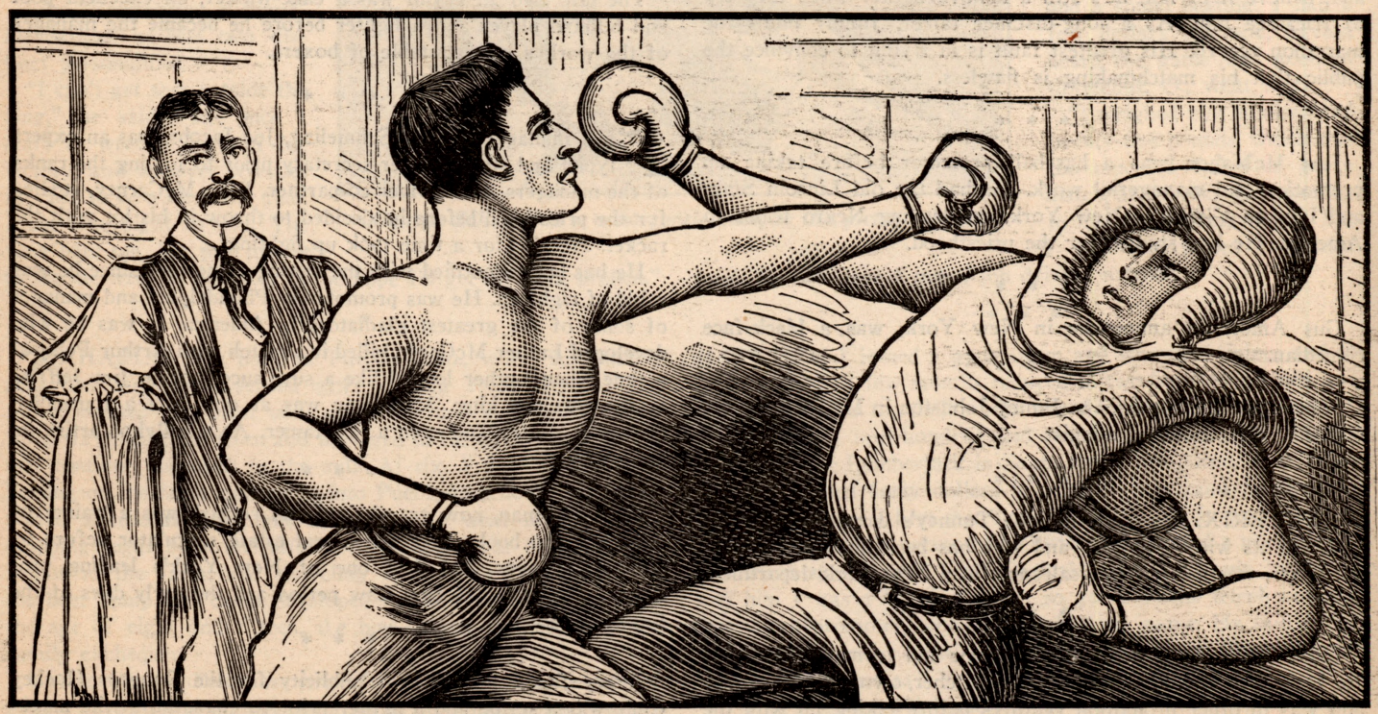
* * *

THE system of attack in glove fighting to-day differs considerably from that in vogue during the years in which London Prize Ring rules governed the ring contests. It has frequently been asserted that the fighters of a century ago knew and practiced quite as many blows as are used by modern boxers. This is true only to a certain extent, for the elementary blow, consisting of a straight arm punch for the face and body, is still in use by many of the most skillful of glove fighters.

The uppercut with either hand was also employed by the bare hand gladiators, but for obvious reasons hooks, swinging blows, overhand punches, rabbit killers, kidney punches and other kinds of knuckle-breaking blows were carefully avoided.

During the days of Heenan, Mace and other noted London rules fighters, knockouts were seldom attempted. That is to say, a fighter did not try to land on an opponent's jaw with the object of rendering him helpless, for the reason that the impact of the bare fist with a strong jaw was quite apt to do more harm to the fist than to the jaw. The London rules fighters' fists were singularly enough his most vulnerable spot. The slightest injury to one of his hands practically meant the loss of the battle, for with his offensive powers crippled, a fighter was compelled to resort almost entirely to a defensive campaign.

There was no counting over a boxer who had been knocked down in a contest under London rules, and no matter how many times a fighter was "sent to grass" it did not count except in the way of a gradually weakening process. When a boxer was sent to earth in a bare knuckle fight, either as the result of a blow or by being thrown by his opponent (wrestling being permissible) the seconds at once entered the ring and took their principals to corners, where the fighters had thirty seconds of rest, as against one minute provided by modern boxing rules. At the end of the half minute the referee called "Time!" and if either man failed



The woolen mask that covered chest and head to force reducing in the old days. This system no longer is used.

to "toe the scratch" in the center of the ring within eight seconds he was declared to have lost the battle.

* * *

THUS it can readily be understood that the boxer of former days used his attack in an effort to so weaken an opponent that he would be unable to toe the scratch within eight seconds after the call of time, or else induce his seconds to toss in a sponge as a token of defeat. This is in sharp contrast to the system of attack now practiced.

The successful modern boxer centers his efforts on landing a blow on jaw or body that will bring the recipient to the ring floor for a count of ten or else compel seconds to toss in a towel or the referee to interfere in order to prevent further punishment.

The bare knuckle fighter's aim was to weaken or disable an opponent, and in order to accomplish this object without injury to his hands, he directed his attack to the eyes, nose and stomach, and was careful to avoid the bony sections of the head and jaw. As a bare fist fighter could not use a swinging blow without endangering his knuckles, he for the most part confined his attack to straight arm shots to the face and body.

If a boxer was able to put a "mouse" under the eye of an opponent, thus obstructing his vision, it was regarded as a fine bit of ring skill. It was also thought highly scientific to bring the blood from an opponent's nose, as "first blood" in a London rules contest was considered quite as important as a first knockdown in a glove bout.

A "flow of claret," as ring historians of the past delighted to refer to a bloody nose, was looked upon as a decided advantage to the fighter who produced it. In view of the fact that all bouts under London rules were fought to a finish and frequently lasted so long that darkness compelled a cessation of hostilities to a later date, the question of boxing for points never entered into the conditions.

Bob Fitzsimmons doing his road work while training for his bout with Corbett. Ernest Roeber accompanied him in the sled.

Therefore, the boxers of London rules days, in training for a battle, aimed first of all to gain endurance and "bottom." By the latter phrase was meant lung power, for a fighter who had "bellows to mend" early in a combat had small chance of lasting long.

Road work, including dog trots over miles of territory, was the popular method of getting the wind, or rather the breathing organs, in proper condition.

In their gymnasium work with trainers the fighters protected their hands with four-ounce gloves and were careful not to swing on the lowly sparring partners.

An important feature of the training was the pickling of the fists and face. The hands were held for long periods in a pail of strong brine and the face was also treated with the solution. This toughened the skin on hands and face and was useful in both attack and defense.

In order to melt from the face as much flesh as possible, a fighter while doing indoor work pulled a heavy and close fitting woolen mask over his head and face. There were slits for the eyes and nostrils, and the effect was to produce drenching perspiration on head and face and neck. It was this practice that caused old-time fighters to look so gaunt in the face.

* * *

AN idea of the extent to which the handlers went in the old days may be gleaned from the pages of "Fistiana, the Chronology of the Prize Ring," published eighty years ago. In this we find the following:

"The trainer of a boxer should be a calm individual, who should be devoid of prejudices as regards the nostrums or recipes that have been handed down from generation to generation and have been found infallible. A trainer should not be permitted to use innovations that might be the cause of the loss of a fight by the man whom he handles.

"The trainer should know all there is to be known about hardening of the skin, treating blistering feet and other ailments. He should know how to administer physics and to bleed his man when the necessity arises.

"He should use horsehair gloves, or a very coarse towel, on the skin when he gives his charge a rubdown, as that will tend to toughen the skin. The trainer should see that his charge's face and hands are hardened, either with a strong solution of brine or with the juice of lemons. Although both will sting the skin when contact is made, they are a necessity.

"Should the feet of the pugilist blister when he runs, or get bad when in training in the gymnasium, the trainer should place his man's feet in a strong solution of vinegar, salt and hot water. This solution naturally will be painful on open wounds, but in a short time, the blistered feet will be set right."

Thus we see what a hardship training was in the old days. Imagine a fighter today undergoing such treatment! He would fire the handler who attempted to use the ingredients above described. He wouldn't possess the courage to undergo the pain to which the old-timers submitted when in training. This strenuous program of former days has gradually been changed by knowledge of hygiene, common sense and methods of fighting.

A New England Ace

Dave Deshler, Bay State Lightweight, Now a Physical Culture Director, Fought Many Thrilling Contests

By EDWARD MERRILL

UP in Cambridge, Mass., the city that shelters Harvard University, there is a boxing instructor who is extremely popular, especially with the younger element, the boys who are eager to become proficient boxers. The instructor's name is Dave Deshler, a name that may not mean much to the present-day followers of things pugilistic, but which stood out in bold characters twenty years ago. Up in the City of Culture, the folks know Dave as a modest, unassuming man of business, for he is "settled" now, but, when he was in his prime, he was a game-cock, a two-fisted battler who for a time looked like a sure champion. But, like many other boys, he didn't take his fighting seriously and just when things looked brightest for him, he quit the ring to start life anew and has made good.

Through a long apprenticeship that embodied many honorable ring contests, most of them with worthy foes who tested him to the limit, Deshler reached a position where he was matched with Packy McFarland and secured a draw with the terror of the Chicago Stockyards. Shortly after that, as a near-champion, he tackled Young Corbett, then on the down-grade, and he made mince pie out of the former world's featherweight king. In fact, he dropped Corbett in the fifth round and when it appeared that the former crown wearer would be toppled over for good, Corbett's seconds threw in the sponge.

Then Dave, with, as one might say, "the world at his feet," took it into his head he had had enough of fighting and, though he remained in the ring for two more years, he didn't put his heart into his work and lost a golden opportunity. Seemingly, he got tired of the arduous task of training.

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DESHLER was born in New Brunswick, N. J., in 1886, and it was some years later before he became a resident of Cambridge by adoption. He entered the professional ring as a lightweight boxer at the age of seventeen, taking part in his first paid contests in 1903. For seven years he battled his way toward the top before he reached the distinction of the battles with McFarland and Young Corbett.

About thirty years ago—March 20, 1904—Deshler's fight with George Ashley proved a big drawing card. Deshler made great use of his uppercut, slashing Ashley's face to ribbons. The match was a lively and scientific exhibition of boxing.

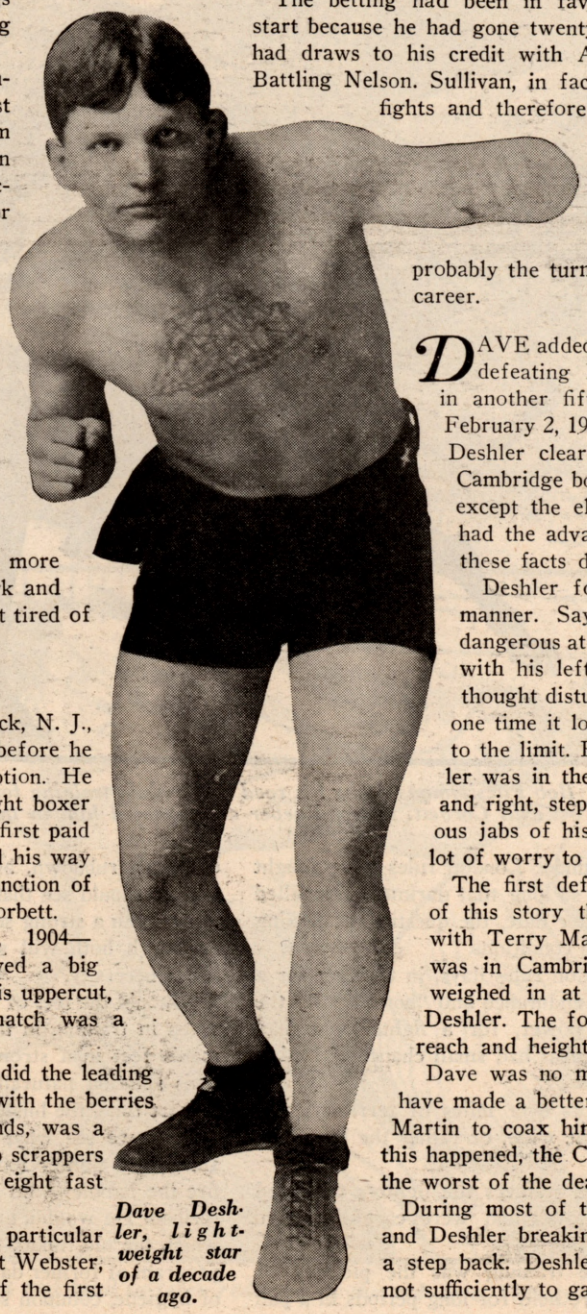
Ashley was the stronger of the two and did the leading in many instances, but Deshler was there with the berries all the time. The result, after fifteen rounds, was a draw. On May 8 of the same year these two scrappers met again at Cambridge, where they went eight fast rounds to another draw.

The next fight of Deshler's that drew particular attention was when he whipped Kid Panz at Webster, Mass., September 5, 1905. Near the end of the first round Deshler planted his fist in Panz's face and sent the kid from Boston against the ropes.

The bell saved Panz for the time being. He started the second round, however, with a whirlwind of speed and "pep" which quite surprised his opponent. Deshler showed much cleverness and agility, but was not able to land the slumber punch. The fifteenth round ended with Deshler the favored one.

Another hard fight of fifteen rounds took place when Dave met Kid Sullivan of Baltimore at Chelsea, Mass., on January 29, 1906. It was a clean-cut match and two thousand fans acknowledged the decision just.

The betting had been in favor of the Baltimorean at the start because he had gone twenty rounds with Jimmy Britt and had draws to his credit with Abe Attell, Young Corbett and Battling Nelson. Sullivan, in fact, had improved since all these fights and therefore a great deal was expected of him. Deshler's victories had put him in a position to go after the topnotchers in his locality. This fight, in which Deshler took the verdict, was probably the turning point in the young fighter's career.



Dave Deshler, lightweight star of a decade ago.

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DAVE added another victory to his score by defeating Maurice Sayers of Milwaukee in another fifteen-round fray at Cambridge, February 2, 1906. There was no question about Deshler clearly earning the award, for the Cambridge boy had the better of every round except the eleventh and the twelfth. Sayers had the advantage in weight and reach, but these facts did not bother Dave.

Deshler fought in his cool and collected manner. Sayers was a clever boxer and dangerous at all times. He had a good wallop with his left, and his right jolts were real thought disturbers. The bout was fast and at one time it looked as though it would not go to the limit. From the tap of the gong Deshler was in the lead, pummelling with his left and right, stepping away from all the dangerous jabs of his opponent and causing a whole lot of worry to Sayers.

The first defeat which came to the subject of this story that amounted to anything was with Terry Martin of Philadelphia. The fight was in Cambridge on April 23, 1906. Terry weighed in at 138—seven pounds more than Deshler. The former also had the advantage of reach and height.

Dave was no match for Martin, but he would have made a better showing if he had not allowed Martin to coax him into mixing it up. Whenever this happened, the Cambridge boy received decidedly the worst of the deal.

During most of the contest Martin was forcing and Deshler breaking ground. Martin seldom took a step back. Deshler's left hand scored often, but not sufficiently to gain the verdict for him.

Just five months later, Dave faced Young Erne of Philadelphia in the main bout at the Lincoln Athletic Club. The mill lasted fifteen rounds, the limit, and was the Cambridge boy's victory from the start—with the exception of the tenth and eleventh rounds, when Erne had his opponent somewhat dazed.

The winner was the aggressor at all stages of the game and his lightning jabs caused Erne to forsake his old tactics and resort to an exhibition of defensive strength.

A bout with Amby McGarry, October 30, 1906, at Chelsea, Mass., proved to be a very interesting affair. The decision was in favor of Deshler.

On June 22, 1907, Dave took a terrible beating at the hands of Harry Lewis, the Philadelphia lightweight. They were scheduled for six rounds, but Dave was so badly damaged at the finish of the first that he was a mere mark in the second. The referee stopped the fight to save Deshler from the inevitable knockout.

On October 10 of the same year Deshler fought a no-decision bout with Rouse O'Brien. It was a great contest to watch, as the fighters were busy all the time. O'Brien was a puzzler, so much so that on several occasions he found Dave an easy mark for a punch in the face. Many times during the contest the New Englander was a little bit wobbly, but on the whole stood his ground well. In a return engagement at Boston, Mass., they fought a twelve-round draw.

On March 6, 1908, Dave defeated Young Donohue at Providence, R. I., in a twelve-round bout. The fights in which he participated during the remainder of the year were not important ones for Deshler. In one bout with Willie Moody of Boston, Deshler won a decision after twelve rounds. In another fight with the same boxer a draw was recorded. He fought with a swollen thumb that bothered him throughout.

Then came a hectic ten-round draw with Jack Marto at New Haven, followed by a slashing ten-rounder which Dave won with Young Kloby, and another at New Orleans with Young Donohue that ended in a draw.

* * *

THE biggest fight in Deshler's career thus far was when he faced Packey McFarland, March 20, 1909, in a Boston ring. The result of a draw was considered fair by everyone but Packey, who tried to change the referee's decision with a wallop on the jaw.

In the opening rounds McFarland fooled Deshler several times by shoving his left glove into his face and then shooting the right to the jaw. They were too far back, however, to make Dave dizzy. The New Englander counteracted with several good jabs on McFarland's face and body.

Until the fourth round McFarland outscored his opponent with his left-hand jabs, swings and counters on the face and body. Dave registered some returns, but they did not bother Packey. In the fifth round the tables turned, leaving Packey a bit puzzled. The sixth round was also in Dave's favor. He drove several lefts and rights into McFarland's body and stopped most of the returns.

As the round closed, Dave scored a blow that very nearly put McFarland out. The Chicagoan had to rush into a clinch to save himself from tumbling. It was a short right cross that crashed against Packey's chin and dazed him. Not until the tenth did either tire. They fought with a vengeance in the ninth, each exchanging many blows. In the eleventh and twelfth, Packey ignored his boxing skill in an effort to land a haymaker. He bored in and fought his man at close range, but he found Dave a willing mixer, a game, courageous fighter.

Dave twice clashed with Ray Bronson within a period of a fortnight after taking one month's rest following the Corbett mill, and both contests ended in twelve-round draws. A month later, Dave clashed with Young Loughrey of Philadelphia and lost the verdict in twelve cantos. Frank Picato beat him shortly after in ten rounds, after which our subject fought draws with Tommy O'Keefe and Eddie Murphy in Boston, but was beaten by Eddie in a return engagement at New Orleans in ten sessions. No-decision contests with Paddy Sullivan in New York, Bronson in Indianapolis, Young McCartney in Philadelphia, as well as a ten-round victory over Johnny Willets in the Hub, were his final battles.

Had Dave had the initiative, he undoubtedly would have been one of the three best lightweights of his period. The trouble with him was that he regarded the fight game as just a sporting proposition.

PICTURESQUE YOUNG CORBETT

WILLIAM H. ROTHWELL, better known as "Young Corbett," was not the greatest fighter the American ring ever produced, but he was one of the greatest. Jim Corbett lives in ring history as the man who whipped John L. Sullivan—the Terrible John. Young Corbett stands out as the man who licked Terry McGovern when the Brooklyn Terror was the greatest little man on earth. And that's enough glory for any man.

"I wasn't any wonder, but I am the man who licked McGovern," was Corbett's proud boast. And he let it go at that.

Absolutely without fear, he never considered losing when he entered the ring. He had been knocked out three times before he whipped McGovern. Ring experts say that one knockout takes away a man's confidence and makes him back out of the big mix-ups. But Young Corbett was an exception to this rule, as he was an exception to almost all other prize ring rules.

His career was short, sweet and full of excitement. He flashed out as a champion when the betting was 3 to 1 against him. He whipped the best in his class in a short time, and then the Broadway life got him. His greatest delight was to walk up and down the Great White Way, buy wine for himself and friends, stake every one who was broke and never expect a return. He wound up his ring life in poverty, and died on April 10, 1927, from a heart attack while on a walk in Denver, Colo.

Some athletes retain their following forever. Great ring ability or absolute honesty draws the cries of the populace for all time. Corbett had fine ability, but his honesty in the ring was his greatest asset. He never faked, never lay down, and never asked anything more than an even break.

He came out of the West dubbed a mark for McGovern. He struck Hartford with a breezy, nervy confidence that carried all before him, and he was soon surrounded with the romance and sentiment which come with mystery and victory. He lost later, and people said: "It's too bad—he was a fine fellow, and honest," and the glow of good-fellowship, strange to relate, remained with him to the end.

The little fellow had his pathos as well as his smiles. A friend landed some money in the West and, on his return to New York, dropped into a well-known café. Corbett was there, down to his last dollar.

"How are you making it, Billy?" he asked.

"Badly," replied Corbett. "Did you get anything in the West?"

"Sure," replied the friend. "Want twenty-five?"

"Yes, I do," said Corbett. "I'm broke and I've spent thousands in this very café. See that fellow over there? Well, he owns this place and I've made thousands for him in bets and trade. But he wouldn't take my marker for a planked steak today."

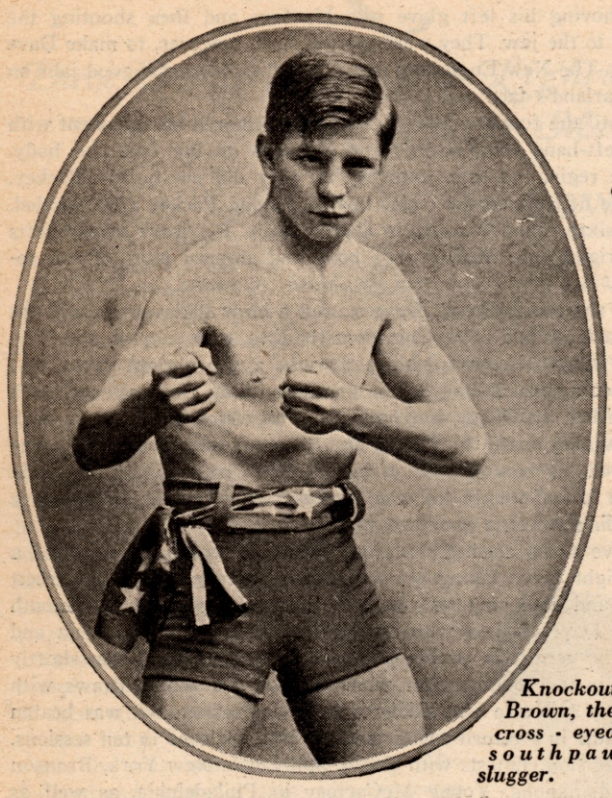
In the ring, Corbett was supreme in his time. He never kicked at losing, except in the Britt fight, and here his kick was justifiable. He always praised the other fellow and was friendly with his opponents. He was a wonderful "goat-getter" and talked himself into victory scores of times.

A picturesque fellow, indeed, was Young Corbett.

The CROSS-EYED SLUGGER

Knockout Brown, a Vicious Hitter Whose Awkward Style Baffled Opponents

By JACKIE FARRELL



Knockout Brown, the cross-eyed southpaw slugger.

BARNEY ROSS had just taken the lightweight title from Tony Canzoneri. Newspapermen, following the report from Chicago, flocked to the office of Jimmy Johnston, matchmaker of Madison Square Garden, to learn whether he would attempt to rematch the pair for a championship bout in the Garden Bowl. The defeat of the popular lightweight king by a comparative novice, had stirred up considerable interest in the division and it was that contest, rather than the Sharkey-Carnera mill which was scheduled to take place within a few days, that received the greatest notice as well as the publicity of the daily press.

Naturally, Ross' victory made lightweights the topic of conversation for the day. There in the private office of the Garden's matchmaker, where battles are fought and refought, great lightweight contests of the past were recalled. The usual comparison of the past masters with those of the present received their portion of attention, and then the questions of the hardest hitter, the cleverest fighter, the greatest boy in the division and the toughest fought contest, were discussed and, as is usual in such arguments, when the smoke of battle had cleared, the pros and the cons each claimed a victory for their side.

But the discussion did bring to light one point, namely: that Knockout Brown was rated one of the most vicious hitters in the division and one of the unluckiest, as well. It was agreed that had Brown been in the field today instead of during the days when the Wolgasts, Nelsons, Crosses, Hylands and other stars were in their prime, he would undoubtedly have been crowned a champion.

Valentine Braun, or Knockout Brown as he is known to ring fans, was most active between 1908 and 1914. He was a modest fellow, of fine disposition, a most likable chap and a great two-fisted fighter who lived on the lower East Side of New York, in what then was known as the Gas House District. Today he is fairly prosperous, a fellow who has wisely invested his money in a New Jersey home and has sufficient to take care of himself during these distressing periods.

Val broke into the game when he was seventeen years old and from the start he was considered a sensation. He compiled a remarkable record, taking the measure of no less than thirty fighters from all points of the compass, without a break. That's a lot of men, if you know anything of the fight game, but Brown stopped them all with the slumber punch that he toted in his good left hand. It was then that the fans dubbed Val "Knockout" Brown and the designation K. O. stuck. It sounded so well that quite a number of boxers in later years adopted it, but it didn't fit them as well as it did the original.

* * *

BROWN was a cross-eyed, awkward youth. He had one of the most awkward styles ever seen in the ring, but this didn't bother him any, for his main idea was to win and he beat a lot of scientific glove wielders who had better reputations and greater experience than he had. During the days of the Horton law, he time and again received newspaper decisions over opponents who had the advantage of him, not only in experience, but in weight as well.

Brown made fine showings against such well-known battlers as Willie Beecher, Bert Keyes, One-round Hogan, Pal Moore, Leach Cross, Boyo Driscoll, Joe Coster, Matt Wells, Matty Baldwin and Abe Attell. Brown's cross-eyes were a big asset to him, for adversaries never could make out where he was directing his attack. Half the time he seemed to be looking at the referee when —bang! out would shoot that left and down would go the opponent.

Brown was a victim of hard luck, if ever there was one, for if in 1911 the Pennsylvania boxing laws had permitted decisions, Brown would have achieved the lightweight championship on the night he met Ad Wolgast, then the title holder, and beat him. Brown plastered Ad good and plenty all over the place and it was claimed by sports writers that in a long distance match Brown would have settled Wolgast for all time.

* * *

THIS bout took place on February 8, 1911, at the American A. C. in Philly. Val made Wolgast look like a raw young amateur. He punched the Michigan man at will. K. O. should have been awarded the fight on a foul, for Wolgast, as the bout proceeded, became riled over being made an unexpected target by a youngster who wasn't given much of a chance by the majority of fans prior to the contest, and Ad used every trick he knew to put his man out. Brown didn't complain—he never did—and the referee allowed Wolgast to get away with his unethical tactics. Often Brown slowed up Ad with punishing blows to the face and stomach.

Time and again he staggered the champion and sent him reeling back on the ropes. It was a wonderful night for Val and the news swept the country that a great boy was on his way to the lightweight throne.

In the gathering at the ringside Harlem Tommy Murphy sat in amazement, not being able to figure out how a man of Wolgast's undoubted ability could let a fellow so awkward as this boy Brown punish him so. Murphy, confident *(Continued on page 45)*

"QUIT CRYING"

Billy Jacobs, Promoter in the Club Membership Days, Harks Back to the Time When He and Others Kept Boxing in New York Alive

By BILLY JACOBS

BOXING has passed through its toughest days. For almost three years, fighters, managers, promoters—all who are dependent on the success of fisticuffs—have been bemoaning the depression in boxing. Judging by the wails of lamentation I have heard, and still do hear, one would think that boxing alone is the sufferer. Those who have been crying loudest apparently fail to realize that other fields of activity, every branch of commercial enterprise, have gone through the same difficulty—some have survived and, with the N.R.A. as an aid, are beginning to see better times, while others have fallen by the wayside, and for them there seems little hope.

But why be downhearted? Why moan and cry, when a little added push, a smile, a welcoming handshake may set you on the right road again? I've been in the Garden on many occasions when a group of managers and promoters, with forlorn looks, depression written all over their maps, stood like so many stray animals, uncertain what to do. They were blaming the fistic depression on this, that and the other thing, though all of us know that, regardless of how sadly in need of money the public was during the past three years, if the fighters were properly paired and the chiseling that has killed the sport were eliminated, there still would have been found a sufficient number of true-blooded lovers of boxing to make the game a paying one. I, for one, believe that our greatest trouble has been in mismanagement, unbelievable errors in fistic promotion and a new type of manager who knows nothing about boxing, yet tries to rule the sport.

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I OPERATED twenty-two clubs in the "good old days." I ran six clubs at one time and in that, I believe I hold the record for modern times. I used to stage a show every night in the week, one at each club, and I always seemed to have sufficient out of the receipts to eke out a good living. I never found it necessary to complain—less so, to cry.

In our days, we had plenty of trouble, but where is the handicap now under good commission rules? Candidly, I can't see any. Wherever there has been any, I blame the promoters and the managers, for you'll invariably find it is the poor card that brought it on.

The promoters and managers of today don't know what it is to be dodging the coppers as we did. Billy Newman, Jim Buckley and I could tell many a thrilling story about the bluecoats and boxing. We didn't mind the minions of the law. We were out to give the fans boxing—good boxing, at that—and the cops didn't feaze us any. We kept the game alive in New York when the Horton Law was repealed, and when one thinks that these are hard times, he should have been in our boots in those days.

The fellows today have nothing to complain about. We had all sorts of trouble keeping the game alive in the membership days. I remember one night at the Sharkey A. C., when the cops broke in and took six boxers, three referees and some of the customers to the coop. We didn't let a little thing like that discourage us.

Those who were not around at that time cannot realize what a help the Boxing Commission has been. I can't say too much for the commission, right up the line.

When you moan because a small club draws only a thousand dollars or so, I have to laugh. Back in the old days, in 1904, we thought we were lucky if we had five hundred dollars in the house. Today preliminary boys complain because they get only ten dollars a round. In the old days, some of the greatest fighters in the world worked for less.

Why, fighters like Mike Gibbons, Tommy Murphy, Leach Cross and Johnny Kilbane boxed for a few dollars. Kilbane got fifteen dollars when he boxed his first New York fight for me at the old Sharkey A. C. In 1923, when Kilbane was here to collect a fortune for his bout with Criqui, he ran into me and the first words he said were: "Remember the time you paid me fifteen dollars for boxing at the Sharkey A. C.?"

I asked him how he came to get fifteen dollars when ten dollars was as much as we usually paid.

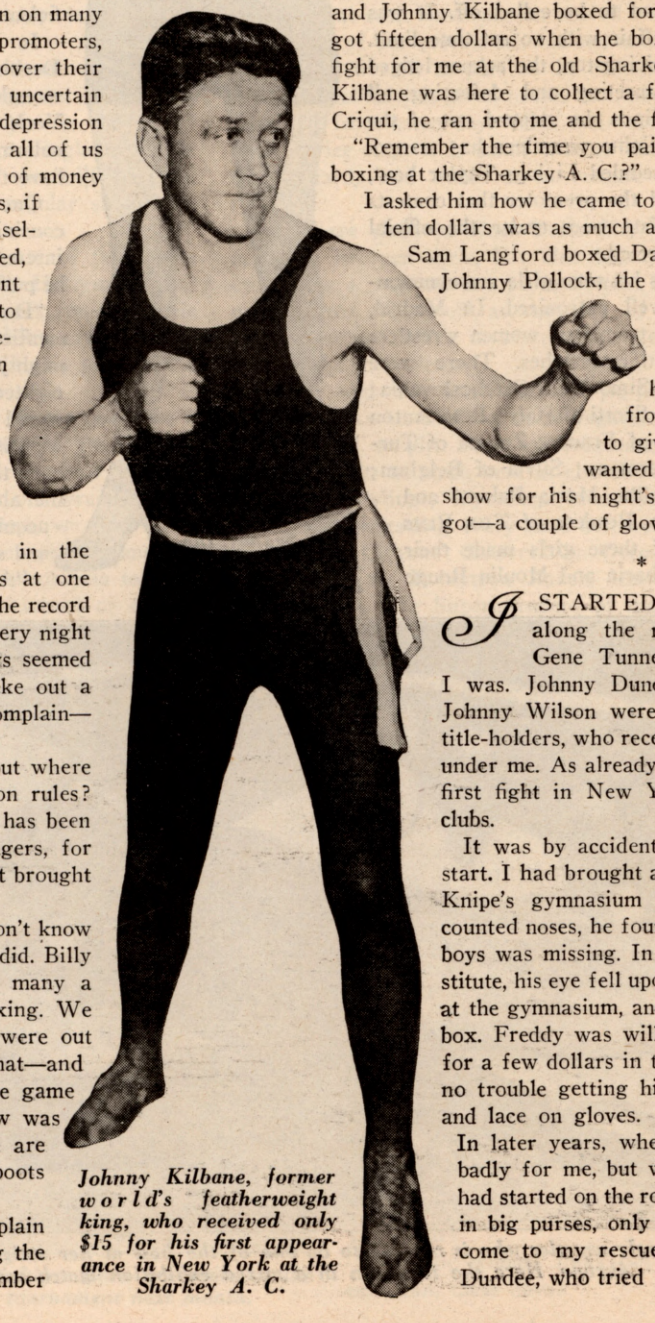
Sam Langford boxed Dave Holley one night, and Johnny Pollock, the referee, threw them out because he didn't like the fight. He didn't pay them a dime. But when he tried to get the gloves from Langford, he refused to give them up. He said he wanted to have something to show for his night's work. That was all he got—a couple of gloves.

* * *

I STARTED many a great fighter along the road to fame, including Gene Tunney, whose first manager I was. Johnny Dundee, Freddy Welsh and Johnny Wilson were others later to become title-holders, who received their first ring work under me. As already noted, Johnny Kilbane's first fight in New York was at one of my clubs.

It was by accident that I gave Welsh his start. I had brought a troupe of boxers to Dr. Knipe's gymnasium for a show. When he counted noses, he found one of the preliminary boys was missing. In casting about for a substitute, his eye fell upon Welsh, then the porter at the gymnasium, and Freddy was drafted to box. Freddy was willing to take on anything for a few dollars in those days, and there was no trouble getting him to lay down his mop and lace on gloves.

In later years, when things were breaking badly for me, but when many of the boys I had started on the road to wealth were raking in big purses, only one ever volunteered to come to my rescue. That one was Johnny Dundee, who tried *(Continued on page* 55)



Johnny Kilbane, former world's featherweight king, who received only $15 for his first appearance in New York at the Sharkey A. C.

Leather and Lingerie

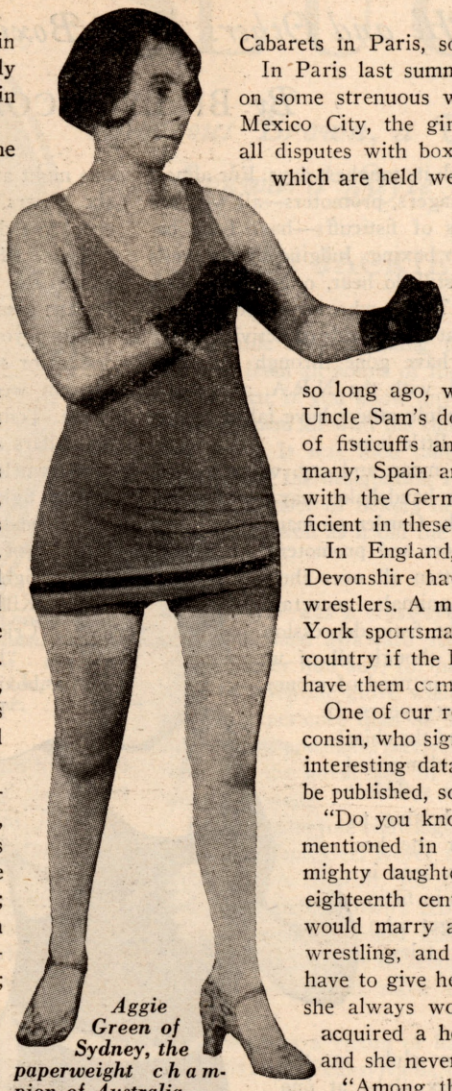
By MARION LEWIS

ATHLETIC GIRLS! We have them in every country and they are gradually working their way into the limelight in every field of physical competition.

By "athletic girls" we do not necessarily limit the application to croquet players and ping-pong artists, nor yet to our skilled and laudable tennis and golf champions and Olympic stars. We must include, also, those girls who indulge in the hardier sports of boxing and wrestling.

While in the majority of places public exhibitions featuring feminine boxers and wrestlers are banned, there are places throughout the country, including the very heart of Broadway, where such contests are privately staged. A few weeks ago, a wrestling bout was advertised to take place in Mechanics Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, between Miss Flora Livings and Miss Janet Taylor of New York, but at the last minute had to be called off. It was to have been a one-fall affair with no set time limit. A few years ago Cora Livingston, the acknowledged woman champion, was meeting and defeating all comers around Boston. Since she stepped out of the limelight, interest in feminine wrestlers has waned. The night before the scheduled Livings-Taylor bout, the mayor's office notified the promoter that contests between women mat artists were under the official ban, so the bout was canceled.

In Europe such contests between girls are commonplace occurrences and well patronized. In Madrid, recently, an international troupe of women wrestlers staged some fast scientific matches. There were twelve girls in the troupe—Simonka of Czechoslovakia; Rosita of Argentina; Rita Scotti of Italy; Rosa Anton of Spain; Sandra Porter of France; Zulima of Turkey; Rosa Stagner of Germany; Silvia of Belgium; Lulita of Brazil; and Lolita, Maria Paloma and Mercedes Saenz of Spain. Readers of THE RING may recall that some of these girls made their appearance at the Bal Tabarin and Moulin Rouge Cabarets in Paris, some time ago.



Aggie Green of Sydney, the paperweight champion of Australia.

In Paris last summer, a troupe of English girls put on some strenuous wrestling bouts at Luna Park. In Mexico City, the girl prisoners in the city jail settle all disputes with boxing gloves in four-round contests which are held weekly.

* * *

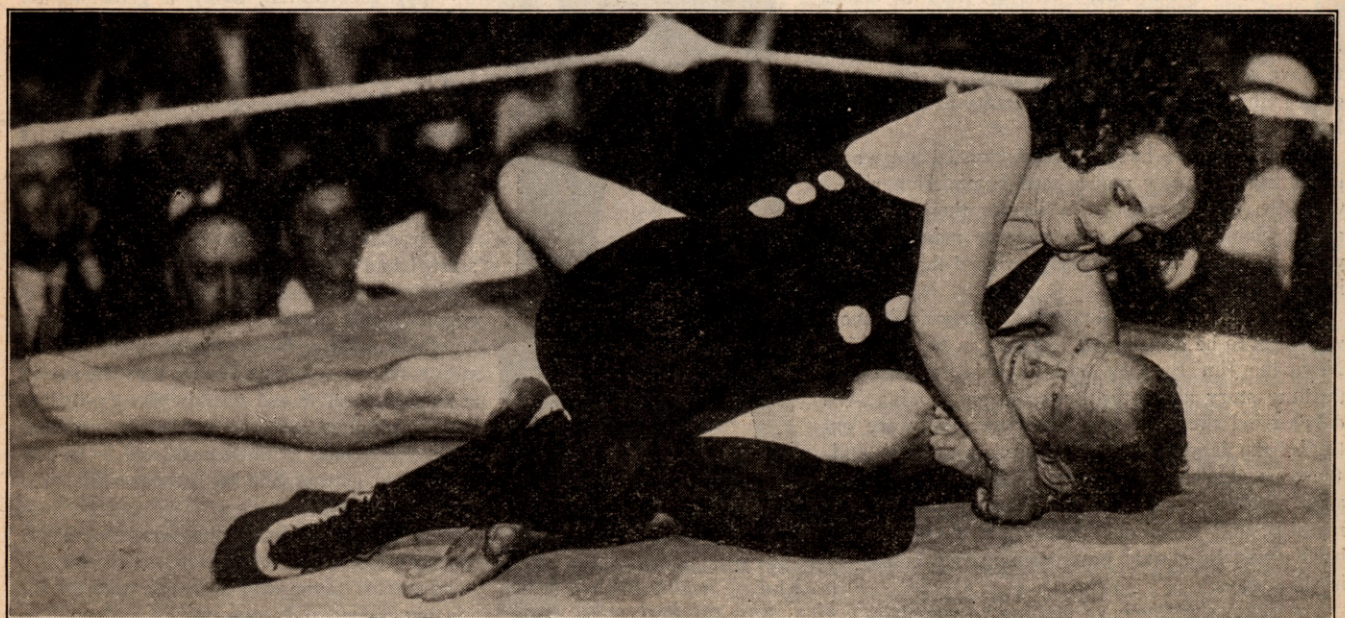
ALTHOUGH America is behind other countries when it comes to female boxing and wrestling, it wasn't always thus. There was a time, and not so long ago, when the female of the species in Uncle Sam's domain cut quite a figure in the art of fisticuffs and in the mat sport. Today, Germany, Spain and England hold the upper hand, with the Germans being by far the most proficient in these sports.

In England, the mills of Lancashire and Devonshire have many excellent girl boxers and wrestlers. A movement is now on foot by a New York sportsman to bring a few of these to this country if the Immigration Laws will permit, and have them compete against our best talent.

One of our readers from out in Appleton, Wisconsin, who signs her name, "J. S.," has sent some interesting data to the Editor. She asked that it be published, so here it is!

"Do you know that the first woman wrestler mentioned in athletic history is Aigiarm, the mighty daughter of the King of Turkey in the eighteenth century. This Amazon said that she would marry any man who could defeat her in wrestling, and if she won, her opponent would have to give her one hundred head of horses. As she always won, according to the records, she acquired a herd of ten thousand horses . . . . and she never married! . . . .

"Among the successful female wrestlers of



In Australia, there is a female wrestler who is reputed to be one of the best at her weight in the Antipodes. Her name is Doris Akrone. Here she is shown in a mixed exhibition match with Les Byers.

our own country we must at least list the following:

"Middleweights—Mae Stein, Teddy Myers, Marie Straus and Virginia Mercereau.

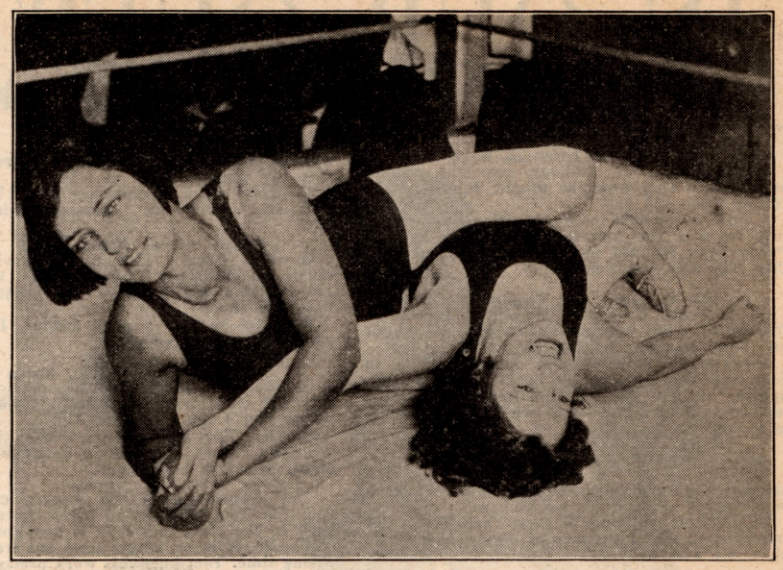
"Heavyweights—Catherine Meshane, Cora Livingston, Mollie Delano and Dutch McIntyre.

"Light to middleweights—Nell McDonald, Marie La Patina, Ruby Allen, Barbara Ware and Sophia Patrick."

* * *

IN India recently two prominent society women, repudiating the theory that women belonged to the weaker sex, engaged in a six-round fight. They even wore the regulation panties and fought with six-ounce gloves. The bout ended in a k.o., but the referee, with masculine gallantry, declared the mill a draw. Mrs. Kamalaba of Malabar and Miss Sitabal of Tanjore were the principals and the Tanjoran took the count.

In Australia it is not unusual to see women in the prize ring. Aggie Green of Sydney, the paperweight champion, comes from a family of noted ringsters. Her grandfather and father were old-time fighters of the bare-knuckle days; an uncle, Teddy Green, was bantam champion of the Antipodes and her three brothers are now active fighters in the sturdy land of the Kangaroo.



Ruby Allen of St. Louis, Mo., claimant of the women's wrestling championship successfully defending her title against Nell McDonald of Chicago at Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis.

Women are entering the field of sports hitherto confined to men. They have taken up boxing and wrestling, and are coming along with a bang. The finest women wrestlers in the world are to be found in Yorkshire and Lancashire, England, where mat contests bring out great gatherings in the mill districts. It has become so popular a sport that now regular shows are staged.

Out in Los Angeles, wrestling has been part of the sports program of the fair sex for several years. At Hollywood, that and the glove game are part of reducing courses for the movie stars. Both the Warner Brothers and Fox Film organizations maintain special gymnasiums in which wrestling is part of the activities for the women.

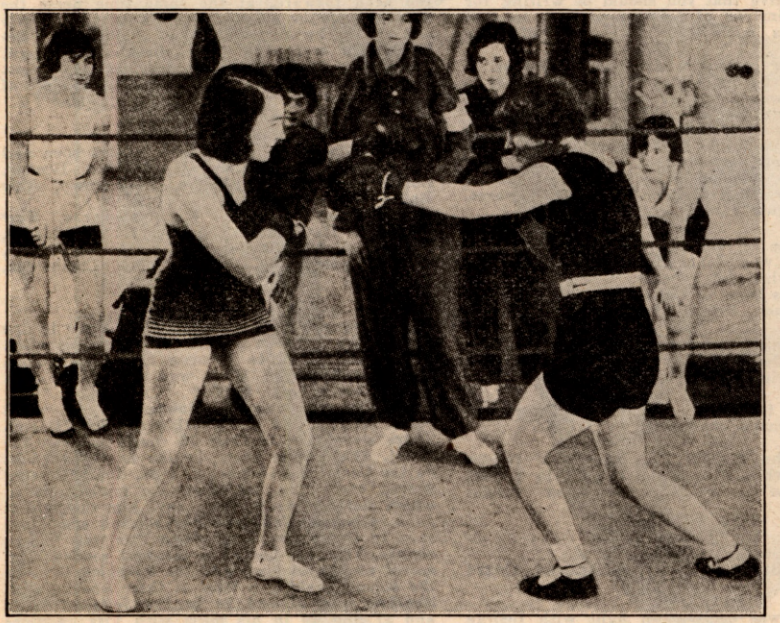
With the traveling carnivals in the United States, we have a number of feminine boxers and wrestlers. On the Crafts' Twenty Big Shows in California, the athletic show includes Miss Clara Marie Mortensen, a nineteen-year-old wrestler, who is the feature attraction. In many other shows, we find arena Amazons who secure their competition for each performance by issuing challenges to the audience. It is not uncommon to have these challenges accepted by some local high school or college girl. Several such bouts are on record.

In many of our private schools and colleges, girls are learning to box and wrestle as part of the calisthenic curriculum. While not much publicity is given to this fact, nevertheless the girls will be heard from some day. With their brothers earning fortunes in the prize ring, it is small wonder that some girls are sufficiently hardy and ambitious to venture forth along the same route.

There are clubs in New York City where bouts are held, not only between girls, but also between men and girls. Of course these men are not professionals. Every now and then a male visitor will scoff at the idea of feminine battlers and the presuming scoffer is often challenged to a bout, and frequently the girl wins.

A girl with the knowledge of jiu-jitsu and wrestling can easily conquer an unskilled male regardless of his advantage in strength and weight. That has frequently been established, for training counts as much here as elsewhere.

Out in Rawlings, Wyoming, Miss Grace Robertson recently defeated at wrestling every man her weight. A crew of young men of the Citizens' Conservation Corps who were building a bridge near the Robertson Ranch, learned this fact much to their chagrin. The Superintendent of the crew offered a dollar to any man who could throw Miss Robertson, and finally Owen Whitehouse defeated her. However, it is possible that the bout was "in the bag," because the two opponents were seen at the movies on the same night.



Preparing for the German boxing championships. Here are some of the girls who will take part in the annual tournament next month.

Of the two "manly arts," boxing and wrestling, the latter is preferable for girls. That the chances of serious injury are less in the mat game may be a contention open to argument, but is, nevertheless, the opinion of most authorities. Boxing is recommended as a light exercise when well-padded gloves are employed.

When the male sex "get wise" to the fact that girls are seriously indulging in these sports which they, as men, have considered solely their own, there will be less chance of us overhearing a one-sided conversation like I chanced to hear the other day.

He: "If you don't come with me I'll sock you on the nose!"

Instead of being a "yes woman," the answer from the modern Miss is more likely to be:

She—"Oh, yeah? Put up your dukes and let's see you try it!"

Yes, the women folks can do almost anything a man can, these days!

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Arthur Somers, Jamestown, N. Y.

Q.—Did John L. Sullivan win the world's heavyweight title when he fought Jake Kilrain? If not when did he?

A.—He never held the world title. Only American. He won the American title when he beat Paddy Ryan in 1882 in nine rounds, Mississippi City. The date was February 7.

John T. Roman, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler still alive? What was his height when he fought and what was his fighting weight?

A.—Yes. He is down and out and living in your city and occasionally in Los Angeles. His fighting weight was 165 and his height was 5 feet 10¾ inches. The latest report is that he is in a sanatorium.

Charles Spink, Honolulu, Hawaii

Q.—Where was Joe Wolcott born? How does he spell his name, with an a or an o? Where is he now and what is he working at?

A.—Wolcott is living in New York. He is not employed. Lives on the help of his friends. Spells his name with an "o."

Mabel Thompson, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—When was the first authentic fight staged in this country? Is there a book on American fight history which I can purchase?

A.—Thomas Beasley and Jacob Hyer, 1816. There is no such book on the market. I have started one and after completing 664,000 words, or a total of 2226 typewritten pages, I temporarily quit owing to the depression. When things pick up, I'll finish the work and get out such a history in three volumes.

Miles Stanton, Quebec

Q.—In the old prize ring days, when a man went down, was there any count?

A.—No. That ended the round and his seconds carried him to his corner.

Tom Benton, Richmond, Va.

Q.—Was wrestling permitted in the bare-knuckle days without the contestants being warned by the referee?

A.—Yes. That was part of the rules and formed a big and most important part of fighting.

Chris Rand, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Did John L. Sullivan ever fight George Godfrey?

A.—No. They never met. Godfrey challenged several times and when Sullivan finally accepted, Godfrey withdrew.

William Morgan, St. Louis, Mo.

Q.—When did Fitz and Hall fight in New Orleans and how much did each get?

A.—They fought on March 4, 1893 at the Crescent A. C. The purse was about $35,000 and the club paid half in cash and the rest in notes, but the club soon after went into bankruptcy and neither fighter was paid in full.

Arthur Huttick, Shanghai, China

Q.—Is it true that Johnny Dundee holds the record for consecutive rope skipping with 6800 skips?

A.—No. I never knew that Johnny skipped more than 4,000 times without a letup. In 1932 a fellow named Tommy Thompson of Pueblo, Colo., before a group of judges, skipped the rope 2,010 times without a miss. He was clocked in 113 minutes and was exhausted at the end of the trial. The event took place on November 26th.

James Mellas, Port Jefferson, L. I.

Q.—Has Jim Londos ever been nationally recognized as world champion wrestler?

A.—Yes. He still is in 29 states. Jim Browning is recognized in other states. Londos is possible because he is colorful.

Clayton Beeson, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q.—I lack about 4 months of being 15, I am 5 ft. 5 in. tall and weigh 118 pounds, my reach is 65½ inches. Should I start boxing now or wait until I am older, and how am I built?

A.—Start now. Your proportions are very good.

Nick Jowras, Kansas City, Mo.

Q.—Who would you figure to be the winner between Londos and Savoldi and Londos and Ed Don George?

A.—Londos.

Q.—How old is George Zaharias, Vic Christy and John Kilonis?

A.—26, 23 and 38.

Q—Did Stan Pinto ever beat Londos?

A.—No.

A Wrestling Fan

Q.—What are the approximate ages of Ray Steele, Karl Sarpolis, and George Zaharias?

A—37, 27 and 26.

J. C., Montreal

Q.—I am sixteen years of age. I weigh 121 pounds and am 5 ft. 5 in. tall. What will my measurements be at 20?

A.—Sorry we won't answer measurement queries of that type. They are too problematical. You can guess as well as I can.

Q.—How can I increase my height?

A.—By stretching exercises—chinning the bar.

Brugie Hunter, Gloversville, N. Y.

Q.—Was Charlie Eck of Gloversville a top-notch middleweight from 1924 to 1929? How many fights did he have and what were his measurements?

A.—Yes—he was a good fighter. Haven't his record nor measurements.

Alice Sloan, Wichita, Kansas

Q.—Will the A.A.U. accept entries of girls for their amateur boxing wrestling shows? If so, where can I send mine.

A.—No. The A.A.U. bars women boxers and wrestlers from competing in amateur championships, shows or exhibitions.

Thomas Beasley, Los Angeles, Cal.

Q. Is Tom Sharkey's "Navy Exercise" book used in the Navy now? Is it any good?

A.—No, it is no longer used but was used for a long time. Tom knew his work pretty thoroughly and in my opinion, his exercises are splendid for developing the body, especially for those studying boxing and wrestling. I hold the same opinion of "Army Exercises." You should have both. Every fighter and wrestler should have these and should use those exercises.

Franklin Stafford, Fall River, Mass.

Q.—Seven months ago I was operated on for appendicitis. I rested for four months and then started light training to get back into my favorite pastime, boxing. Every time I work strenuously I get a terrific pain in the stomach and have to quit. Sometimes I almost double with pain. What should I do?

A.—Yours is a case for the doctor. Go immediately to your physician and get an examination. I would suggest an X-ray, as from your symptoms you seem to have an obstruction. There may be some foreign matter in your original wound. Don't do any more strenuous work. Walking is the best exercise for you until you learn what is wrong.

Notice to Our Readers

Readers of "The Ring" from foreign lands requesting an answer to their queries, should send with their letter an international postage coupon. These will be exchanged in this country for the postage required. American readers must enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for an answer.

Please do not ask what your measurements will be at a certain age as such queries won't be answered. I will tell you, however, if your present measurements are O.K. or whether you are best fitted for a boxer or a wrestler.

Matilda Steffens, Kansas City

Q. What is the air bath? I have heard so much about it but don't know what it is. Can you enlighten me? You seem to be a marvel in answering queries intelligently. Your work is so instructive that you should be writing for newspapers instead of for a magazine, so that more persons could get the benefit of your knowledge.

A.—The air bath is what the nudists take. It consists of exposing your skin to the air. It is taken in absolutely nude condition and is exactly the same as the sun bath. After exposing your nude body for about half an hour, take a vigorous rub-down. Rub your skin first with your hands and kneed it where possible. Then rub it with a rough Turkish towel. This enables the skin to breath freely, and opens all the pores. Thanks for your compliment.

Newton K. Fracker, Petersburg, Va.

Q.—When was John L. Sullivan born and where and when did he die?

A —He was born on Oct. 15, 1858 and died at Abington, Mass., Feb. 2, 1918.

Clifford Hopewell, Dallas, Tex.

Q.—Was Gene Tunney world or American light-heavyweight Champion?

A.—World.

Q.—Please tell me if Georges Carpentier was world light-heavy champion?

A.—Yes.

Q —Was the Georges Carpentier that fought or refereed when Billy Papke fought in France in 1910, the same Carpentier than fought Dempsey?

A.—Yes.

John Hollis, Yonkers, N. Y.

Q —Was Billy Rapp the National Guard Champion?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What was decision in fight with George Hoffman, Golden Glove champion?

A.—Hoffman won.

Al Reneau, An Oldtimer

Q.—I quit the ring five years ago because the doctors advised it. I had then fought 290 battles of which I had won 135, scored 105 knockouts, drew three times; lost on a foul twice; lost 21 bouts and was kayoed five times. Three of my contests were declared "no contests" and I fought 16 no-decision bouts. I'm broke and want to make a comeback. Can I do so at the age of 38? I have a son 20 years old who has been fighting for three years but has lost more fights than he has won, all because of late hours and dissipation. I have been working on a farm for five years and am in fine condition. Can I make any money now in the ring? Can my son still make the grade?

A.—No, you are too old for a comeback. As for your son, unless he keeps his nose to the grindstone, there's no chance for him.

Pete Sharkowski, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—In your Universal Boxing Course you say that it is o.k. for a fellow to do his road running at night after supper. Is that an error? I thought that one should never take exercises after a meal.

A.—It is correct. Never take exercises after a meal—that is, immediately after. But if you have read my course properly, you will note that I said have an early meal, about 6 o'clock, and after you have given your meal a chance to be digested, say about two hours later, you may begin your training. That won't harm you.

Margaret Finster, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—I am mighty glad that you have finally decided to include women boxers and wrestlers in THE RING. I am an ardent devotee of wrestling. Where can I join a gymnasium where I will find competition?

A.—I'm sorry I can't tell you. Write to the sports editor of your leading paper. He'll be in a position to say whether there is such a place available in your city.

Thomas Gibbons, Halifax, Can.

Q.—What is a bar-bell? I have seen the term used often on your page.

A.—It is a long iron bar to which is attached at each end, a large dumb-bell. The difference between the ordinary dumb-bell and the bar-bell is that the latter has the large bar and the bar-bells usually weigh from ten pounds up to 250. The bar-bells are used by those who indulge in muscle-building exercises while the dumb-bell is for ordinary exercise.

Jimmie Hartley, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Where are the deletoid muscles?

A.—On top of the shoulders.

Q.—Where are the buttocks?

A.—The buttocks are the accumulation of muscles that bunch over the lower back of the hip bones and upper part of the thighs.

Q.—What is resistance exercise?

A.—Exercise in which one muscle is opposed to another and offers active resistance to be overcome. For example: Interlock the fingers of your hands and place them behind the head. Now while pressing the palms of the hands in that position against the head in order to force the head forward, at the same time press the head against the palms of your hand so that you feel the backward pressure of the head as the hands are trying to force the head forward. There you have a double muscular movement that illustrates a resistance exercise—one set of muscles working against the other.

Harold Fliesser, Macon, Ga.

Q.—When were the following boxers born and of what nationality are they? Tom Heeney, Goldie Hess, George Godfrey, Al Brown, Abie Bain?

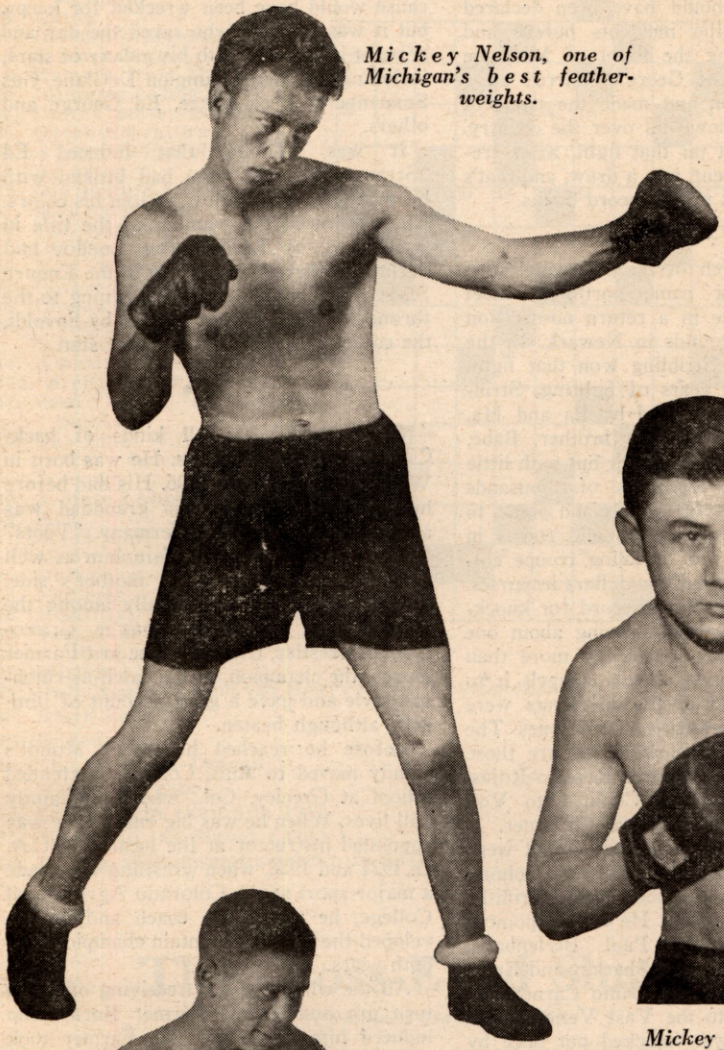
A.—Heeney, May 18, 1898, Gisborne, New Zealand; Hess, Los Angeles, 1908; Godfrey, January 5, 1901, Mobile, Ala.; Brown, July 5, 1902, Panama; Bain, August 10, 1906, Cambridge, Mass.

A. B. Regan, Newcastle, N. B., Canada

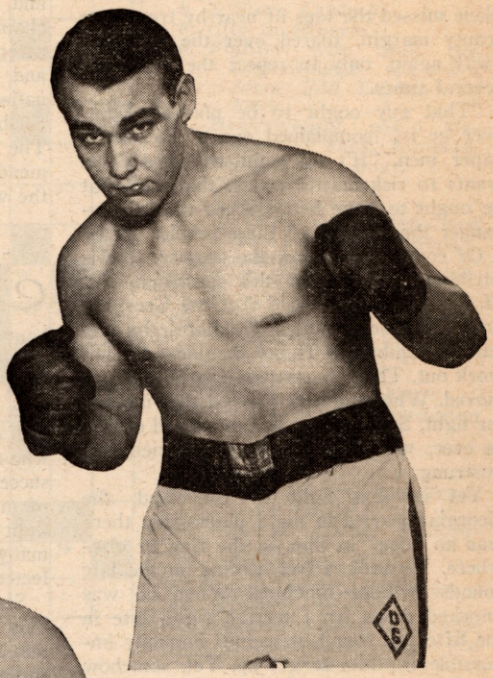
Q.—How many knockdowns were there in the two battles between Jeffries and Tom Sharkey. How many in those between Bob Fitzsimmons and Tom Sharkey? What was the age of each at the time of each battle?

A.—There were no knockdowns in the 25-round battle between Jeff and Sharkey at Coney Island. There were none in their 20 round bout on the Coast. There were three in the bout with Fitz on the Coast on December 2, 1896, Sharkey being floored each time, including the knockdown in which Referee Wyatt Earp gave him the verdict on a supposedly foul punch which few spectators saw. In their other bout which Fitz won in two rounds, Fitz was floored in the first session then scored one knockdown and the knockout blow in the second, making a total of three knockdowns. Sharkey was 25 and 26 in the Jeffries' fights and 27 and 30 in his mills with Fitz; Jeffries was 23 and 24 and Fitz was 34 and 37 years old for his bouts with Sharkey.

A Few Newcomers

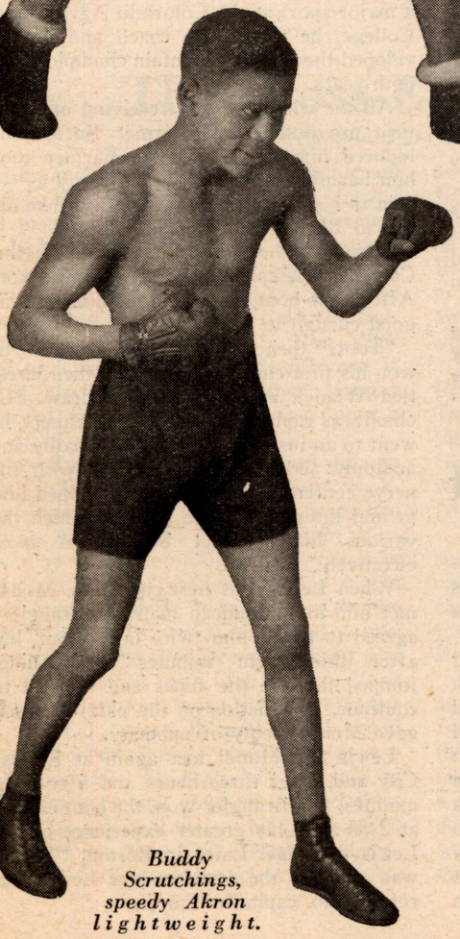


Mickey Nelson, one of Michigan's best featherweights.

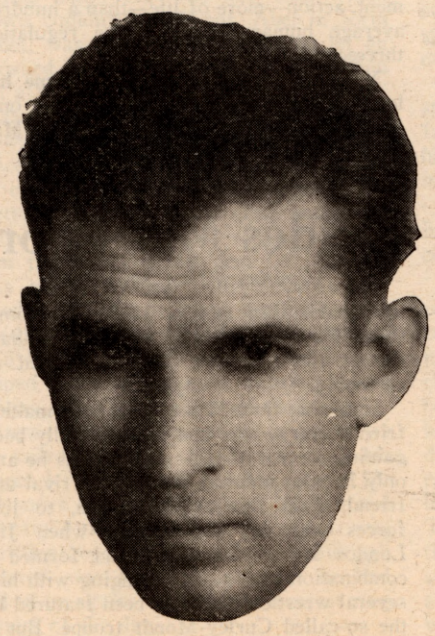


Paul Pross, New York's promising German heavyweight.

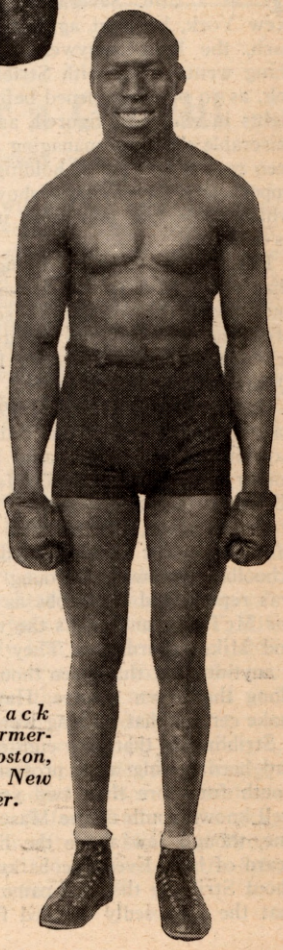
Mickey Salom, fast rising welterweight from Wallington, New Jersey.



Buddy Scrutchings, speedy Akron lightweight.



Jack White, San Diego, Calif., product.



Tiger Mack Way, formerly of Boston, now a New Yorker.

Hail and Farewell

(Continued from page 5)

watching the exhibition, was startled when, suddenly, a plane came out of nowhere and zoomed down as if to land in the ring. The plane missed the tops of near-by trees by a scanty margin, roared over the ring and away again, only to repeat the maneuver several times.

"That guy ought to be pinched, whoever he is," complained one of the newspaper men. "It's all right with me if he wants to risk his own neck that way, but he ought to have better sense than to endanger the lives of all these people."

Of course, you know the answer. It was Stribling, relaxing by this spectacular bit of flying. It also is said that the Georgian hoped to upset Schmeling's morale by this daring exhibition. If so, the idea did not work out. The phlegmatic German was unmoved. When the men entered the ring for the fight, Schmeling was as cool and deadly as ever, while Stribling was worried and unstrung.

Yet in that fight in Cleveland, the Georgian proved to the doubters that there was no "dog" in him, in the ring or elsewhere. He took a bad beating in the late rounds without flinching. When he was knocked down by a terrific right, late in the fifteenth round, it seemed humanly impossible for him to get up. Yet, somehow he did! He spread his legs and faced his tormentor, to fight it out to the bitter end. Referee George Blake stopped it, seeing that the Georgian was in no fit condition to continue.

* * *

THAT was not Stribling's only chance at a title. Several years before, in New York, he went against Paul Berlenbach, the light-heavyweight king. Something went wrong with Stribling in training, as so often happened before important fights in which he figured, and he made a miserable showing, managing to go the fifteen rounds by dint of holding on at every opportunity. It was such showings as that which made him unpopular in New York as a fighter.

Even before that, Stribling had had a chance at a title. In fact, it was in a daring and spectacular attempt to separate Mike McTigue from the light-heavyweight crown that Stribling became known to the Queensberry world at large.

On St. Patrick's Day of 1923, McTigue had taken the title from Battling Siki in London. When Mike came back to this country, his manager, Joe Jacobs, looked about for some soft money. There came from Columbus, Ga., an offer of ten thousand dollars for McTigue to box a Georgia schoolboy, known as Young Stribling. It was represented to Jacobs as a soft touch for McTigue, and that's the way both Joe and Mike regarded it. They were to find it anything but that, even though they took along their own referee, Harry Ertle, to make certain that nothing went wrong.

Stribling, at that time eighteen years old, had been boxing as a professional in the South for more than two years and was well known south of the Mason and Dixon line, though few above the line ever had heard of him. Even Jacobs knew no more about Stribling than his name and the fact that the supposedly deluded fight bugs of Georgia were willing to pay to see McTigue cuff him around.

What happened at Columbus is a story in itself, and cannot be gone into here. Suffice it to say that the fight, in which Stribling seems to have had the upper hand, and rightfully should have been declared champion, and the incidents before and after it, including the flight of McTigue and Jacobs out of Georgia, stirred up a national sensation and made the name of Stribling well known all over the country. The final verdict on that fight, after tremendous excitement, was a draw, and that's the way it shows in the record books.

* * *

IN March of the following year, Stribling came north to meet McTigue in a return no-decision bout of twelve rounds in Newark. In the writer's opinion, Stribling won that fight.

In his thirteen years of fighting, Stribling, always accompanied by Pa and Ma, and often by his younger brother, Babe, who also tried to be a fighter but with little success, traveled hundreds of thousands of miles by train, automobile and plane, to fight in hundreds of cities and towns in many countries. The Stribling troupe collected more than a million dollars in purses.

Stribling established a record for knockouts by a heavyweight, scoring about one hundred and thirty in slightly more than three hundred fights. Truth compels it to be said that most of his knockouts were registered at the expense of soft ones. The best names in his knockout list are those of Tony Marullo, Quintin Romero-Rojas, Martin Burke, George Cook, Otto Von Porat, Phil Scott and Kayo Christner.

Among those whom he outpointed were Tommy Loughran, Jimmy Slattery, Johnny Risko, Maxie Rosenbloom, Tuffy Griffiths and Don McCorkindale. He was outpointed by Jimmy Slattery, Paul Berlenbach, Tommy Loughran, Jack Sharkey and Ernie Schaaf. He won from Primo Carnera on a foul and lost to the Vast Venetian the same way. He was knocked out once by Max Schmeling.

Stribling crowded into his span of less than twenty-nine years of life more excitement, action—more of life—than a hundred average human beings in the regulation threescore and ten.

Now he is gone. The boxing game has lost one of its finest characters. I can only join with Joe Humphreys in saying: "May his soul rest in peace. Amen."

Guides Mat Sport

(Continued from page 31)

that enabled him to win. They made something like a quarter of a million dollars during the time the Teuton reigned as champion.

Since that time "Toots" has been making friends everywhere and has gradually been gaining control of the sport. It was he and only he who induced his old mat rival and friend, Paul Bowser of Boston, to join forces with his combination when Jim Londos kicked the traces and formed a combination of his own, bringing with him several wrestlers that had been featured by the so-called Curley-Mondt troupe. But it was not because of any trouble with "Toots" that this batch bowed out, but rather because of ill feeling toward some of Mondt's associates.

If it hadn't been for "Toots'" influence when Londos, Ed White, Tom Packs and others formed their new clique, the Curley cause would have been wrecked for keeps, but it was "Toots" who saved the day and brought in Bowser with his galaxy of stars, including the then Champion DeGlane, Gus Sonnenberg, Nick Lutze, Ed George and others.

It was "Toots" that induced Ed "Strangler" Lewis, who had broken with his manager, Ed Sandow, to join his colors. Then followed the winning of the title in New York by Lewis, after Londos had declined to defend his crown in the Empire State, the climbing of Jim Browning to the throne and the defeat of Londos by Savoldi, the colorful former Notre Dame star.

* * *

MONDT has all kinds of background and class. He was born in Wayne County, Ia., in 1896. His dad before him was a wrestler. His granddad was also a grappler back in Germany. "Toots" has Irish and Scotch blood in him as well as German—that is on his mother's side.

His father settled originally among the Pennsylvania Dutch. He was a Græco-Roman wrestler, chiefly, but he met Farmer Burns, the champion, at the catch-as-catch-can style and gave a good account of himself, although beaten.

Before he reached his teens, Mondt's family moved to Ault, Colo. Joe attended school at Greeley, Col., where his family still lives. When he was big enough, he was appointed instructor at the local Y.M.C.A. In 1921 and 1922, when wrestling was made a major sport at the Colorado Agricultural College, he was made coach and he developed the Rocky Mountain champions for both years.

All the while Joe was receiving offers to turn pro and it was Farmer Burns who induced him to do so. The Farmer took him barnstorming, meeting as many as ten men in some places and defeating them all, due to Burns' skillful handling.

Burns matched him to meet Jack Taylor, Canadian champion, at Alberta, and he won. After that bout, Farmer told him he was good enough to meet any one.

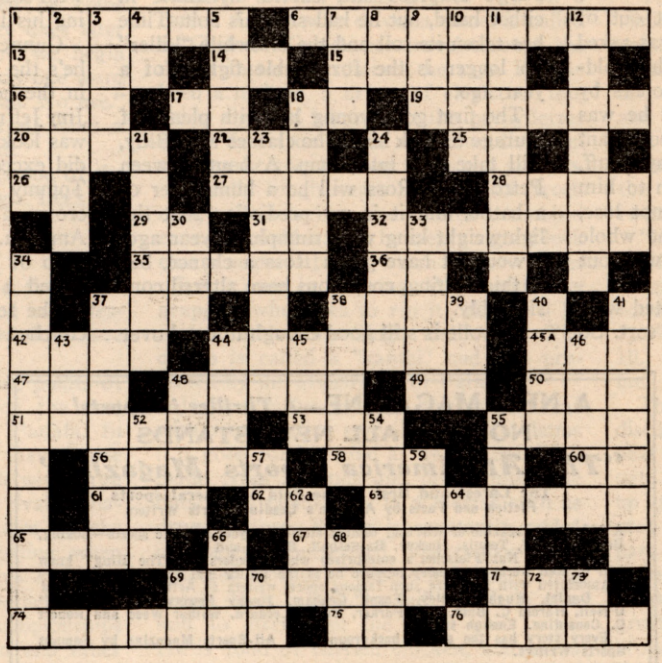
"Toots" then went to 'Frisco, where he won his first eight matches, and then wrestled Wladek Zbyszko an hour draw. His climb was rapid but, among other things, he went to an institute to study osteopathy and anatomy and became acquainted with the nerve centers, which knowledge helped him to find the parts of the body to which the various holds might be applied most effectively.

When Lewis was first champion, Mondt met him in a handicap match. "Strangler" agreed to throw him twice in an hour, but after thirty-eight minutes of tussling, jumped through the ropes and refused to continue. This action on the part of Lewis gave Mondt plenty of publicity.

Lewis and Mondt met again at Kansas City and, after three hours and fifty-eight minutes, the Strangler won, the bout ending at 2:30 a.m., his greater experience giving Lewis the edge. Later in Boston, "Toots" was awarded the decision over Lewis, but refused to capitalize on it.

CROSS WORDS

CAN YOU SOLVE THEM?



HORIZONTAL

1. Popular California mat star.
6. The "Utica Panther."
13. Sod.
14. A State (Abbr.).
15. Native inhabitant of New Zealand.
16. Entity.
17. Indefinite article.
18. A man's name.
19. Remote from the sea.
20. Interests (Abbr.).
22. United States railway.
25. Overhead railway.
27. A country in Europe.
28. An artist.
29. Old Britain (Abbr.).
31. Eastern States.
32. The "Boston Gob."
35. Old-time mat star.
36. You (French).
37. Covered carriage.
38. Linden tree.
42. Welterweight champion in 1894.
44. A bird.
45a. A city in the Philippines.
47. Seed vessel of certain plants.
48. The man Willard met in first defense of his crown.
49. A State (Abbr.).
50. Sick.
51. Make more beloved.
53. Man's name.
55. Dull color.
56. Neglects.
58. Hostility.
60. Tantalum (Chem. sym.).
61. A quid.
62. Within.
63. Only Negro to hold the Heavyweight Championship.
65. Black liquids.
67. Ended.
69. The "Georgia Deacon."
71. Hearing organ.
74. Lightweight champ in 1912.
75. Writer to the Signet (Abbr.).
76. British Welterweight champ in 1915.

VERTICAL

1. Popular Jewish mat star.
2. Heavyweight boxing champion in 1926.
3. Hitherto.
4. Eastern Frontier.
5. Dullness of spirit.
7. A girl's name.
8. A State (Abbr.).
9. City in Nigeria.
10. Fighter who took the Lightweight crown from Kid Lavigne in 1899.
11. Heavyweight who dethroned Jack Johnson.
12. Pertaining to dogs.
18. Clattering sound.
21. A watchword.
23. Wrestler who specialized with the body scissors.
24. Mysterious.
30. A boy's name.
33. Belonging to mankind.
34. French heavy who started fighting at the age of 13.
38. Old-time Russian wrestler.
39. Finish.
40. The "Belfast Spider."
41. Featherweight champion in 1912.
43. Yonder.
44. A harbor.
45. League of American Travelers (Abbr.).
46. Ancient Greek Philosopher.
48. A female servant.
52. Large Australian birds.
54. Military officers.
55. Fighter who won Junior Lightweight crown from Jack Bernstein.
57. Man's nickname.
59. Present Lightweight Champ.
62a. North Carolina writers (Abbr.).
64. Personal pronoun.
66. Man's nickname.
68. Another.
69. Federal House (Abbr.).
70. Old English.
72. Exclamation.
73. A State (Abbr.).

The answers to this puzzle are on page 47.

The Cross-Eyed Slugger

(Continued from page 38)

that he could beat K. O. by outboxing and outfighting him, challenged at once. Murphy had met Brown previously in a 10-round no-decision bout in New York and a second time at the Clermont Rink of Brooklyn. That also was a decisionless bout. So a third meeting was arranged, this time for Sulger's Harlem River Casino in New York City, and that affair was quite different. It lasted just forty seconds. When Murphy returned to consciousness he was minus a lot of reputation.

Five days later Brown dropped Johnny Allen in the second round at Albany, N. Y. The capital city of the Empire State had another lad who was highly thought of, a boxer by the name of Bant Dorsey and he and Brown were matched. Dorsey was a good fighter, but he didn't belong in the same ring with Brown. He managed to stay three rounds and then Brown realized that he had to catch a train back to New York to keep a date and, when the fourth frame started, Val opened up with a two-fisted attack and Mr. Dorsey sank to the canvas and slept whilst his conqueror hastened to his dressingroom, donned his clothes, packed his grip and was on his way back to Broadway in a New York Central Pullman.

Brown outpointed the clever Abe Attel at the National Sporting Club in New York on January 18, 1912. However, to give Attel credit, he was way off form on this night. He was one man whom Brown couldn't knock out. Abe, in form or not, was too shifty a boxer to let an awkward man like Brown humiliate him with a haymaker.

Leach Cross was the first man to knock Brown down. It happened on June 3, 1912. Twice during the battle Brown fell before the crushing blows of the pride of the Ghetto. Cross tired in the ninth and tenth, which allowed Brown to recover slightly from the awful punishment he received.

As every old-timer knows, Cross possessed a wicked punch and in addition was exceedingly clever. Cross dropped Brown clean in the fifth and seventh rounds. Val jumped to his feet on each occasion before Referee Billy Joh could start the count.

Brown shook off the effects of the blows and sailed in, trying his best to land his famous left, but Leach had his eye out for that punch and he ducked and blocked and maintained the offensive to the end. It was a rattling good show and Brown, although defeated, was not disgraced, for he had stacked up against one of the cleverest ring masters of the day.

Baer a Cinch!

(Continued from page 9)

don't think he will get any better in his infighting. His work in 'The Prize Fighter and the Lady' shows that his unusual size still keeps him a bit off balance. Baer's speed will enable him to get in and away, doing great damage in the mid-section.

"Baer's punching speed, also, is by the stop-watch, a valuable section of a second faster than that of Primo. That means more blows and more damage, particularly when in close.

"Remember, there has never been a case in fighting where a very fast smaller man couldn't lick a bigger, slower fighter.

"This 'The Prize Fighter and the Lady' picture has been a swell break for the Baer camp. We have heard a lot about Carnera's improvement, but there has been little chance to study him outside of his public bouts. It took over a week to film the two boys. Of course, the bout was staged and directed but, with so much time, it was easy to study Carnera's body, his strength, his speed, his basic and underlying strategy. This study has added to Baer's confidence that his speed will far overcome Carnera's strength. To my mind, if Max and Primo are matched, and I hope they are, the fight will be a cinch for Baer!"

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 11)

almost always manage to cover their tracks.

However, this time the cat got out of the bag. When Frankie Petrolle was asked why he failed to show up to fight Goldstein, he astounded the commissioners by replying that he had learned that he was supposed to lose, that he did not want any part in that kind of phony stuff, that he feared what might happen to him if he went into the ring and did not lose, and so he just walked out on the whole business, not knowing any other way out of the situation.

Naturally, everyone else connected with the fight had heard nothing of the sort. So far as they knew, everything was on the up and up. Oh, yeah?

The commission accepted Frankie Petrolle's story at face value. His manager lost his license and Goldstein was suspended indefinitely. Goldstein no doubt will stay suspended until politicians can muster enough influence to have him reinstated. Maybe, for once, the politicians won't be able to have their way. We offer our congratulations to Commissioners Phelan, Weir and Brown for the action they took. Managers who agree to force their charges to throw a fight should get no quarter. The sport is well rid of such types.

Meanwhile, I suppose, the gents in the fight game will put Frankie Petrolle down as a squealer and a rat. The fight game could do with a few more like him, if you ask my opinion. More power to you, Frankie. You are a credit to boxing. The Ring congratulates you for your service to the sport. The leeches must be rooted out of boxing if the game is to prosper and the boxing commission and Petrolle have started the ball rolling in the right direction.

* * *

FROM Hollywood comes the report that Johnny Buckley, manager of Jack Sharkey, voices the opinion that the Boston gob is Baer's master and insists that the Larrimore Larruper prove his right to a fight with Carnera by first whipping Sharkey.

"We are ready to sign for a bout with Baer at any time, either for Los Angeles or for Miami," says the rotund Buckley.

How nice of him! He didn't feel that way about it when Max was clamoring for a fight at the time that Sharkey held the crown but, now that the Boston gob has lost his prestige and no longer is capable of drawing them in at the gate, Buckley sees big money ahead for himself and the former title-holder if he can induce Baer to forget the past. Of course, all Buckley seeks is to cash in on Baer's popularity, but I'm afraid he is barking up the wrong alley this time. It is rather amusing to see how managers act when their meal ticket has shot his bolt.

* * *

THE recent fight between Billy Petrolle and Sammy Fuller at the Ridgewood Club of Brooklyn, was far from the hectic affair that had been expected. The Fargo Express still carries dynamite in either hand, but he had shot his bolt. Time has taken its toll and the erstwhile "killer" no longer is the formidable fighter of a year ago.

The first good young lad with plenty of courage to back him, who clashes with Billy, will take him into camp. A bout between Petrolle and Ross will be a humdinger of a battle, and it is my prediction that the lightweight king will triumph. A year ago, I wouldn't have given Ross a chance, but at this writing, conditions have altered considerably.

Petrolle is still good enough to bowl over nine-tenths of the lightweights or junior welterweights, but he no longer is the menace he was. Regardless of that, however, he still remains the popular Fargo Express.

For honest endeavors in the ring and in dealings with his fellow men, there is no finer sport than Petrolle. That may also be said of his mentor, Jack Hurley. More of that type is what boxing needs. So long as Billy wants to continue in the roped square, he will have the backing of his horde of admirers. The cases of Billy Petrolle and Jack Hurley, like that of Tommy Loughran and his manager, Joe Smith, are proof of the fact that it pays to be honest—even in boxing.

* * *

A LITTLE of this and that—Of all the former heavyweight champions, Jack Dempsey has the easiest way of picking up the wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door . . . . Most of them are through when they hang up their gloves . . . . Not so Jack . . . . When the bills begin to pile up, he gets out his gray flannel refereeing togs and goes on tour, picking up enough to carry him along . . . . Dempsey is on one of those tours as this is written . . . . When he goes on tour, everyone rejoices, because it means more money for everyone . . . .

At that, Jack Sharkey probably is the wealthiest man in the fight game today . . . . The Boston gob, who never did much to earn it, is supposed to have a million . . . . Gene Tunney, who made a million in one night, when he boxed Dempsey in Chicago, is understood to have taken a financial beating in the stock market . . . . Tunney never cared much about boxing writers or others mixed up in the game while he was in it himself, but they do say that he likes nothing better these days than to sit down and have a chat about old times with some of the gents he high-hatted during his last days as a fighter . . . .

Gunner Moir—ever hear of him? Well, he's the Englishman who cut quite a figure in the heavyweight ranks at the time that Jim Jeffries had retired and the fistic world was looking for his successor. The Gunner did exceedingly well until he clashed with Tommy Burns, who had laid claim to the crown after he had cleared the field in America. It was at the National Sporting Club of London that the poor Gunner received a shellacking and was counted out in the tenth round. It was that fight that clinched Burns's claim. The Gunner is employed as a bouncer (a special policeman) at the South London Music Hall of London . . . . And, speaking of Tommy Burns, he is living in New York, where he is comfortably situated. Tommy has a beer garden in the swanky Seventies, where his patrons are some of the best sportsmen in the Greater City. Tommy always was a thrifty business man . . . .

Joe Jeannette, the big Negro heavyweight of Jack Johnson's time, is running a gymnasium and is also training Stanley Poreda . . . . Sam Langford, another Negro, is blind and eking out a living by doing odds-and-ends in a gymnasium in New York . . . . Joe Walcott, the Barbados Demon, is another down-and-outer. He recently appeared in a vaudeville skit with Langford, but the act didn't go over . . . . Joe lives in the Harlem section of New York City and occasionally works as a porter. Last year he was employed in Madison Square Garden in that capacity, but when the axe was wielded to save expenses, poor Joe lost his job and has been unable to obtain a steady one since . . . . Jack Johnson, the third of the great Negro troupe of twenty-five years ago is a frequent visitor to The Ring office. Recently he appeared in a German city, where he put on a side show, but the act didn't go over. He soon will open a Harlem beer garden.

The fourth and last of the famous group, Sam McVey, passed into the Great Beyond some years ago. Never were four Negroes the equal in fighting ability of that quartet.

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Time's Toll

(Continued from page 21)

fighting. Renault recently served in the capacity of sparring partner to Primo Carnera during the latter's exhibition tour.

So we see that, of all those fistic "greats" of 1927—only six years ago—all but three are no longer in active competition. The three remaining veterans who can be considered at all formidable are our old friends, Jack Sharkey, Johnny Risko and Paulino Uzcudun. In all probability, a year from now this trio will no longer figure in the heavyweight situation. At best, even at the present time, they are nothing more than good trial horses—each is washed up and would be better off as a retired fighter.

Punjab Wrestlers

(Continued from page 29)

us to win money. We go home. We go back to England.

"Tom, he never answer, but he come with me like a baby, and three days later we are again on the boat and we begin our trip for home. We never say one word to the wrestlers or to the Rajah. No use."

So you can judge for yourself what a good Indian wrestler looks like.

And we think Jagat Singh is one of the best. Come on, you, Jagat Singh. Let's see what you're made of.

* * *

IT wasn't so long ago that there was a minister engaged in professional wrestling. Now they have a priest of India in Singh.

Singh was schooled in the fine points of the wrestling art by Gama on the vast estates of the Maharajah of Patiala. In India, these great rulers all have some clever wrestler whom they back with large sums of money against those of rival Maharajahs. The wrestlers are "born to the mat"—that is, they start wrestling when five years old and if they have sufficient talent they never have to do another stroke of work and the winners of championships are thrown costly jewels, gold and other gifts, so tremendous is the interest in them. When they walk down the streets they are kowtowed to as though of royal blood.

Jagat Singh was born in the city of Bhindar, province of Punjab. He stands five feet nine and a half inches and weighs two hundred and ten pounds. He has handsome features and has a big black mustache that droops at either end. His bronzed skin sets off a wonderfully proportioned body. Before coming to this country, Singh wrestled with marked success in Siam, Malay, China, Japan, Turkey and Greece. He never lost a bout during the tour.

Jagat is of the Sikh religion, which is nothing like the Mohammedan, and there are four million of that faith in India. His father was a wrestler, the wrestling strain seeming to run in the blood, being inherited from one generation to the other. He is a professor in the Punjabi language, his native tongue.

Singh is devoutly religious. He always has a Bible in his room and, at home, he frequently reads the "good book" in the temple to hundreds of believers. He says his position corresponds to that of a priest and he is called a "Granth Sahib." He says he always prays before a bout and brought a prayer rug to this country.

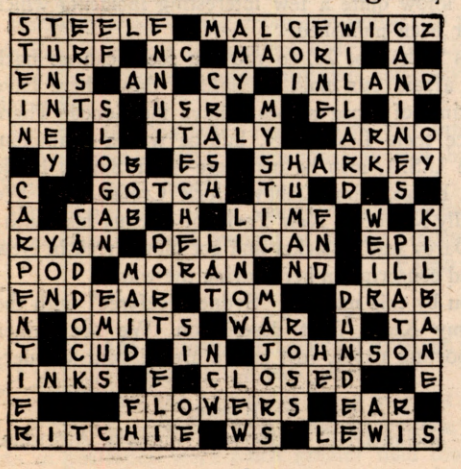
Singh loves to drive camels and horses, and when he has wrestling bookings in India he travels from city to city on a camel. A man who drives a camel is called a "Chabuk." Camels can travel through the desert faster than horses, he says. He has been a mahout, a driver of elephants, too, being right at home with the pachyderms in the desert or on the mat. For diversion at home he goes hunting tigers and pythons.

Usually Singh wears a long black frock coat, yellow turban, and carries a knobbed cane. Around his neck he wears a good luck charm made of beads, which he never takes off, not even in the ring. Woe betide any grappler who tries to rip it off! He'll be in bad with both Singh and Allah. The charm is called a "kanthi" and was presented by the Maharajah of Patiala.

Jagat says his favorite dish is gold leaf with sweet butter spread on it. He claims it is good for his wind as well as the drink made from almonds and other nuts. The nuts are ground down in a mortar such as druggists use. Water is constantly added until they're pulverized. The concoction is squeezed through cheesecloth and then drunk. It is called "sardai" and it is also said to strengthen the heart and lungs. He is fond of curried chicken, and has a hard time in the metropolis procuring goats' milk, which is another of his favorite drinks. (There may be plenty of goats in New York, especially in World's Series times, but nobody ever thinks of milking them.)

Ghafoor Khan, the wrestler from Afghanistan, who has been in this country off and on for four years, and who speaks many languages, including English, is the interpreter for Singh. He is teaching him to talk our language and also the language of the grapplers. He also instructs him in all the catch-as-catch-can tricks.

Answers to Puzzle on Page 45



Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 24)

but, with a plunge like a leaping salmon, the great body of Hackenschmidt shot into the air, leaving Jenkins with all his holds, grips, tricks and devices, sprawling discomfited and helpless on the floor.

Presently both men were on all fours. "Hack" tucked his head under Jenkins's right arm, but Tom succeeded in getting his arm across George's mouth and nose, in an attempt to stop his breathing. George leaped up, raising Tom high into the air, then slammed him down fiercely on the mat. The jar must have hurt, but Tom spread himself on all fours on the defensive. "Hack" tried to get a half Nelson on him and, while doing so, Jenkins secured a crotch hold.

It was no use for, with another leap, the Russian was free.

For half an hour, George had been tugging at him unceasingly and the older man's vitality began to ebb. Suddenly, Hackenschmidt got a half Nelson lock on him—both hands up under the chest, and grasped around the neck. Steadily the giant heaved, his great muscles standing out in awful mounds beneath the red and dripping skin. Inch by inch, he twisted Jenkins over until both his shoulders touched the mat. In some unaccountable way, the referee did not see this. But it was no use, for within less than a minute after, he had repeated the same performance. Time, thirty-one minutes and fifteen seconds.

The work for the second fall was very similar, except that at one stage of the game, Hackenschmidt grabbed Jenkins around the waist and spun him through the air, swinging him around again and again, and then smashing him to the floor. Tom's bolt was shot. The Russian had little more difficulty and had Tom's shoulders flat on the resin dust with a half Nelson after twenty-two minutes of awful struggle.

"Hack" held his title for three years, during which time he traveled extensively. Frank Gotch, the farmer from Humboldt, Iowa, was his successor. They met on April 3, 1908, at the Dexter Pavilion, Chicago, Ill., in a bout arranged and promoted by me.

The details of the match were recently discussed in THE RING, hence I won't repeat other than to say that it drew a record gate and attendance. Hackenschmidt gave up at the end of two hours and three minutes of the most desperate work on the part of both.

George was greatly disturbed over his defeat, but he kept on at the game for a great number of years. When the war broke out, he did his bit by passing on his knowledge to the troops behind the lines. He is now living part of the time in France and occasionally in England, in both of which countries he is a property holder, the income from which is sufficient to furnish him with the necessities and many of the luxuries of life.

Zaharias, Enigma

(Continued from page 32)

we were then a couple of palookas—and went forty-five minutes to a draw.

"I tried to catch on in Philadelphia, but the promoters told me to go out and get some experience, so I got it in New York, in preliminary events, and because I was wild and reckless, rough and ready, I made a hit. Win or lose, I was in demand for preliminary events. Now I am a drawing card everywhere."

Today Zaharias, having seen that the wolf is away from the family fireside, boasts of having earned more than one hundred thousand dollars, something, as he puts it, that would make any fellow who was a bootblack sit up and take notice. Yet, with it all, George continues to work hard and will not be satisfied until he reaches the same goal that Londos has.

In action, Zaharias, "The Enigma," continues to buffet his foes around, with little feeling of giving them cauliflower ears, busted ribs, twisted legs and arms and otherwise roughing them around in his efforts to make them cry "Uncle." We have many boys in the profession today who become demons once they square off, but every one agrees that this Zaharias man, whom they style "The Wild Goat of the Rockies," can give the rest of the field cards and spades.

But Zaharias still holds to the theory that hunting is a crime because it's a pity to shoot animals. "It's O.K. to manhandle other men, but to kill dumb creatures is something terrible," says George.

Letters from Our Readers

WAS greatly interested in the story relating to "Billy" Murphy, the old-time "Australian Torpedo," in a recent issue of the THE RING.

The author, Mr. Nock, is not to be blamed for mistakes or omissions when one has to reach back so far into the past for information, but the four-round contest he tells about, was only a set-to during a theatrical engagement that Murphy had in this city, and no decision was rendered.

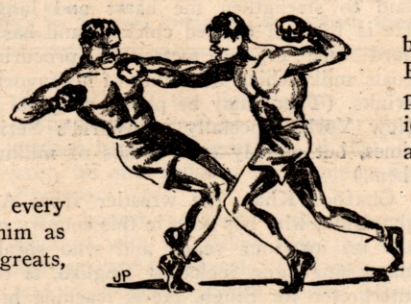
Murphy and I fought a 33-round draw in San Francisco, and later fought a 20-round draw in Columbus, Ohio.

During my time—in the days when fighters *could* and *would* fight—I met all of them, including McGovern, Dixon, Solly Smith, Ike Weir, VanHeest, Ed Santry, Young Griffo, Jack Skelley, and all of the others—and I am frankly honest in telling that NONE of them were "tougher" or more really dangerous than was Murphy. He was tricky and clever and by far the hardest hitting featherweight ever witnessed in our time.

He was lightning-fast with a right-hand swing which was the original "Mary Ann" and any time it connected—that was ALL there was to THAT fight.

Australian Billy Murphy was extremely aggressive when in the ring yet he always displayed good sportsmanship and had unbounded confidence in his ability.

To compare any of the present-day crop of fighters (118 to 126 pounds) with Murphy when he was in his prime, well, there "just isn't" any one to compare with him. In my opinion—and I feel I should know—for his weight, he was one of the greatest of all time.



Good health and good luck to him and may he live to a ripe old age and enjoy every minute of it, for I will always remember him as one of the BEST fighters, among truly greats, that I ever met.

TOMMY WHITE,
Chicago, Illinois.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your publication for several years and feel that I should be allowed a few lines to praise the work and at the same time enter a bit of criticism.

Of course this criticism may be regarded as purely personal and will probably not be agreed with by many of your readers. First, I do not care to see so much space given to wrestling. In your current issue, you have devoted eight pages or more to this branch of athletics, or rather acrobatics, which space could have been cut down at least one-fourth and the balance devoted to giving a more comprehensive report of boxing results in the various sections of the country.

Second, I urge the abolition of such features as "When Grandpa Was a Kid" and such. What the modern devotee of the ring wishes mostly is an up-to-the-minute report of boxing results and happenings that enable one to have at his fingertips the latest news in pugilistica. This information would give your readers the opportunity to know and compare the ability of those who make ringwork their profession.

You might also stress the features of amateur boxing, which is so sadly lacking in this section of the country. I compare amateur boxing with the sandlots of baseball, from whence prospects can be handled with more and greater diligence in their steps up the ladder.

I wish to condemn those promoters who use inexperienced lads, often boys picked up off the streets, for combat in the prelims. These boys, who know little or nothing regarding the art of boxing and self-defense, often put on a battle entirely devoid of defense and in many cases are cut up and injured for the sake of a few pennies. Of course, many of the promoters will contend that this had to be done in an emergency. But why make two youngsters battle four two-minute rounds when they are not in the physical condition to do so?

At most, all they know is the rough and tumble fighting of the streets, where such action is confined to a few moments of battling. If there should be cause for such an emergency, let the promoter or matchmaker confine the event to a match of three one and one-half minute rounds. I think that the boxing commission of each locality should consider this matter thoroughly before allowing such practice to be continued.

Almost of equally vital importance is the indiscriminate use of inexperienced seconds. An ignorant second can do more harm than a thousand flying gloves. I have seen, and you also, bouts in which these seconds have time and again shown their ignorance by failure to quickly and efficiently stop cuts about the face that their man has received during a preceding round.

I also believe that a new ruling could be effected that would be impartial to the records of fighters, such as the following: In a case where a boxer is disabled by a broken or fractured limb and the bout is stopped, instead of making his opponent victor by a technical knockout, call the bout "no-contest." Of course when a man is cut and bleeding and in very bad shape there is no other recourse than to award his opponent a technical kayo verdict.

I concur very much with a suggestion made by a recent writer appearing in the October RING, that a page might be devoted to the "best prospect of the month." This is a very good idea and I hope you will give it some consideration.

It is deplorable that at this time such men as Baer and Carnera should desert their calling for the Kleig lights. They have thrust the burden on the lighter fellows, who have come through splendidly to help keep boxing in the limelight and out of the doldrums.

A. BERNSTEIN,
Savannah, Ga.

Thanks for the suggestions but I disagree with you on many points. We tried the amateurs and didn't get any support. As for the wrestling, there is a tremendous demand for same, judging by our letters. "When Grandpa Was a Kid" is a feature which the old-timers enjoy. You know, we have many old-timers among our readers.—Editor's note.

* * *

JUST a line from "From Down Under," to know how much I have to forward for a copy of your book, "Young Griffo."

I have read in your paper various items of ring events of past times here in Australia and can compliment you on their variety. In the old Sydney days, from 1884 to 1892, I personally knew Australians who afterwards became famous in U.S.A.—Jackson, Slavin, Goddard, Fitz, Hall, Creedon, Dawson and Griffo. I used to be a professional runner and trained with most of them and know quite a few interesting incidents which I think have never been published.

In a few months I shall be 70, so you can see I can go back quite a bit. I am afraid our class of fighters down here have slipped since the time of those names I have mentioned. There was only one since then, Les Darcy, but he was a champion. He beat all of the U.S.A. men he met here—Jeff Smith, Eddie McGoorty, Frank Klaus, Jim Clabby, Buck Crouse, etc. We here, blame your silly Mayor of New York for causing his death; the one who said Darcy was a slacker and got him barred in New York. We never had conscription here during the war.

I am sending you by this mail the "Sydney Referee" with the Nel Tarleton-Jimmy Kelso fight description. We are rather proud of it as a sporting paper, just as we are of your wonderful RING.

J. P. BYRNE,
Richmond E, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

AS a great lover of boxing and a keen reader of THE RING, I must take this opportunity to say what a wonderful little book is THE RING. I am always looking forward to it. I would also like to congratuate Nat Fleischer on his wonderful answers in "Our Question Box."

I have a big club here in Germiston. We have over a 100 members, 74 juniors and 36 seniors, also six professionals and I am the honorary secretary and assistant instructor. Don McCorkindale, at present in your country, is a member of my club. Please convey my kind regards to him and to Jack Dempsey, my idol.

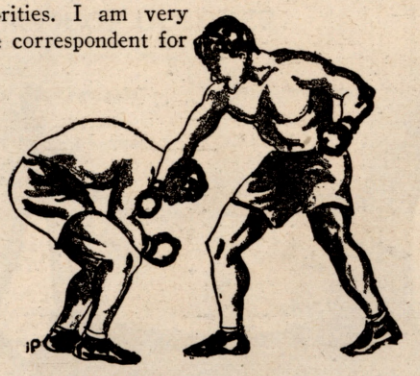
Please don't forget that my club is far away in South Africa. And that we follow the American boxing with keen interest through THE RING. Once more I want to say what a wonderful book THE RING is. It is undoubtedly the best about boxing ever published to my knowledge. I must have close on a 100 copies of THE RING in my bookcase. All the boys here absorb and digest its contents.

THE RING is read by all my pals who follow boxing.

WILLIAM GODFRY,
Germiston, South Africa.

* * *

I RECEIVED your letter a few days ago, due to the delay caused by the postal authorities. I am very grateful to be given the post of the correspondent for the world's leading magazine on the noble art of pugilism. It may be of interest to you that not only is boxing progressing favorably over here, but also that there has been a marked increase in the sales of the copies of THE RING in Burma. A few years ago, I received as a present from a pal in America, a copy of February, 1926, edition, in which the photos of the leading boxers appeared. I was so taken up with it, that I pestered the bookstall man till he was forced to import some copies of your magazine. I am proud to say that I have been a constant reader together with Mr. Walter Chit Tun, the strongest man in Burma, who took the other copy. Now I find that THE RING is very popular, and with more local news, it will be the monthly magazine for all educational institutions here where lovers of the noble sport are to be found in abundance.



EDWARD TIN THEIN,
Judson College, Rangoon, Burma.

* * *

WILL you very kindly pardon the liberty I take in congratulating you for the splendid work you are keeping up in the publication of the World's Foremost Boxing Magazine —THE RING.

As far as boxing magazines are concerned, THE RING is really the best, the most accurate, fair, and the most up to date. Furthermore, and to be frank, I admire your pen, Mr. Fleischer. Incidentally, may I request you to honor me and my library with an autographed photo of yours?

Enclosed is a clipping from our university paper—"The Varsitarian," organ of the student body of the University of Santo Tomas, a tricentenary-old institution and very much older than Harvard.

By the time this letter reaches you, our intercollegiate championships and amateur championships will have been decided. These are great events here.

THE RING, and all of your technical books, as well as your biographies, are well thought of by our students.

PABLO T. ANIDO, M.D.
Manila, P. I.

* * *

I AM a constant reader of THE RING magazine and have been for the last two years.

Are the fighters of today as great as those of yesterday? No one will ever know, but my opinion is, that the pugilists of yesterday were much greater than those of the present. The reason is that fighters of today do less training and expect more for the money than the fighters of yesterday.

No athlete can make good unless he puts all he has behind his training and stays at it. The right kind and amount of training depends usually upon the success of a person.

How many good fighters of today could go into the ring and fight seventy-seven rounds as did the great George "Kid" Lavigne when he was eighteen years of age?

He fought George Siddons on March 1, 1887, to a seventy-seven round draw. Then he came back in April of the same year and fought the same man a fifty-five round draw. I am asking, was that endurance?

There is no man of today who can stand up and fight for seventy or eighty rounds as did Paddy Ryan and Joe Goss on June 21, 1880. They fought for the championship of America and $2,000 and believe me, that was a mill and not a hit-and-run affair as was the Dempsey and Tunney bout. It is my opinion that the heavyweights of today would last just about as long as a snowball in Hades with the fighters of bygone days.

Take Jim Jeffries in his prime and put him in the ring with Carnera and you would have a case of simple murder.

I admire such men as Ike Weir, the Belfast Spider; John L. Sullivan, Young Griffo and Battling Nelson. Men who could stand up under real punishment and come back for more.

If the boxing commissioners would allow the matches to go from twenty to twenty-five rounds, men would have to train more and be in a better condition to fight and could stand far more punishment.

GARLAND E. LEFLER.
Elmer, Oklahoma.

* * *

AS a constant reader of THE RING and a boxing fan, I feel that I should say a few words on behalf of several friends and myself.

Recently we saw Ruby Goldstein make one of his yearly comebacks. His opponent was Paolo Villa. The bout was a farce. Ruby flattened Villa in the first round after Villa had gone down several times from blows that looked as if they could not break an egg. The crowd that had enjoyed the other bouts on the card, and was beginning to think boxing was a great sport, left the arena disgusted with the whole thing.

My friends and I, who made a practice of going down to the weekly shows, remained at home the following week when we heard Ruby was going to fight Herman Perlick. Running true to form, Perlick was flattened in the first round before one of the smallest crowds that had attended the arena during the season.

Boxing has been hit hard these last few years, but it looks as if the sport is coming back strong. The New York fans have shown that they will pay money to see a good fight as they have proven in the Baer-Schmeling fight and the Jeby-Brouillard and Ross-Canzoneri fights.

Boxing can do without Ruby Goldstein—Ruby is done. In fact he has been done for some time, yet he keeps coming back flattening poor excuses for fighters. The likes of Goldstein will do, and have done, more harm to boxing than good.

The boxing commission can do a lot of good for boxing by getting rid of the likes of Goldstein and seeing that the matchmakers give us more of the likes of Baer, Ross, Brouillard, Yarosz, Perroni and others.

R. CLAYTON,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

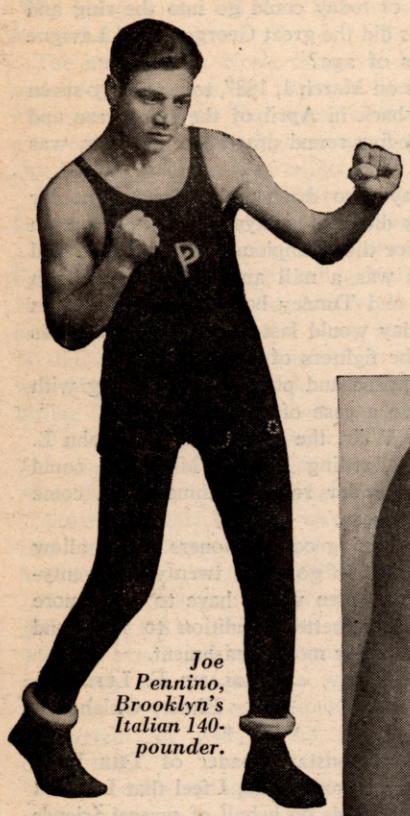
* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine for a long time and see it improving with each issue. The readers of your magazine really get their money's worth.

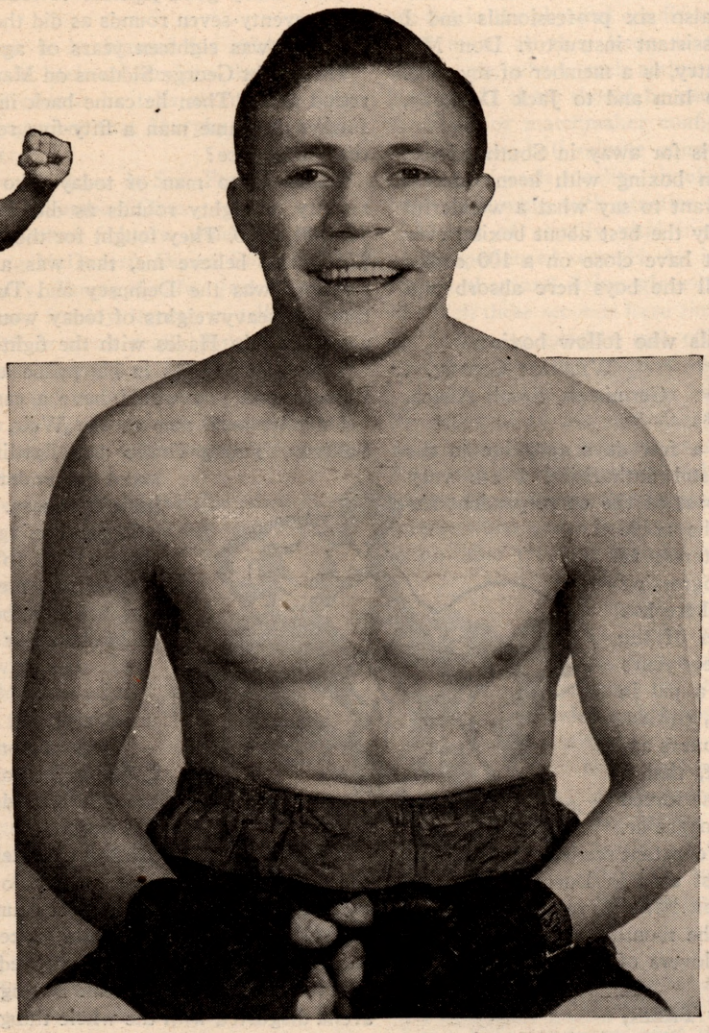
I have read and learned many things from your magazine.

SOL PHILLIPS,
Trenton, N. J.

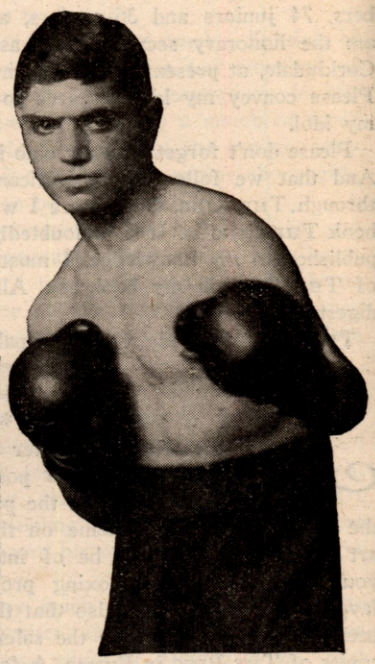
Classy Youngsters



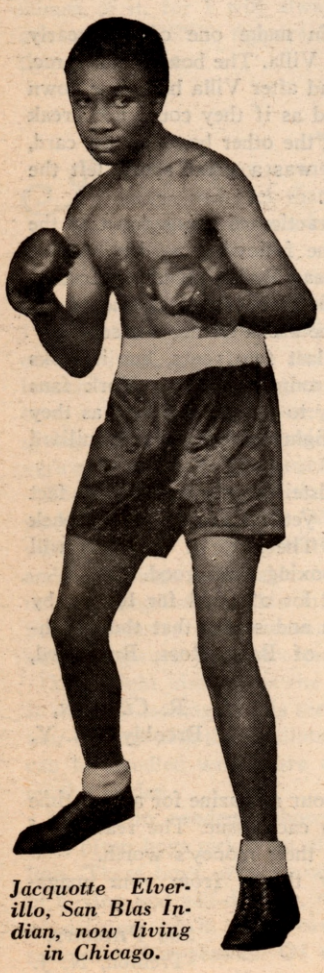
Joe Pennino, Brooklyn's Italian 140-pounder.



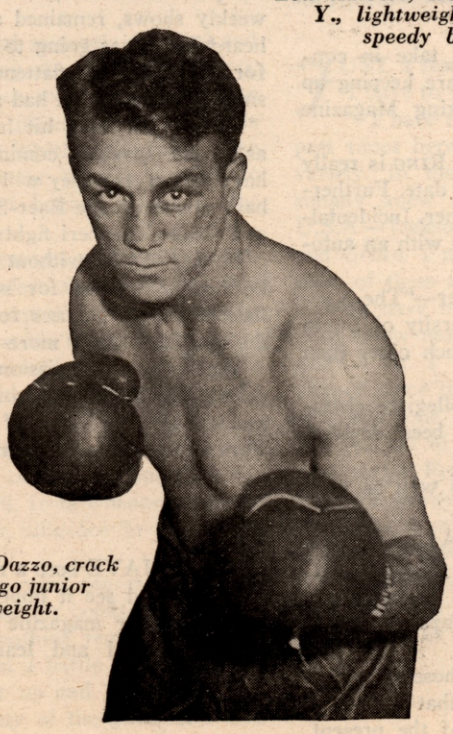
Lou Ambers, Herkimer, N. Y., lightweight, is a speedy boy.



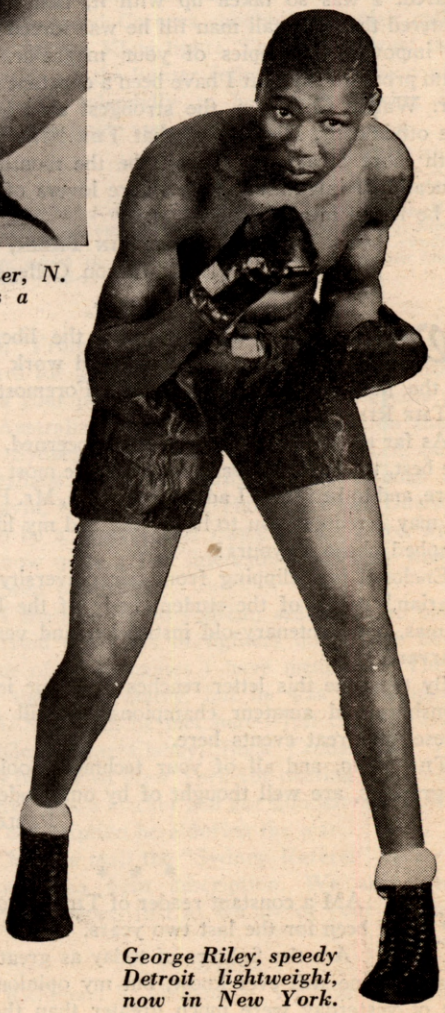
Frankie Wallace, Cleveland's great featherweight.



Jacquotte Elverillo, San Blas Indian, now living in Chicago.



Paul Dazzo, crack Chicago junior lightweight.



George Riley, speedy Detroit lightweight, now in New York.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE first heavyweight championship ever staged in Italy took place when Primo Carnera successfully defended his crown against Paulino Uzcudun. Carnera had little trouble. He won all the way but failed to show that he carries a K.O. blow. Another championship, in the middleweight class, took place when Marcel Thil retained his title against the attack of Kid Tunero, who had previously scored a decision over him. Dom McCorkindale, star British boxer, made his debut in the United States an eventful one by winning over Patsy Perroni in Madison Square Garden. Tommy Loughran redeemed himself at the expense of Jack Sharkey, winning the verdict at the end of fifteen rounds. Billy Petrolle banging out a decision over Sammy Fuller, and Tony Falco winning from Jackie Kid Berg were about the most important happenings of the month.

Beginning with activity in the heavyweight class, the Carnera-Uzcudun titular match took precedence over all other events. Loughran's victory over Sharkey ranks as second in importance with McCorkindale's triumph over Perroni following. Lee Ramage scored over Unknown Winston and Hans Birkie. Birkie whipped Les Kennedy and Charley Retzlaff. Steve Hamas kayoed Benny Miller in four rounds. Obie Walker defeated George Godfrey and disposed of Salvatore Ruggirello in four sessions.

Art Lasky scored knockouts over Tommy Souza in four rounds and Walt Wallis in three. Otto Von Porat won over Hans Schonrath. Pierre Charles disposed of Reggie Meen in the fifth. Red Barry whipped Frankie Simms, Natie Brown and drew Charley Belanger. Belanger was beaten by Buck Everett who also drew with Tony Cancela.

Al Ettore scored over Joe Doctor. Abite Feldman kayoed Mickey Taylor in four rounds and went six rounds with Jimmy Braddock, which was declared no contest. Tiger Jack Fox defeated Cecil Myott and kayoed Ed Prante in one round. Dick Daniels whipped Eddie Simms. Eddie Houghton disposed of Al Whit.. five rounds. Harold Mays won over Raul Bianchi and Arthur Huttick defeated Armando Di Carlis. Baxter Calmes stopped Jack Van Noy in seven rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom, leader of the light-heavyweight brigade, whipped Rosy Rosales and drew with Clyde Chastain. Chastain scored over Carl Knowles. Joe Knight kayoed Bob Godwin in five rounds. Tony Shucco disposed of Soldier Garfield in three sessions. Bob Olin trimmed Unknown Winston. Fred Lenhart disposed of Frank Van Hee in five rounds.

Lew Scozza whipped Charley Belanger and lost to Harry English. Al Gainer won from Battling Bozo. Billy Donahue whipped Tony Poloni. Peter Georgi kayoed Gordon Fortenberry in two rounds. Johnny Pilc split two decisions with Billy Ketchell and defeated Vincent Forgione. Roy Williams whipped Rosy Kid Baker. Trader Horn scored over Roscoe Manning. Popper Stopper disposed of Wally Sears in three rounds.

Among the middleweights, Thil retained his crown with Kid Tunero as his opponent. Gorilla Jones whipped Mike Payan and kayoed Lou Bertman in two rounds. Dave Shade scored over Jack Gibbs. Sammy Slaughter kayoed Freddy Heinz in three rounds, whipped Allen Matthews and lost to Alabama Kid. Henry Firpo drew and whipped Rosy Kid Baker. Frank Battaglia kayoed Al Schaaf in the first round. Al Rossi scored over Eddie Moore and Steve Carr. Vearl Whitehead defeated Wesley Ketchell. Jack Kilbourne disposed of Eric Lawson in the first round. Len Harvey kayoed Carmelo Candel in five rounds.

Jock McAvoy finished Archie Sexton in ten heats. Vittorio Livan won over Mickey Bishop. Paul Pirrone scored a kayo over Carl Montebano in eight sessions. Frank Fullam won from Frankie O'Brien. Jimmy Smith whipped Andy Di Vodi and Vincent Sereci defeated Millio Millitti.

In the welterweight division, it is believed that Jackie Fields has generally quitted the ring and McLarnin is practically retired so the field is open for competition. Billy Petrolle stepped out with a victory over Sammy Fuller. Tony Herrera won over Wesley Ramey. Jackie Davis, a newcomer from Cleveland, won from Eduardo Duarry and Sammy Mandell. Baby Joe Gans kayoed Jackie Purvis in six rounds and whipped Andy Callahan. Jimmy Leto stopped Steve Haliako in seven rounds.

Paulie Walker defeated Tony Curro. Cerefino Garcia kayoed King Tut in seven rounds. Billy Hogan kayoed Eddie Shapiro in two rounds and drew with Murray Brandt. Joey Goodman whipped Herman Perlick. Babe Marino kayoed Eddie Ran in six and Ralph Chong in nine rounds. Sammy O'Dell disposed of Jimmy Hill in one round. Ray Kiser whipped Lope Tenorio but was beaten by Eddie Flynn. Petey Gulotta defeated Ray Napolitano. Freddy Steele whipped Pete Mike. Johnny O'Keefe won from Six Second Powell.

Young Peter Jackson takes ranking position among the active lightweights with his decision over Kid Moro and one-round kayo over Johnny Datto. Wesley Ramey scored over Jackie Davis and Dick Sisk. Lew Massey whipped Tony Herrera. Benny Bass defeated Stumpy Jacobs. Eddie Cool won from Harry Dublinsky and Buster Brown. Jackie Kid Berg kayoed Harry Kid Wallace in four rounds but was beaten by Tony Falco. Joe Ghnouly kayoed Al Foreman in eight rounds and whipped Roger Bernard. Bernard drew with Paul Junior. Lew Ambers scored over Johnny Gaito, Phil Rafferty and Stanley Kranenberg.

Cocoa Kid disposed of Victor Lotti in three rounds. Cecil Payne defeated Lou Terry and stopped Midget Mike O'Dowd in seven rounds. Johnny Jadick scored over Stumpy Jacobs. Jack Portney disposed of Carmen Roman in six rounds. Paris Apice whipped Frankie Carlton. Cleto Locatelli defeated Francois Sybille for the European lightweight title.

Joey Ferrando won from Harry Carlton and stopped Herman Perlick in six rounds. Chino Alvarez whipped Johnny Cook. Jimmy Vaughn kayoed Battling Gizzy in seven rounds. Young Firpo won over Pete Nebo. Tod Morgan drew with Nel Tarleton. Al Ciullo drew with Benny Britt. Ray Meyers defeated Meyer Rowan. Harold Stewart drew with Albert Ladou.

Kid Chocolate, leading the feathers, stopped Nick Bensa in ten rounds. Frankie Wallace defeated Freddy Miller, while Miller scored over Jackie Sharkey. George Hansford defeated Johnny Pena. Jerry Mazza scored over Patsy La Rocco but was beaten by Lew Feldman. Petey Sarron whipped Eddie Burl and Mickey Genaro. Frankie Covelli drew with Albert Ladou and whipped Al Roth and Varias Milling. Milling whipped Johnny Mitchell and Petey Hayes. Roth whipped Pete De Grasse, while Peter whipped Lew Fox.

Eddie Shea whipped Bobby Pacho and kayoed Chalky Wright in one round and Frankie Arregon in three. Tommy Paul won from Joe Pince. Maurice Holtzer scored over Charley Sauvage. Bushy Graham whipped Pedro Lorenzo. Paul Dazzo stopped Sammy Levine in five rounds. Tommy Rogers kayoed Salmas in two rounds but was beaten by Vittorio Tamagnini.

Bantamweight Champion Al Brown defeated Georges Leperson. Speedy Dado whipped Billy McLeod and Young Tommy. Tommy won over Gene Bianco and Johnny Yasui. Bobby Leitham whipped Midget Wolgast but was beaten by Pete Sanstol. Babe Triscaro kayoed Mike Louisazza in two rounds. Ernie Maurer defeated Frankie Genaro and Orville Drouillard. Gene Esponoza kayoed Baby Palmore in three rounds. Mose Butch disposed of Pee Wee Weghorn in four rounds.

In the flyweight division, Mickey McGuire kayoed Teddy Rollins in seven rounds. Jackie Brown scored over Jimmy Knowles. Maurice Huguenin whipped Pedrito Ruiz. Bert Kirby defeated Fred Bebbington.

The eight leading prospects of the month are:
Flyweight — Greggie Greggerson, Montreal, Canada.
Bantamweight—Young Rightmeier, Sioux City, Iowa.
Featherweight—Frankie Minerva, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Lightweight — Harold Stewart, Montreal, Canada.
Welterweight—Izzy Raines, Baltimore, Md.
Middleweight—Charley Weisse, New York City.
Light-Heavyweight—Harold Anderson, Flint, Mich.
Heavyweight—Fred Feary, Stockton, Calif.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER

These are my ratings for the month ending October 24:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Primo Carnera	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jimmy McLarnin
1—Max Baer	John Henry Lewis	Lou Brouillard	Billy Petrolle
2—King Levinsky	Joe Knight	Teddy Yarosz	Bep Van Klaveren
3—Tommy Loughran	Tony Shucco	Gorilla Jones	Baby Joe Gans
4—Johnny Risko	Bob Godwin	Vince Dundee	Eddie Kid Wolfe
5—Dom McCorkindale	Bob Olin	Dave Shade	Kid Azteca
6—Patsy Perroni	Fred Lenhart	Ben Jeby	Jimmy Leto
7—Max Schmeling	Clyde Chastain	Young Terry	Tony Herrera
8—Jack Sharkey	Harry English	Kid Tunero	Paulie Walker
9—Paulino Uzcudun	Al Gainer	Vearl Whitehead	Jackie Davis
10—Lee Ramage	Lew Scozza	Henry Firpo	Cerefino Garcia

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Barney Ross	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Tony Canzoneri	Seaman Watson	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Young Peter Jackson	Frankie Wallace	Young Casanova	Ginger Foran
3—Lew Massey	Freddy Miller	Pete Sanstol	Mickey McGuire
4—Wesley Ramey	Jackie Wilson	Young Tommy	Jackie Brown
5—Sammy Fuller	George Hansford	Joe Tei Ken	Valentin Angelmann
6—Benny Bass	Lew Feldman	Little Pancho	Maurice Huguenin
7—Steve Haliako	Petey Sarron	Bobby Leitham	Bert Kirby
8—Frankie Klick	Eddie Shea	Gene Espinoza	Lucien Popesco
9—Eddie Cool	Baby Arizmendi	Babe Triscaro	Praxille Gyde
10—Joe Ghnouly	Johnny Pena	Lew Farber	Percy Dexter

Gus Sonnenberg

(Continued from page 25)

IN the meantime, the ex-Mrs. Gus Sonnenberg (the very, *very* beautiful Judith Allen) goes on her way to stardom. She has her whole life ahead of her . . . . screen success, a fortune, probably several more husbands. The Flying Dutchman is definitely washed up, even though he does keep alive beyond the six months' span he says the doctors have allotted him. Certainly, his career is behind . . . . most of the money he earned has been spent . . . . and he is a very depressed young man, who is still in his thirties.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

RECENT events have reached the point where boxing is beginning to be taken seriously again and the outlook for improvement is bright. It is only a question of time before boxing regains its former hold on the public.

The Carnera-Uzcudun heavyweight championship affair staged in Italy, while not considered seriously in the United States, was a gigantic affair in Europe. It attracted sixty-five thousand spectators. This was the first heavyweight championship bout ever staged in Italy and the first one in Europe since that twenty-round bout between Jack Johnson and Frank Moran in Paris some years ago.

Jack Sharkey's sudden activity, since the Carnera disaster, was far from successful. His defeats at the hands of Levinsky and Loughran have not dimmed his spirits, however, and he wants to continue his fighting career. His somewhat belated display of ambition has the fans puzzled. It is odd that Sharkey, who has always shown a dislike for the boxing environment, is so eager to continue now, especially when he is through.

Levinsky, wild, swinging, crude workman, whipped Sharkey through sheer strength and determined aggressiveness. He floored Sharkey and refused to be cowed by the Bostonian. Loughran's victory was earned through his boxing skill. His lone ambition was to get a return match with the person who stopped his heavyweight rise, when Loughran was really a formidable figure in boxing. Now, on the down grade and endowed with very little of his former ability, Loughran came through with a remarkable display and we have nothing but admiration for his supreme courage.

This leaves the heavyweight situation with wonderful prospects for the rise of a young, unheralded heavyweight. Patsy Perroni, who looked great against Gastanaga, lost considerable prestige in being whipped by Don McCorkindale, far inferior to him in fistic ability, but most courageous. Perroni has an ambition to emulate Maxey Rosenbloom's recklessness. He dislikes training and suffered accordingly. Lee Ramage, young Californian, is reputed to have some class but hasn't shown his wares in a New York ring.

Ray Impellitiere has displayed plenty of energy in challenging Carnera and Baer but has done nothing to merit his claims. Obie Walker, negro contender, making his home in Philadelphia, is said to be a crackerjack fighter and proved his ability by giving George Godfrey a pasting, but it is unlikely that he will make much progress due to his color.

Charley Massare, young Pittsburgher, is catching the eye of critics but his low poundage is a handicap to his heavyweight aspirations. Charley scales a few pounds over the light-heavyweight limit, but has done exceedingly well against all sorts of opposition and there is a possibility that he will surpass that obstacle.

The presence of Walter Neusel, German heavyweight, who renounced his country, because of the Nazi edict against all Jewish managers, lends interest to the quest for a good heavyweight. Neusel has a good European record and all good sportsmen are rooting for this youngster who chose such a fearless step and declared himself in such bold fashion.

With boxing still drawing small houses and little enough attractions around, it behooves the leaders in every division to step out and show some activity. They would lend interest and champions can always be depended upon to attract more than a fair crowd.

Jimmy McLarnin has hurt boxing a great deal with his delinquent tactics since winning the welterweight title. It would be better had he retired altogether than to hold his title in storage and deprive others with less ability but with a better sense of gratitude in fighting for the vacated throne. There are few enough first-class welterweight contenders around, but the lure of an empty title might incite them to exceptional efforts.

Maybe McLarnin is not to blame altogether, but his manager, Pop Foster, who is looking for exorbitant guarantees in every appearance. McLarnin and Foster made a fortune in boxing and they should show signs of gratitude to the boxing game by stepping out and taking on a few worthwhile contenders at a time when boxing needs them. Jimmy happens to be one of the outstanding magnets in the country when it comes to drawing power, and his appearance is always good for a capacity turnout regardless of where he appears. If the promoters don't get a break soon, there will be no promoters left.

Local followers of small club activities were given stimulus when Jackie Kid Berg and Tony Falco mixed it at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn and turned away hundreds of people and Billy Petrolle banged out a victory over Sammy Fuller at the Ridgewood Grove which also drew a swell house—Both matches were supported by an excellent program, which featured the cream of youngsters and no mistake was made, judging by the enthusiastic response accorded them. Falco was on the short end of a six-to-one shot, but surprised every one by outboxing Jackie and scoring the cleaner blows—Berg was still there with his indomitable courage and perseverance in attack but the spark was missing and that quality was an important factor in all of Jackie's conquests in the past—Lew Feldman outpointed Jerry Mazza in the eight-round semi-final—Varias Milling outslugged Petey Hayes in another eight-round scorcher—Al Cuillo drew with Benny Britt in six rounds, while Julie Katz defeated Dominick Nicco in the four-round opener.

The Petrolle-Fuller battle was a bitter ten-round fray, with Petrolle winning after an exceedingly tough battle—Billy scored knockdowns in the second and seventh sessions, but in spite of the knockdowns was in danger himself until the last second—Fuller hurt Petrolle on several occasions but his attacks were infrequent and were only prompted when Billy shook him up—If Fuller had carried the fight throughout the three minutes like he did in his occasional spurts he would have won easily—Sammy's best round was the last when he hurt Petrolle with a vicious left and right on the chin just before the bell rang—It was a thrilling scrap and the management deserved a better fate in the gate receipts—Frankie Covelli outscored Al Roth in the six-round semi-final—Jimmy Martin drew with Harry Bauman in a hot scrap—Billy Gardner kayoed Sammy Soverio in the third round and Frankie Genovese stopped Mickey Carrello in the fourth period.

Billy Donahue, who left New York several months ago to try his luck on the Coast, seems to be doing more than passably well—In his last start he banged out a victory over Tony Poloni, which is quite an achievement—Willie Newman, who was converted into a manager by Donahue, is highly enthused over the potential possibilities of Donahue—Marty Lehrer wishes to be quoted as saying that Julie Katz, former New York State amateur champion, is certain to reach championship heights—Katz is still undefeated since turning professional—Allie Frank is handling Obie Walker, latest negro sensation from Philly—Joe Zodda, hard-hitting lightweight, is rapidly advancing under the direction of Georgie Sheppard—Murray Waxman bubbles over with enthusiasm every time Al Cuillo's name is mentioned—Cuillo is that dangerous, hard-hitting Brooklyn southpaw that the boys are studiously avoiding.

Don McCorkindale celebrated his American debut in Madison Square Garden by winning the decision over Patsy Perroni in the feature ten-round tussle—It was a hard fight with neither showing top-notch form—Perroni looked miserable compared to his showing with Gastanaga a few months previous. McCorkindale may never reach the heights, but he is by far the best heavyweight sent here in years by England. He is courageous and aggressive!

Bob Olin, fighting the best fight of his career, outfought Unknown Winston in a stirring battle of six rounds in the semi-windup—Olin has been coming along during the past few months and is bound to get somewhere if he continues the good work—Benny Levine scored a big upset when he flattened Alfred Gaona in the second round — Frank Fullman defeated Frankie O'Brien—Trader Horn scored over Roscoe Manning and Al Ettore trounced Joe Doctor in the remainder of the card.

The St. Nicholas Rink, the best club in the Metropolitan district, aside from the Garden, still remains untenanted—There is some difficulty in arranging a proper lease for the building because it is in the hands of receivers and plenty of valuable time is being wasted—The Garden was devoted to the Rodeo for twenty days and the St. Nicks could have staged three profitable shows during that time, but those are breaks that cannot be helped—The Coliseum still remains dark, although it is expected to stage the New York American Christmas Fund show there this year in preference to the Garden—Lew Diamond is set for the winter season as the matchmaker for the West Palm Beach club in Florida—Mickey Phillips, Washington, D. C., featherweight, is around New York trying his luck as a pugilist and as an embryo cartoonist.

JUMBLED GEMS—Maxey Rosenbloom is escorting Peggy Hopkins Joyce to various night spots—Sidney Roth is now managing Charley Massare, Pittsburgh heavyweight—His first move was officially to challenge Ray Impellitiere, who seems to be challenging every one else—Tony Canzoneri has shifted his training headquarters to Stillman's Gymnasium and has dispensed with the services of Lew Fink as trainer, with Doc Rob supplanting him—Judging by the actions of the Madison Square Garden officials, Jimmy Johnston will remain as matchmaker of the Garden as long as the boys in the boxing game show their dislike for him—There is stubbornness displayed on both sides of the fence, and it's a cinch that only boxing will suffer by the wrangling—Steve Hamas' four-round knockout victory over Benny Miller on the Coast was a surprise there, as Miller was accounted a sure winner and was a big favorite in the betting.

The New York State Athletic Commission seems to be following the wrong policy in regard to the boxers and their managers—The board is creating so many new rules that its members cannot keep track of them themselves and often they contradict their own rulings—The rules state that a boxer is allowed two seconds and a manager in the corner, yet, in Brooklyn, a deputy commissioner forbids the use of the third man and only allows two men in the corner—This keeps one man idle, where he would have been otherwise occupied, and it also enhances the danger of the fighter in case of an injury sustained during the fight—Benefit shows are often staged when it favors a particular party and, if it results disastrously in the gate receipts, the fighter is often compelled to take cuts and occasionally the entire show is called off.

Lew Raymond is back again in Pittsburgh, after making an unsuccessful go of promoting in Detroit—Ed Bang and Eddie Mead are working together, trying to arrange the annual Christmas fund show for the Cleveland *News*—Mead came to New York recently to make connections for Canzoneri, Chocolate and Berg to meet three different opponents—Bill Miller is handling Billy Wallace on the Coast—Eddie Kid Wolfe has fully recovered from his fractured jaw ailment and is back in action again—Young Terry's victory over Teddy Yarosz was quite a surprise—The two upsets in the middleweight division were stunning ones.

Midget Wolgast started off on the right track when he whipped Jackie Brown in his first European trial—Wolgast beat the outstanding British flyweight and it is expected that the road will be much smoother for him in the future—He is contracted for two more bouts—It's too bad that Jack Hurley cannot patch up his differences with the Garden people—Boxing is in tough enough circumstances now without petty bickering and, for the good of the sport, Hurley should allow Billy Petrolle to enter the portals of the Garden in the role of gladiator—Vince Dundee turned in one of those astounding upsets when he banged out a decisive victory over Lou Brouillard in Boston—It was a defeat expected by very few persons.

A favorite night spot for patrons of the sporting world is the Vanity Fair—The place is controlled by Benny Clinton, who was in the boxing profession as a boxer and manager, and is playing to capacity crowds—Ben Blue, a favorite on both sides of the continent, is starred with a galaxy of assistants, commonly known as "Stooges."

IN AND NEAR CHICAGO

By FRANK MAESTRO

SIXTY-ONE professional boxing shows in Chicago this summer attracted approximately 101,900 fans, a check has revealed. Gross receipts were estimated at $140,700.

Forty-eight of the cards were presented outdoors and thirteen indoors. Of the indoor shows twelve were offered at the Rainbow Fronton. The other was at the Chicago Stadium. Eight promoters staged the outdoor programs.

The receipts at the lightweight title bout between Barney Ross and Tony Canzoneri at the Stadium, which amounted to $46,000, came within $10,000 of equaling the major outdoor show at White Sox park, September 18, when King Levinsky beat Jack Sharkey before 21,000.

Amateur boxing in the territory controlled by the Central A. A. U.—There has been such a sharp decline in the number of clubs promoting the sport and so few applications for boxers' cards that many are inquiring where we will find material for 1934 competition. This department believes that the present situation is healthy for amateur boxing. When amateur boxing is strictly amateur, it is limited almost entirely to tournament competition. Chicago obviously will be at a disadvantage in bouts with New York unless officials of the Metropolitan A. A. U. are as energetic as Central A. A. U. officials in their efforts to weed out the semi-pros.

The Illinois athletic commission has signed a working agreement with the New York commission. The elasticity of the pact is what appealed to Chairman Joe Triner and his co-workers, Packey McFarland and George Getz.

The code allows both commissions to continue under the same rules as at present. Under the agreement New York and Illinois will recognize each other's dictums if they believe they are reasonable. The major points in the agreement follow:

1—Each state will conduct its affairs under rules and regulations as laid down by its government.

2—There shall be mutual recognition of fines, suspensions or other penalties inflicted by either commission. Each, however, reserves the right to review the dictums.

3—There shall be mutual recognition of contracts between managers or boxers and promoters filed with either commission.

4—The terms of the agreement are binding so far as they are not inconsistent with the laws of the state.

5—Either party may withdraw from the terms and conditions set forth by giving thirty days' notice to the other.

Nat Fleischer, editor of THE RING, world's foremost boxing publication, has added another interesting and illuminating book to his large library on boxing. It is entitled "How to Referee and How to Judge a Fight." The data submitted in this book is invaluable, not only to officials of bouts, but to fans who are seeking enlightenment on the subject. It can be obtained by writing Nat Fleischer at Madison Square Garden Arcade, New York.

The 1933 Grill, 24 South Dearborn Street, appears to be the loop headquarters for those associated with boxing. Sammy Wolff, promoter; Jack Root, former boxer; Pete Reilly, Paul Dazzo and a host of others are generally seen in the grill. After the Levinsky-Sharkey battle a big dinner was given at the grill and scores of celebrities attended.

Battling Bozo, Birmingham, Ala., heavyweight, was born Vincent Hambright . . . . Frank Misko, Saginaw, Mich., middleweight, was to make his Chicago debut against Johnny Long. . . . Gorilla Jones, George Manley and Sammy O'Dell are to leave California for a tour of Australia in November . . . . Mique Malloy has been appointed boxing promoter at the Arcadia sports center. John Krone will offer wrestling there.

Barney Ross, lightweight and junior welterweight champion, with ten days of rest in the northern woods of Wisconsin, is to make his appearance in November against Davey Abad at Houston, Tex. . . . Mike Kreevich, Indiana Harbor, Ind., featherweight, has resumed boxing after a layoff of three months due to an injured hand. . . . Billy Celebron, former National A. A. U. welterweight title holder, has placed himself under the management of Hugh Shannon of Buffalo, N. Y.

Freddy Caserio, Chicago Tribune Golden Gloves middleweight king, has opened The Ringside Tavern, 1904 South Wabash Avenue. . . . Dick Mastro is the father of a six-pound baby daughter named Aubrey. . . . Mrs. Charles Danca, nee Alba Mastro, gave birth to a son weighing nine pounds and two ounces.

Chicago readers of THE RING, world's foremost boxing and wrestling publication, can obtain their copy from Frank Mastro at Kid Howard's and Trafton's gymnasiums, radio station WEDC, 3860 Ogden Avenue, or at The Chicago Tribune.

The Coliseum athletic club's license expired November 16. . . . The management contract of Bud Saltis, North Side middleweight, and Charley Cutler, former heavyweight wrestling title holder, has been broken by mutual consent. . . . Young Walker, South Side welterweight, was to post a $100 challenge check with the state boxing commission for a match with Johnny Phagan, Solly Dukelsky or Laddie Tonelli. . . . Al Smith, Evanston, was given an announcer's license. John Reynold, Marion, Ill., was granted a referee's license. . . . Lupe Zarato, McAllen, Tex., featherweight wrestler, who is armless, has been refused a permit to perform in Illinois.

Letters from Our Readers:

Dear Frank: In my first year of coaching boxers at St. Philip High School our team finished the season without a defeat in thirteen meets. Boxers from Northwestern University are among our victims. I also coach the boxing team at Our Lady of Sorrows Church.—JIM BIDWILL.

Dear Frank: I am now a member of the staff at the studios of Paramount pictures at Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Ernst Lubitsch, our ace director, is grooming me for a position as assistant director. Joe Glick, Leo Williams, Mushy Callahan are other boxers who are employed at Paramount. I'm taking my work seriously as I aim to reach the top as quickly as possible.

You have been receiving lots of recognition in California through your articles in THE RING, *The Chicago Tribune* and over radio station WEDC.

I'm writing this at one o'clock in the morning and it's gratifying to know that I don't have to arise early and do roadwork for an impending bout. As ever, your brother, EARL.

Mr. Maestro: Were Tuffy Griffiths and Jack Roper stablemates when they met at White City on Memorial Day, 1932? Did Tuffy knock out Roper on the square? Kindly rate the following: Phagan, Dukelsky, Weinert, Kilbourne, Harris, Cancela, Marriner, Brawner, Ketter, Young Walker. What nationality is Stanley Pinta? What is his age? Is he rated a first-class wrestler?

Ans.—Griffiths and Roper were not stablemates when they met. The knockout of Roper was O. K. Dukelsky, Phagan, Walker and Weinert are rated in this order. Kilbourne may be considered a middleweight trial horse. Harris has boxed topnotchers, but Cancela probably has more ability. Marriner has retired indefinitely. Brawner and Ketter are preliminary heavyweights. Pinta, who is Bohemian, is about thirty-six years old. He is a topnotch wrestler.

Frank Mayo, sixty-five years old, who died at a state institution at Dunning, is said to have fought Jim Jeffries. . . . . Art Laskey, Minneapolis, Minn., heavyweight, is serving as a double for Carnera in the movie featuring the champion and Max Baer. He is doing about two minutes daily and he receives $45 for it. He takes a few knockdowns. So does Baer's double. Jack Dempsey, referee, calls the bout a draw. Baer and Carnera are only in the closeups. . . . Davey Miller, former Chicago referee, has become a resident of Glendale, Cal., where he owns a Spanish type bungalow.

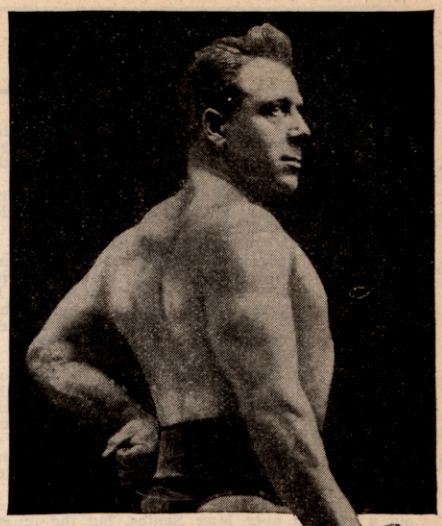
DO YOU KNOW THAT—Barney Ross donated $500 to a Jewish orphanage in Chicago after his successful lightweight title defense against Tony Canzoneri? . . . . Frankie Boyle, former lightweight boxer, who is an employee at Kid Howard's Patent Leather Kid club at 116 Madison Street, underwent a nasal operation at the county hospital? . . . . Johnny Buckley and Al Lacey, manager, and trainer, respectively, of Jack Sharkey, haven't spoken to each other in three years?

Nick Scalba, in town with his hand in a cast, will be out of action for several more months? . . . . Bryan Downey, former Cleveland, O., middleweight, and Jack Robinson, local heavyweight, whom he manages, engaged in an impromptu melee at Trafton's gymnasium recently? . . . . Matty Matthews, Kenosha, Wis., light-heavyweight, has returned to the ring after a year's layoff due to injuries received in an automobile accident? . . . . An Illinois athletic commission physician had refused to allow Harry Booker to box Johnny Fitzpatrick at Midway arena, but later his decision was overruled by Dr. Frank La Gorio, chief physician, and Booker defeated Fitzpatrick in six rounds?

Laddie Tonelli won his twenty-second straight victory after six close rounds with Solly Dukelsky at Western stadium. . . . . Lou Novarro, Cuban lightweight, has placed himself under the management of Leo Tadych of Chicago.

Dr. Frank La Gorio . . . . head physician at the Illinois athletic commission, is a brother-in-law of Joe Triner, chairman of the commission.

Sol Katz received $500 from Promoter Sammy Wolff for his good job of handling the tickets at the King Levinsky-Jack Sharkey fight at White Sox park. . . . The original Levinsky, who fought as Battling Levinsky fifteen years ago, was born Barney Williams. Like the present King Levinsky, the former light-heavyweight champion is American with Jewish descent. In his last bout recorded Battling Levinsky lost a ten-round decision to Gene Tunney at New York on January 13, 1922.



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PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS!
By CONRADO MATA

CUNNING NENE, Cuyugan's pet bantam, is at last the bantamweight champion of the Orient! After campaigning for several years for the crown, Nene whipped Jose Villanueva, the champion.

Speed Cabanela, Iloilo flash, repeated his stunt by trouncing Rush Medina in an eight-rounder at the Villanueva-Nene go.

Joe Eagle, 126, gave Joe Grande, Cavite, a neat beating in ten in the first of the elimination series for the feather title as conducted by the M. B. Club. Later, in the second round of the tournament, Young Tarley, Vic Castro's able feather, shaded Johnny Gabuco.

Rush Binoy, featherweight, dubbed by this correspondent as the most promising fighter of the month, lived up to expectations by scoring a win over Joe Eagle and a draw with Johnny Gabuco.

OTHER FIGHT RESULTS—Con Cordero kayoed Kid Arca in three. Little Abayan bested Angel Dano in eight. Syd Torres was handed a beating by Rush Mente. Mariano Adriano banged out a decision over Max Santos, but the judges saw otherwise and declared it a draw. Rush Binoy won over Joe Eagle and drew with Johnny Gabuco. Young Tarley scored over Johnny Custodio. Young Frisco rocked Kid Union to sleep in three.

Rep. Magsalin of Rizal has introduced a bill at the House of Representatives amending the existing boxing law whereby any person or club can hold bouts twice a week and at dates to be chosen by them. The bill has all the earmarks of being approved by both Houses, and with a Governor General who is an ardent boxing fan, at the helm, it is as good as signed.

The P. A. A. F. is busy holding tryouts with a view to discovering the materials for the Far Eastern Olympic Boxing team. Japan has a host of mittmen from which to choose, while Indo-China counts with a galaxy of future greats. The games will be held in Manila next May.

ODDS AND ODDITIES—Pedro G. Hernandez is now the new sports editor of *The Tribune*, while Dr. Anacleto Benavides, former occupant of the chair, was promoted to the provincial news section. . . . M. Ramirez of the *La Vanguardia* in turn was made head of the city news section of the same, with R. V. De Gusman heading the ad department of the *El Tiempo*, making it a great day for the local sports editors. . . . Jose Villanueva is the greatest amateur to bob up in the Philippines. . . . Cunning Nene's war tag was given to him by Mrs. P. Arenas.

STATE OF WASHINGTON
By JACK NEVILLE

THE Seattle Amateur Boxing Association, Inc., has taken over the Western Arena in Seattle and will promote seven amateur bouts each Friday night. The club operates under an A.A.U. charter. Jack Neville, former state boxing and wrestling referee, has taken over the matchmaking and directing of the new club.

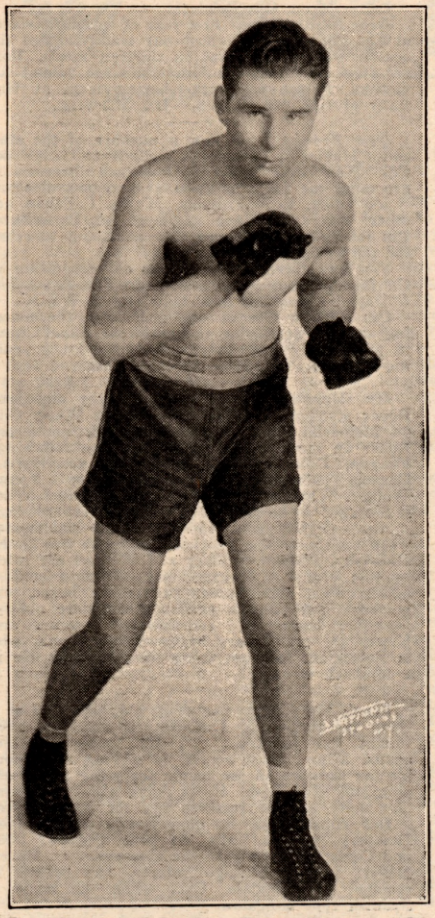
Seattle Henry Woods defeated Joe Guerrerro, Los Angeles lightweight, in ten rounds. Bobby Gray beat Joe Ponce in four rounds out of six, but received only a draw.

Boxing and wrestling, now that the fall season is under way, have shown a decided improvement throughout this state. Major cards in Seattle and Tacoma are now under way, weekly in Seattle at the crystal pool and semi-monthly in Tacoma, with Spokane going two or three shows a month.

August Sepp, local light-heavyweight wrestler, who has been promoting wrestling under the head of the Western Arena in Seattle, found his club too small to handle the crowds and opened in the crystal pool in Seattle Wednesday night, October 19, with Howard Cantonwine meeting Harry Kent, former wrestling champ from Oregon State University.

George Shanklin, matchmaker for the Eagles in Tacoma, opened the season in that city with Fred Lenhart stopping Frank Van Hee, big Seattle Belgian, in five rounds of the main event. Billy Gray kayoed Manuel Ponce, Los Angeles Mexican, also in five rounds of the semi wind-up.

In Seattle, Tommy Paul won a decision over Joe Ponce, Los Angeles, in ten rounds, on Lonnie Austin's card. Bobby Gray, Santa Jose feather,



Lee Ramage, Pacific Coast heavyweight, now doing good work in the East.

drew with Huerta Evans, Los Angeles, in eight cantos.

At Ely Caston's White Center Club, Benny Gallup, San Francisco bantam star, defeated Speedy Especeto, San Diego Mexican, in ten rounds.

At the Eagles of Tacoma, Freddie Steele, Northwest welterweight champion, won a ten-round call over Petie Mike, Brooklyn Pole. Billy Gray kayoed Young Battling Nelson, Walla Walla welter in five rounds.

Now that Washington has joined in legalizing boxing, it is up to the commission appointed by Governor Martin to begin their duties in the only way possible if the state bill is to be a success. The first spot in the state to begin on, and clean up, is the city of Seattle, the largest city in Washington, and a city where they could pack the fans in every show, providing the game is right.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By "GREEK" A. VAUGES

AUSTRALIA'S heavyweight champion, Ambrose Palmer, returned to the ring after a lapse of two months. In his first fight he knocked out Son Tealy in five rounds.

Bobby Delaney made good in stopping Englishman Ernie Roderick. Pat Craig drew with bantam champion Ern Evans.

Johnny Peters, in his second fight in Australia, outclassed Dal Costa, winning on T. K. O. in fifth round. Lew Edwards put up the fight of his career in winning from Johnny Peters.

The "Carnera of Australia," Pietro Spagnolla, copped after ten hard interesting rounds a point decision from Sam Courie. Johnny Freeman copped a points decision from Leo Bandias.

Harry Vaughan won on a foul from Alby Roberts, the aboriginal wonder. Bobby Blay, T. K. O.'d Bobby Delaney, former lightweight champion in the seventh round. In a supporting bout Alf Colman outpointed Cec Lanyon. Stan Lloyd copped a points decision from Scotty McGuiness.

Barney Kiesweter, South African welter, won on a foul from Johnny Burke.

In one of the best fights seen at the Stadium oval, Tarleton, of England, outpointed Jimmy Kelso, lightweight champion of Australia. Tarleton was declared the winner in the eighth round when he was fouled but, showing the stuff he was made of, continued to win on points.

In a supporting ten-rounder "Young" Eagle copped the decision from Joe Costa, four rounds. "Jim" Dundee outpointed "Kid" Briel.

Former champion Tod Morgan has arrived at last, his first opponent most likely will be Jimmy Kelso, Australian lightweight king.

Russ Critcher, former welterweight champion of Australia, dropped a points decision to "Billy" Wegus at the Fitzroy Stadium, Victoria. Englishman Johnny Peters in his third encounter in Australia, was outpointed by Billy McAnally at the Bohemia Stadium, Queensland.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of The Ring, published monthly at Springfield, Mass., for October 1, 1933

State of New York
County of New York
ss.

Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Nathaniel Fleischer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of The Ring Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and, if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Ring, Inc., Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. C.; Editor, Nathaniel Fleischer, Madison Square Garden Arcade, N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporate concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Ring, Inc., Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. and 49th St., N. Y. C.; Nathaniel Fleischer, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. and 49th St., N. Y. C.; Harold S. Fleischer, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. and 49th St., N. Y. C.; A. D. Phillips, Madison Square Garden Arcade, 8th Ave. and 49th St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: (If there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only).

NATHANIEL FLEISCHER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1933.

LAWRENCE F. DUNN,
Commission Expires March 30, 1934.
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"Quit Crying"

(Continued from page 39)

to get me to take a cut of a fight with Pal Moran. I declined the offer, but I never forgot that Dundee was one boxer who was willing to help.

I have often been asked what I think about the present-day fighters, compared to those of the days when I ran my clubs. Well, as in all fields, boxing has progressed. We have good and bad fighters today, just as we had in the old days but, on the whole, I think the lads of the present time are better boxers, though twenty-five years ago we had more thorough fighters.

I think highly of such men as Tony Canzoneri, whom I place among the great lightweights of the last quarter-century. I think we have had few fighters whose cleverness was superior to that of Tommy Loughran.

In Jimmy McLarnin and Billy Petrolle, I think we have fighters who can hit as hard for their weight as any I've ever seen. They must get a high rating.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

PETE SARRON had the better of Mickey Genaro in an interesting ten-round feature at the Twin City Arena, Laurel, Md. Genaro was willing, but Pete was just a little too speedy. Toney Lopez flattened Harry Kid Groves in three heats, and Joe Guzman bested Sammy Romano. Roy Manley won over Cowboy Grey, and Jack Wuigley took the nod over Sailor Leonard.

Roddy Davis took a terrific pasting at the hands of Maxie Koshover at Fort Washington, Md. Davis took his pasting like a man and received quite a hand for his game stand. Carey Wright drew with Pepper Young, and Bob Lowrey bested Soldier Clark in the sixes.

K. O. Burns stopped Henry Irving in the sixth round at Alexandria, Va., when the bout was stopped because of Irving's damaged eye. Bill Furr and Cowboy Grey boxed a six-round draw and Charlie Thompson and Pete Bevens also evened matters in the six-rounders.

Frankie Klick had the better of Toney Falco in the fast ten-rounder at Carlin's Park, Baltimore. Sylvan Bass took the measure of Andy Divodi in the eight-round semi-final. Pete Bevens defeated Charlie Thompson and Jimmy Tramberia was a winner over Harry Groves in six-rounders.

Maxie Koshover was far too good for Carey Wright in an eight-rounder at Fort Washington, Md. Bill Furr had the better of Roy Manley in a six-round semi-final.

Ray Bowen was far too good for Pepper Young and knocked out the Norfolk battler in four rounds at the Twin City Arena. Toney Lopez took a lacing at the hands of Mickey Genaro and Joe Guzman licked Jimmy Tramberia.

Billy Landers shaded Toney Lopez, Mickey Genaro beat Pepper Young, Joe Guzman won over Billy Grimes in six-rounders at Norfolk, Va.

Eddie Burl handed Benny Schwartz a lacing in ten rounds in the final show of the season at the Twin City Arena. Mickey Genaro and Ernie Ceaser boxed a six-round draw in the semi-final.

Pete Sarron got revenge over Eddie Burl at the opening show at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va., when he laced Burl soundly in a feature ten-rounder. Sarron failed to make weight for this encounter as he had in previous bouts with Burl, and entered the ring with all his strength, and handled Burl as he pleased. Roddy Davis beat Mickey Genaro in the eight-round semi-final.

PICKUPS—Frankie Mann is doing the match-making for the Day Nursery Society in Alexandria, Va., with Bill Moses, Washington sportsman, backing the enterprise . . . . Reds Barry, Washington heavyweight, was busy in other parts during the month, defeating Frankie Simms and drawing with Charley Belanger at Asheville, N. C. . . . . Marty Gallagher has definitely quit the boxing game and is now engaged in an enterprising beer business. Marty was Washington's best drawing card at one time . . . . Carey Wright lost his first pro bout in taking a pasting at the hands of Maxie Koshover recently . . . . New talent is sadly needed in this locality, and the fans have stopped paying to see the same boys in action . . . . The Burl-Sarron opening show at Portner's only drew around a grand, while their previous bout at Twin City doubled this figure . . . . Washington fans were surprised to hear of Joe Knight knocking out Bob Godwin recently in Florida, as the boys hooked up at the Twin City this past summer and Godwin was an easy winner. Both boys have spent considerable time around Washington and are great favorites in the Nation's Capital . . . . Charlie Cornell, matchmaker at the Twin City, is endeavoring to open an indoor club in Maryland on the outskirts of the District of Columbia.

IN SYRACUSE, N. Y.

By BILLY SHAW

JOE MORAN, Mickey Serrian and Pedro Lorenzo are the three best drawing cards in this city at the time. Moran has drawn the biggest houses, performing before a total of 7,500 persons in his two professional engagements. His draw with the seasoned Werner Wilsch and victory over Bucky Lawless have established Joe as a popular favorite.

Serrian, a Scranton, Pa., junior-welterweight, shows great promise. He defeated Sammy Mandell, former lightweight champion, and followed this up with a victory over the tough Baby Joe Thompson in an eight-round battle the following week.

Lorenzo, a Filipino who makes his home in Philadelphia, dropped a decision to Bushy Graham in a sizzling eight-round bout.

Joe Pennino, New York lightweight, lost to Eddie Dempsey in the six-round semi-final to the Moran-Lawless bout. This battle was a thriller.

Johnny Cashman, Springfield lightweight, scored technical knockouts over Connie Morris and Joey Kushner, but lost to Charlie Paduano, Lakewood, N. J., slugger. Morris suffered a deep cut over his left eye and the battle was stopped by Referee Jack Michaels.

Jack O'Dowd, Columbus heavyweight, outpointed Benny Odell of Orlando, Fla., and Baldwinsville, in a six-round scrap in which both were on the canvas several times. Matty Matheson, Buffalo, was given the decision over Nick Montano, Lakewood, N. J., in six.

Panama Fred Jenkins, fighting his first battle in New York State, slugged out a win over Nick Dorsey, hard-punching Binghamton middleweight. Kid Dyke, local light-heavyweight, continues on his knockout spree. The Kid flattened Joe Tinsley of New York in two and stopped Snowflake Wright of Buffalo in four.

SHORTS—The Arena continues to pack them in week after week. . . . Frankie Hayes, Philly welter, who is now making his home here, seeks a crack at Baby Joe Thompson. . . . Bob Moody, Boston negro, trains at Jack McCann's gym with Jack O'Dowd. . . . Irving Robbins who had Young Fisher on the Coast several years ago, is now operating the Ringside gym, a popular training spot for boxers in this section. . . . Joe McDermott, Baldwinsville pilot of boxers, has taken over Panama Fred Jenkins. . . . Rochester is soon to have pro boxing again. . . . Jackie Brady is now proprietor of a large Italian-American restaurant here. . . . Joey Brown, one of the most promising feathers in this locality, is hot after a Freddie Miller match. . . . Don McCorkindale, the South African heavyweight champion, is the guest of Ted Chetwin, local contractor and dog fancier. . . . Plans are under way for the revival of professional wrestling here and the shows may be staged in the Armory. . . . Joe Netro, manager of Bucky Lawless and Bushy Graham, has added two newcomers to his stable in Moe Lefkowitz and Mickey Cardone. . . . Len Porter and Jimmy Davis are fighting out of Syracuse. . . . Tony Lombardo, the Toledo welter, will make his home here . . . .

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A "K. O." That Cured Him

(Continued from page 17)

"Drive like h—!" gasped Jim. "The Brooklyn Hospital!"

Soon the machine stopped, and Jimmy moved with all speed to Room 19.

"Sh!" cautioned the nurse as Jim was about to enter. "Your friend is—"

"Is he dead already!" burst out Jimmy, without giving the nurse a chance to finish. He entered the room.

On one side of the bed sat Mabel, smiling sadly, and Jim looked at the white-faced, deathlike figure on the cot. He moved forward and placed the hand of his chum in his own, holding it, Jim believed for the last time.

"Hello, Jimmy." Patsey had spoken! Then he was not dead! Fervently, Jim thanked God.

"Patsey! Patsey!" he cried. "I didn't hit you hard. I didn't mean to."

"It's all right, Jim, I knew it'd be best. See, you've brought back my speech!"

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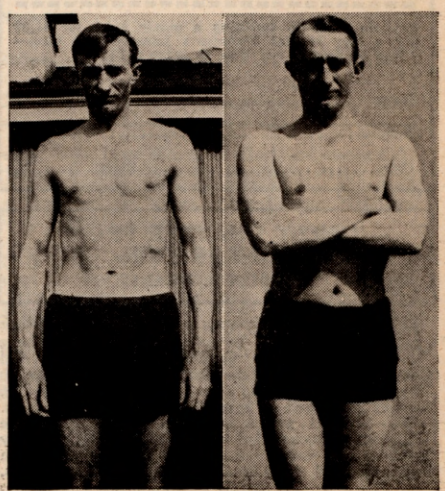

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

JEFF DICKSON has certainly got moving since opposition moved in on London in the shape of the old N. S. C. Dickson signed up Kid Chocolate and wired Midget Wolgast to come to Europe. With these fighters as the main attraction, he has arranged a series of attractive contests.

However, it was a bit of a shock just before Wolgast was scheduled to sail, to learn that Bobby Leitham had won over him in Montreal. Leitham had impressed us by his honest fighting capabilities, but we certainly did not think that he was in the same class as Wolgast. If this is the latter's true showing, then Jackie Brown and Ginger Foran must stand a great chance to lick him.

George Aitchinson, premier Scottish manager, has a classy light-heavyweight in Jim Winters of Glasgow. Winters turned in a great performance in knocking out Kid Scott, young heavyweight protege of Johnny Cuthbert, the lightweight champion.

Johnny Cuthbert himself met with a setback, when he met another of Aitchinson's proteges in Jake Kilrain of Scotland. Kilrain won every round. Cuthbert did not argue about the decision, but signed up immediately to meet Tony Butcher the next week, and won easily. Both these bouts took place at the Liverpool Stadium.

Previous to all these happenings, Ted Broadribb, who is Mr. Dickson's chief aide in London, announced that he was through with the Board and was going to run unlicensed boxing shows, particularly to give every possible chance to the youngsters.

Nat Fleischer's books on the various forms of the sport are the best I have ever read, particularly "How to Referee," and I recommend everyone in the boxing game to get it. The books should go well in England.

Valentin Anglemann, who was defeated by Jackie Brown at the "all-champions" program held at the Olympia in June, was given another chance to beat the world's flyweight champion. This time, the contest was at Manchester, the match being at 8 stones, 2 pounds, Brown thus safeguarding his title. He had, however, no fear of being defeated and he scored even more easily than when they first met.

Dick Corbett, the former bantamweight king, made good his promise to come back, when he defeated Len Beynon, the young Welshman, before a crowd of ten thousand at Swansea. Corbett thus earned the right to meet Johnny King, the holder of the 118 pounds title.

A feature of the summer season was the surprising comeback to the front rank of Dick Burke, the hard-hitting Liverpool featherweight. His latest triumphant run of success was started by a smashing win over the Italian knockout champion, Domencio Bernasconi. Burke followed this up by stopping Pat Cassidy in nine rounds and then took on the winner of the Northern open 126 pounds competition, Phineas John, and won the decision.

Two days after an offer had been received from Tommy Burns, the young Birkenhead heavyweight prospect, Norman Baines, was surprisingly knocked out by Frank Borrington in two stanzas at Leicester. Baines was the hero of nine consecutive wins inside the distance and was already heralded as a coming champ.

The arrival in England of two more colonial boxers is welcomed. One, Al Burke, the Australian middleweight, has won his only two contests. He beat Wal Disney in nine rounds and Tom Benjamin in five rounds.

Eddie Pierce, the other visitor, is from Johannesburg and wears the South African light-heavyweight crown. He stopped Len Johnson in eleven rounds in his first bout over here. Pierce can make 160 pounds.

One of the best matches of the season was thought to have been the light-heavyweight contest between Del Fontaine, the Canadian terror, and Seaman Rowles of the Royal Navy. This contest took place in the pouring rain in the open air at Wandsworth. Rowles suffered a badly cut eye during the fourth round, and the referee had no further option but to stop the fight.

Jim Learoyd, lightweight champion of the North, is on the slide. After defeating Pat Haley, he was well outpointed by Tommy Marren of Burnley.

Dave Crowley has moved up into the featherweight class. He signalized his entry to the ranks of the 126-pounders by knocking out the Welshman, Billy Hazel, in three rounds. A few days later, he stopped Billy Boulger in nine rounds. Both these bouts took place at The Ring, London, where Crowley is a big favorite.

Charlie Baxter of Birmingham, who has forced his way into the limelight despite his unorthodox style of fighting, had a peculiar experience when he was fighting Len Tiger Smith at Smethwick recently. During one of the middle rounds, the lights in the hall failed and the bout was postponed for twenty-three minutes. When the lights were repaired the men fought on and the verdict was a draw.

The latest heavyweight novice, who is described as a menace, is George Dower. He is a seventeen-year-old schoolboy champion, who has been bowling them over one after the other. He was discovered by Sam Russell, who is now a London matchmaker.

Dave Finn, Stepney featherweight, who greatly impressed Frank Jacobs, followed up his K. O. win over Len Andrews by drawing with Harry Daly. Finn was unlucky not to have gained the verdict and I am confident that we shall hear more about this lad in the future.

At Royton, Johnny King, the British Empire champion, scored a kayo over Sid Rose in six rounds.

Charlie MacDonald, the colored Sunderland middleweight, and Tommy Moore met for the third time in Barnsley, MacDonald winning the decision.

Willenhall, which gave us Tommy Rogers, has a pretty useful middleweight in Bert Layton, who scored a good win over Jerry Delaney.

Jackie Brown, world's flyweight champion, was fully extended by the Scottish bantamweight, Jimmy Knowles, at Edinburgh, but won on points.

Benny Sharkey, that fine little Newcastle Jewish featherweight, has been going strong again. His last two wins were over the African featherweight, Jimmy Phillips, and George Morgan.

GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

THE world championship middleweight fight between Marcel Thil, title holder, and Kid Tunero, of Cuba, was one of the best fights which has been staged in Paris for many years. Although the fight was won clearly by Thil, according to our scoring, his advantage was not a great one at the finish

The attendance was the greatest that has ever been seen at a boxing contest in the Palais des Sports. It was estimated that several thousand persons were unable to obtain admission. The streets which surround the Palais des Sports were almost impassable on foot or in auto after eight o'clock.

The fifteen-round scheduled boxing contest at the Salle Wagram, between Eric Seelig, the middleweight champion of Germany, and the Belgian champion, J. Etienne, terminated in the middle ot the fourteenth round, when the Belgian champion received a hard right to the chin which sent him down for the full count.

The German exile held the upper hand over the Belgian almost from the start until he put over the knockout in the fourteenth session. The battle, although one-sided, was hard-fought all through the rounds.

Prior to the main bout, the final of the middleweight belt competition was held between Prilleau and Caupron. After ten hard-fought rounds, the verdict went to Prilleau.

Promoter Jeff Dickson today submitted to the Italian Sports Federation a plan for the construction of a big sports palace in the vicinity of Flaminia road, on the outskirts of Rome.

The international wrestling contest at the Palais des Sports between the former world champion, Henri Deglane, of France, and the American navy champion, Sailor "Dreadnought" Arnold, was won in two straight falls by Deglane. The Frenchman showed superiority in wrestling skill, and in strength.

Dave Lumiansky, manager of Al Brown, was disqualified for life by the French Boxing Federation, for being unable to support his claim made that the French boxing referee, Rene Schemann, was a professional. In International Boxing Union competitions, for titles, the referee must be an amateur official.

Midget Wolgast is here under contract to Dickson for a series of three fights. The first will be in England, probably before this goes to press, against the tough Irish lad, Mickey McGuire.

This fall season and the coming 1934 season are going to be the biggest for promoter Jeff Dickson he has ever experienced. At the Salle Wagram, all except one entertainment, since the season's opening, have been complete sellouts. For the Thil-Tunero fight at the Palais des Sports over twenty thousand were jammed into the arena.

Maurice Griselle, the French heavyweight champion, lost a decision to the Italian Colonello, at the Central Sporting Club of Paris. The verdict was a most unpopular one.

Kid Chocolate's fights against Bensa, the French "feather," both in Spain and Paris, did not show him as being very impressive. Before slipping away from France, he had been signed up to meet Eugene Huat, in a bout to be held in the Palais des Sports, but he ducked the issue. Chocolate evidently found that the going was not as easy as he had expected it would be for him in Europe.

Paul Swiderski, who is rated very well in the American record books, is now in Paris. Paul is pretty well fixed financially. Still he may take on a bout or two for Dickson.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

FREDDY MILLER was beaten by Frankie Wallace, at the first show held here in several months. This was an overweight match and the only thing Miller lost was prestige.

Local promoters are now trying to sign up Miller and Wallace for a title fight here at the Public Auditorium.

Larry Atkins has turned from press agent to promoter.

Gorilla Jones is still winning regularly on the Pacific Coast. He is planning on a trip back home for a few weeks' vacation.

George Nolte has resigned as matchmaker at the Firestone Tire and Rubber Company—and Paul Sheeks will make matches in the future.

Shang Welsh plans on running every week at Akron, and has a club on South Main Street, right in the heart of Akron.

Babe Denning and Paul Cromley boxed a hot ten-round draw at Findlay, Ohio, and the promoter is trying to sign them for a return bout.

Pittsburgh boxers are writing in for work around Cleveland. But the fight game is in a slump around here.

Walter Taylor has opened up a night club, but intends to promote a few big shows at the public auditorium.

Mike Getz and Jimmy Dunn are working with Paul Sheeks, helping him dig up talent for his Saturday night shows.

Carman Barth, who left Manny Robbins and Jchnny Papke, is still looking for a manager. He failed to go through at Akron for Paul Sheeks. Carman wants to go to the West Coast, where he made a great name while in the amateur ranks.

Lee Sheppard, who gave Eddy Koppy a good fight at Toledo, is anxious to get a return match with Koppy.

Jimmy Lee is still promoting all the big amateur shows at the Cleveland Athletic Club.

Jack Pallet has resumed training at the Root A. C. and is ready for any of the local heavyweights.

Ray VanHook, who moved from Cleveland to Buffalo, got his first start under a Buffalo manager. He won by a knockout at Erie, Pa. Bobby Clary, another well-liked boy around here, also won his fight.

Babe Triscaro will make a visit home and go back to Frisco, where he plans on going to Australia. He has received a flattering offer to make the journey.

Ross Fields has returned to Weirton, West Va., where he will keep in training for future matches arranged by manager Jimmy Dunn.

Mickey Dugan has returned from his Southern trip and is anxious to box Paul Pirrone.

Ernie Wright, good colored welterweight, is anxious to box anybody in the state, at 145 to 147 pounds.

Si Marsh writes in from Akron that several promoters are planning to stage fights there, as well as in Barberton and Wadsworth, as all the big factories and rubber companies are running in full capacity.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE 147th Infantry Armory opened its doors to the public with a good program of fisticuffs. Tex Blankenship is at the helm as matchmaker and Joe Sarno, former Detroit promoter, is aiding Tex in making the matches.

In their initial main go, Tiger Walker, the Cincinnati Negro lightweight, who was a big card at the Northside park during the outdoor season, won six of the ten rounds from his opponent, Midget Mike O'Dowd of Columbus, to garner a clean-cut verdict.

The "new sensation" was Tony Idone, eastern bantamweight, who waded right through Arnold Bainfield and knocked him out in the first session. Idone looked very good, but just what he can do under fire is yet to be determined.

In the prelims, Harry Nuxoll lost to Jimmy Jones in six; Carl Berry stopped Al Santelle in three; Frankie Willis beat Charley Lightfoot in four, and Joe Galon stopped Battling Dietz in three rounds.

Don Curley, former South Bend mentor of scrappers, is now making Cinci his headquarters, with Bob Bonner as co-manager. They have under their wing Harry Williams, the Negro heavy; Joe Muchorowski, the punching light-heavyweight Polish youth; Jimmy Brown, the colored welter ace; Frankie Minerva, eastern featherweight, and Leo Flowers, southern colored lightweight. Curley can be reached at 339 Sycamore St., Apt. A, Cincinnati, O.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—Lou Navarro, Cuban lightweight champion, is anxious to get going in Cincinnati . . . . Ray Taylor, local lightie, is training hard for a comeback . . . . no monkey business this time, says Ray, who is training like a Trojan, between dishing out lager at Rappold's as a waiter . . . . Harry Hartman, broadcasting the wrestling matches from the Marathon Stadium . . . . Herman Katz, still the leading boxing promoter around Cinci . . . . Don Curley's two scrappers, Jimmy Brown and Harry Williams, should go somewhere. Brown recently trounced Jackie Purvis, while Williams holds a kayo and decision in two fights over Patsy Perroni . . . . Art Schultz won the lightweight title of Greater Cincinnati from Franky Sanzone in a fast eight-rounder at Music Hall . . . . Leo Flowers traveled up to Springfield, where he defeated Ace Lightning, the same boy who twice beat Walker here this summer . . . . Walker beat Flowers; now what can you make of it?

The eight best in Cincinnati at this writing are: Heavyweight—Ted Graham; light-heavyweight—Joe Muchorowski; middleweight—Frankie Palmo; welterweight—Simon Nebloski; lightweight—Art Schultz; featherweight—Young Helms; bantamweight—Tony Idone; flyweight—none.

WRESTLING NEWS FROM THIS SECTION—Johnny Stote, world's welterweight champion, recognized by the American Federation of Wrestling, continues to attempt to get Jack Reynolds, National Wrestling Association champ, into the ring with him, but in vain. Stote's most recent bout was a win over Leo Donoghue in Toledo.

Kenny McKeznie, Mount Airy, N. C., light-heavy, is now campaigning in the East.

Frank Boehm is hailed the next light-heavyweight champion. Boehm has gone through all the light-heavies and has only lost a couple of verdicts in the heavy division. To Boehm's credit goes the honor of wrestling Billy Gardner, ex-light-heavy champ of the A. F. W. at Hamilton, O., last spring. Gardner won, but weighed over 185 pounds to Boehm's 170. Automatically, the Cleveland Hungarian became champion.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By JAMES VACCOLLA

JIMMIE LETO surprised the fistic world by his seven-round K. O. over Steve Haliako. The bout was held in Holyoke, where Leto is a great favorite.

Steve Carr, Meriden's sensational middleweight, took a pasting from Al Rossi, New Haven's middleweight contender. Rossi floored Carr twice in the ninth round but could not keep him there.

Louis Kid Cocoa had an easy fight with Vito Lotti, Italian lightweight. The bout was stopped in the third.

Georgie Russo, Bridgeport lightweight, took a pasting from Joey Zodda of N. Y. C. Russo was floored three times by the hard-hitting Zodda.

Tin Can Rominelli and Johnnie Compo fought a whale of a battle with Tin Can grabbing the duke after four rounds of hard fighting. These bouts were held in the New Haven Arena.

A real Connecticut natural was staged at the New Haven Arena October 15. Eddie Moore, the Bridgeport bomber, and Al Rossi, New Haven's new fistic idol, met in the main bout. Rossi proved too clever for the hard-hitting Moore and got the decision. The bout drew one of the largest crowds of the season.

Carmen Knapp defeated Harry Alexanian in a slow bout. Knapp looked fat and slow and would make a very poor opponent for Cocoa Kid whom he has been trying to meet for a long time.

Pinkey Morris, Bridgeport's classy featherweight, surprised the fans by giving Tin Can Rominelli a boxing lesson in a special four-round bout.

Irish Eddie Dolan of Waterbury, lightweight, defeated Vic Dart of Norwich in a six-round bout.

George Mulligan, popular Waterbury sportsman, started the indoor boxing season with a good card. In the main bout Al Gainor, the black panther of New Haven, defeated Battling Bozo of Birmingham, Ala. Gainor dropped Bozo four times in the seventh round. These two boys fought to a draw a few months ago. In the semi-final Eddie Carr defeated Tommy Walsh of New York. Eddie Dolan, Waterbury lightweight, got the nod of Pedro Nieves of Porto Rico. Joe Vignali, up and coming Waterbury boy, got the decision over Joe Eberon of New York. In the opening bout Tony Kayer of Hartford stopped Al Leveque of Waterbury in the third. Both these boys were former amateurs. About two thousand fans attended the bouts. And George Mulligan will run weekly shows.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Bill Blackley is one of the best announcers in New England and is very popular with the fans. That Denny McMahon and Louie Vercui have the largest stable of fighters here. That Ned Fitzgerald of New Haven is still looking for a heavyweight prospect. Al Jennings, the man who first managed Jack Delaney, claims he's all through with the fight racket.

Willie Conor, who manages Rudy Marshal, runs a lunch wagon in Cos Cob, Conn. . . . Chili restaurant in New Haven is the hangout for fighters, managers, promoters, and the wise boys. . . . Kid Williams of Norwalk has a good pair of boys in Billie Bridges and Phil Baker.

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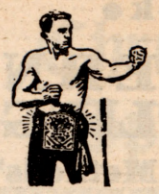

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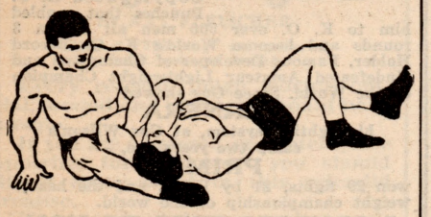

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KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

OXFORD, KANS.—A packed house witnessed the contests between the Chanute amateur boxers and the Chilocco Indian team. Ernest Tanquette shaded Pat Gravel. Jeffy Vann, an unpopular decision over Tony Lazerri. Lewis McMillan, a razor-edge decision from Everett Ogle. View Seigler won easily from Ralph Davis. D. V. Lidell, a close decision over Unk Gillan. Frank Johnson stopped Kid Snyder in one. Jonas Perry won from Amos Liver in two on a foul.

Wichita, Kans.—Al Fay shaded Harold Murphy in ten rounds. Jack Charvez gained a hairline decision over Bulldog Wilson in six. Brooks Robison outpointed Milt Schooley in six. Bobby Hull and Red King drew in four. Kid Coronado beat Jim Hancock in four rounds.

Wellington, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Wayne Williams knocked out Polo Veris in one. Jimmy Abasolo beat Al Lindsey. Victor Manuel knocked out Bud Logan in two. Augie Benshawk beat Johnny Holmes. Marvin Bohn knocked out Cliff McCabee in two. Leo Bohn knocked out Bud Phillips in one. Ray Yeagger beat Glenn Snell. Kid Stroger beat Wade Albright.

Kansas City, Mo.—Bus Breese beat Steve Ketchell in eight-round main event. Harold Matthews knocked out Earl Cecil in two. Lloyd Weems knocked out Virgil Spiker in three. Billy Tosh knocked out Henry Neninger in four. Mickey Weston knocked out Young Harris in one round.

Kansas City, Mo.—International Arena amateur boxing results: Ted Charno stopped Tommy Dugan in two. Gene Driskell beat Chester Rudy. Bobby Ames beat Spud Malone. Johnny Uzeal beat Bob Haggard. Harry Knecht beat Bud Swanson. Everett Sommers beat Gilbert Hotchkiss. Jimmie Messick beat Charlie Barry. Delbert Dale beat Virgil Buck.

Manhattan, Kans.—Amateur boxing results: Kid Freeman beat George Heidenrich, Bert Thompson beat Cliff Edgren, Frank Massey knocked out Bob Manley in one, Pete Wassenberg knocked out Marvin Champ in one, Cecil Hersh beat Clif Kohler, Bill Brenner beat Claude Max, Bud Farrar beat George Nester, J. C. Prentice beat Bud Eichenhorst, Louis Pachinka beat Everett Eshbaugh.

Enid, Okla.—Jack Kilbourne and Wilson (Indian) Dunn fought a ten-round draw. Chief Paris beat Bobby Armstrong in six. Taylor Roberts beat Pete Regal in six. Kid Shannon and Al Smith drew in four rounds.

Wichita, Kans.—Jack Slattery, who handles the largest boxing stable of professional and amateur boxers in the Middle West, states he has purchased the contract of Jimmie Carter, well known in this section as the "Fighting Fool." Carter is now in New Mexico.

Kansas City, Mo.—Tommy Corbett defeated Joe Glick in a ten-round main event. Roy Stevens knocked out Dick Moore in four. Roy Jacks knocked out Charlie Arthurs in one. Johnny Owens knocked out Jack Baize in two. Rex Reese knocked out Jess Spirona in two rounds.

Some of the good amateur boxers of Kansas who have turned professional in the past year are: Johnny Caesar, Mickey Nolan, Mel Ward, Red King, Bus Breese, Bobby Hull and Freddie Raigoza.

Professional and amateur boxers, wrestlers and managers seeking engagements in Kansas City, Mo., send your communications to Gabe Kaufman, boxing promoter, care of International Arena. Kaufman has taken over the Arena and stages wrestling every Monday night, amateur boxing every Tuesday night, and professional boxing every Friday night. Tom McHugh has resigned as matchmaker and Kaufman is handling all the business.

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LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Jack Slattery and Johnny Husong of Wichita are now managing Al Fay . . . . Ira Krueger will start promoting amateur boxing shows at Neodesha this month . . . . Billy Hemphill, a classy middleweight amateur boxer, suffered a broken ankle at football practice with the Kansas Aggies . . . . C. A. Boggs, John Heisler and Mr. Burke are three live wires that make the Oxford Athletic Club of Oxford the best drawing spot in Kansas. They stage only amateur boxing shows . . . . Les Showers, premier amateur boxing promoter of the Middle West, staged a big three-day tournament at Lewiston, Idaho, which was a big success . . . . Billy Newton, boxing promoter, of Joplin, will open in the spring with some high-class eastern talent.

LOUISIANA AND VICINITY
By H. J. "MATTY" MATHEWS

JIMMY PERRIN, New Orleans bantamweight, turned in two impressive victories when he trounced Tony Cangiamilla and Kid Laredo in ten-round set-tos at the Garden A. C. Perrin is making stepping-stones to the top of every opponent he faces and in defeating Laredo, 118-pound champion of Mexico, he administered the lad's first defeat in over sixty pro contests.

In another ten-round go at the Garden A. C., Kid Laredo's stablemate, Richie Mack, Dallas lightweight, had easier opposition and gained a technical kayo over Jumbo Rovira, New Orleans, in the seventh.

Probably the largest stable of fighters in the South operates under the management of genial and rotund Jimmy Feely. With headquarters in New Orleans, Feely has under his wing the Camaratta brothers, Jimmy, August and Nick; Joe King and Big Boy Peterson, heavyweights, and many others. With John Knoop he also handles Paul Quarteraro and Jumbo Rovira.

After several unavailing efforts to justify the large following he still retains from his international amateur days, Eddie Flynn, Crescent City middleweight, Olympic boxing champion and dental student, defeated Ray Kiser, Tulsa, Okla., in ten rounds at New Orleans. Kiser had won from Flynn in a previous tilt. The judges' favor fell to Moon Couns, 160 pounds, in the most pleasing preliminary on the Flynn-Kiser card. Jimmy Camaratta was the loser in four rounds. Desmond Diggs overcame another hurdle in decisioning George Holmes, New Orleans featherweight, in the semi-final bout.

A new favorite was uncovered on the Perrin-Cangiamilla card in the person of Fred Root, 145-pound New Orleans boy. Root southpawed his way to a win over lanky Oswald Schulingkamp and in doing so showed he is the best prospect of his weight in this section.

A main event Chinese boxer is a rare person in the United States, but this writer has under his management two Orientals at present, with the possibility of having another soon. All of the slant-eyed battlers are brothers, Johnny Chong, welterweight; King Chong, 140 pounds, and Ralph Chong, middleweight, the latter being on the Pacific coast at present. The novelty and fighting ability of these Chinese draw at the gate wherever they appear.

A broken arm ended an otherwise dull bout when Tiger Burns, Memphis, Tenn., lightweight, snapped a left wrist bone in the seventh of a scheduled ten-round match with Ervin Berlier, New Orleans. Berlier held a slight edge up to the time the bout was stopped. Joe Saille, 118 pounds, showed well in decisively defeating the veteran preliminary scrapper, Caveman Farace, in the semi-final.

The leading Louisiana fighters in their individual classes are: Santos Hugo, flyweight; Jimmy Perrin, bantamweight; August Camaratta, featherweight; Ervin Berlier, lightweight; Johnny Chong, welterweight; Eddie Flynn, middleweight; Joe King, light-heavyweight, and heavyweight, none.

Ray Kiser can shave off his whiskers again. When Kiser lost to Billy Wallace in Texas he vowed he would not shave until he won a scrap. By outpointing Lope Tenerio, Macon, Ga., in ten rounds at Mobile, he can now use the razor. In the semi-final "Admiral" Dewy Cannon, 119, Mobile, stopped Jesse Alderman, Brookhaven, Miss., in two rounds. Promoter Sam Powe had a large turnout of fans.

Sargis Prevost, rugged Biloxi, Miss., middleweight, displayed some devastating punches in winning two bouts in Mobile. His first victim was Lee Brand, Birmingham, who was kayoed in the fifth of a ten-round go, while Buster Mallini, Kiln, Miss., was saved from a knockout by the bell in the tenth, Prevost winning the popular acclaim.

There are two promoters operating in Mobile, Ala., where there should be but one. Sam Powe, who has been in the game a long time and knows what it is all about, features nationally known fighters and is doing fairly well to date. Fred Brown, who has but recently begun activities again, uses the lesser lights of the fistic realm.

Two Mobile battlers continued to please their particular followers in bouts during the month. Gene Tillman, 144 pounds, knocked out Moon Couns, New Orleans, in the sixth round. Two weeks later Tillman battled to a decision over Jackie Osborne, Birmingham. Irving Schaffer, 134 pounds, knocked out Johnny Laman and outpointed Matt Brown and Battling Burroughs, in six rounds melees.

The bespectacled boxer, Willard Brown, Indianapolis, Ind., junior welterweight, who jumped into the limelight by hanging a kayo on Battling Shaw recently, lost to Tracy Cox, also of Indiana, in a Texas ring and with it the chance to call himself the Texas champ at his weight.

OUTCROPPINGS — Martin Burke's weekly cards at the Garden A. C. in New Orleans are back in the profits again. . . . Emile Bruneau has a number of preliminary boys under his direction, including some fairly good prospects. . . . Because of the increased patronage in New Orleans, some of the country's leading fighters can afford to appear there. . . . Kid Barrilito, Mexican bantamweight, has gone under the management of Russell Saia. . . . Felix Espinosa and Whity Esnault handle a number of negro scrappers. . . . Scotty McLaughlin watches after the physical condition of a number of well-known Southern fighters. . . . Louis Ovalasiti is the new promoter of all-negro boxing shows in New Orleans. . . . This writer's address is 627 Ursuline, New Orleans, La.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON
By DOC ALMY

LOU BROUILLARD of Worcester, until recently recognized as the middleweight champion of the world, went out of his class to give Adolph Heuser of Germany a beating in the feature bout of a Boston Garden tourney. Heuser weighed 170 to Brouillard's 163. The champion met the German at his own game—close in-fighting—and so belabored him that after the bell clanged ending the eighth stanza, Heuser's corner men announced his surrender. The two best rounds were the fifth and sixth, when the fighters stood toe to toe and swapped. Heuser got all the worst of the exchanges—was a target for Brouillard's left hooks—and went to his corner all done. Lou coasted through the seventh and eighth. Of the eight rounds, Heuser collected but one—the second.

In the semi-final to the foregoing, Johnny Rossi of Worcester and Tony Celli of Leominster, both middles, put up a fine eight-round bout, the spectators—about seventy-five hundred—cheering both. The award went to Rossi, a very fast, clever and pleasing performer. In another good bout on the card, Vernon Cormier, 128, Worcester, of the Brouillard stable, defeated Danny Tardugno, 127, Lawrence, in a six.

With the Burke Sporting Club out of business until aid was forthcoming, this city narrowly escaped being off the boxing map altogether when the Boston Garden, disgusted by the tactics of various managers and boxers with whom it sought to do business, announced that unless it got some kind of an immediate "break," it would close its doors to the entire fraternity until the latter got hungry enough to want to go to work. The announcement created a sensation. All of the comment, however, sustained the stand taken by the Garden management.

The climax was reached when Billy Ames, the matchmaker, after weeks of work in attempting to get together a show for October 25, declared that, because of the refusal of various managers and boxers to accept the Garden's real money, he was absolutely at a standstill. The Garden heads—President John Kilpatrick, Manager Harold J. Dibble and others—sustained the matchmaker. First off, Ames tried to match Teddy Yarosz of Pittsburgh with Brouillard in a fifteen-rounder for the world's middleweight title. Though Yarosz rates as an outstanding middleweight and in the hunt for the title, his manager failed to warm to the offer. Next Ames tried to tie up Vince Dundee with Brouillard. Dundee was willing, but Lou didn't think that thirty-seven and one-half per cent, with a guarantee of seven thousand dollars, was enough. So that lagged. Ames then turned to Tony Shucco for Brouillard. The offer was seventeen and one-half per cent, with two thousand dollars guarantee, Brouillard to receive thirty-five per cent, the bout to be overweight. The Shucco forces wanted twenty-two and one-half per cent, an impossible demand, so, after much pulling and hauling, that came to naught.

William F. (Billy) Garcelon of Newton, Mass., a Boston lawyer and business man, long connected with sporting matters, is the new head of the Boston Garden, and should prove a very acceptable official. He was elected to that office at a meeting of the Garden directors. The appointment of Harold J. Dibble of New York to succeed the late James T. Gilman, as manager, was confirmed. Garcelon, a native of Lewiston, Me., is a graduate of Bates College and Harvard University, and in his collegiate days was a star track man and to the front in other sports. Later, he was graduate treasurer of the Harvard Athletic Association, also an official of the New England Golf Association. The Garden should flourish under his administration.

The resurrected Burke Sporting Club staged its first tourney under new management with two ten-rounders at the top of the card. In the initial co-feature, Vittorio Livan of Italy defeated Mickey Bishop of Stoughton. In the final main bout, Werter Arcelli, a member of the Italian amateur team which toured the Eastern States several years ago, easily defeated K. O. Castillo of Bath, Me., who a while back got a newspaper award over Sammy Fuller in a Portland, Me., ring. Castillo fought almost entirely on the defensive and did some very clever dodging and ducking. He managed to garner a couple of rounds, but did too much "bicycling" to interest the 1375 fans who turned out to see the show.

Down in Quincy, Mass., "Wee Willie" Wood, once of Scotland, a bantam who, in his day, fought all comers throughout New England, also in New York State, is developing a middleweight in Joe Glasgow, who is showing all kinds of promise. Wood first turned Glasgow loose in the Boston Garden "New Talent" shows last spring, the youngster making a very good appearance. Starting with September, Glasgow has been a shining light in the ring of the New Quincy Arena, a fine little club, seating about two thousand. Within three weeks, he has stopped Nap Proulx of Taunton, whipped Hunter Welch of Lowell, and knocked out Rudy Santerre of Nashua, the latter former New Hampshire welter champion. Santerre lasted but two stanzas.

A real swath in amateur heavyweight circles is being cut by Allan Morassa, a big, blond sailor boy from the U.S.S. Mojave, now located in Boston Harbor. Morassa sports a full set of whiskers of the "Man Mountain" Dean variety, but the fact does not interfere with his fighting. Though he has been at it in this section only for about six weeks, he has piled up such a string of kayo victims that he is running out of opponents. It is likely that he will bud out as a "pro" at an early date, with Dan Carroll as his mentor. The ring of the Irish-American A. A. in its fine new clubhouse in South Boston has been the scene of the sailor's greatest exploits.

Homer Rainault has his indoor auditorium—the Valley Arena—going again in Holyoke, Mass., and staged Lee Ramage of California *vs.* Hans Birkie of Germany in his ten-round feature. The unanimous vote of the officials went to Ramage. The same club was the scene of a real surprise when Jimmy Leto of Hartford so belabored Steve Halaiko of Buffalo that the towel was thrown from the latter's corner in the seventh stanza.

As a result of the somewhat unsatisfactory Petrolle-Fuller fight several weeks ago at the Boston Garden, also the draw vote of ring officials, the State Athletic Commission has adopted a plan suggested by the writer, of having official state referees act as judges. On the occasion of the Brouillard *vs.* Heuser fight, a recent show of the Burke Sporting Club, referees were alternated with each bout from ring to judges seat. Thus there was always an official referee acting as a judge, also another as third man within the ropes. Thus far the new system has worked out very satisfactorily.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
By WILLIAM PIKOR

THE summer campaign here this year was most disappointing, financially speaking, to say the least. This gives promoters cause to be a bit skeptical concerning any hopes for the wintry months. The big financial success of the year was the Yarosz-Dundee fray, and what a strike that was!

Buck McTiernan, Swissvale boxer, made a comeback shot when he met Joe Feldman, Cleveland boy, at Moose Temple auditorium in the opening indoor show in this vicinity.

Johnny Risko, rubbery baker fist-flailer, got a nice hand at his home city, following his stellar triumph at the World's Fair over Tommy Loughran. Johnny is anxious to meet Baer or Schmeling again.

General Burrows and Marty Gornick have been attached to long-term contracts by Ray Foutts. In all sincerity, Foutts opines Burrows is the best welterweight in the district and Gornick the ace of the 140-pounders.

Billy Holt, colored fighter, of Homewood, hereafter will appear as a middleweight. Holt functioned well as a 147-pounder and expects to prove a sterner proposition in the heavier class.

YOUR SCRIBBLER OBSERVES — Teddy Yarosz in Newark bout with Young Terry. Luke Carney out on Coast with Eddie and Fritzie Zivic. Pet diversion of Frank Goosby, colored fighter—short-story writing. Mose Butch back in tip top shape. Steve Hamas flattening Benny Miller at Los Angeles. Harry Dublinsky in defeat at fists of Eddie Cool.

With Havey J. Boyle, sports editor, at the helm, the *Post-Gazette*, morning daily, is staging an amateur ring tournament. The venture is described as "the biggest of its kind held in this city." The members of the Amateur Athletic Union and other bodies are combining to put the thing over in style.

Forward your material early if same is desired in impending RING. Write me, General Delivery, Donora, Pennsylvania, and enclose stamp if necessary.

Mickey Fedor, middleweight bruiser, has hung up the mitts. The "Canton Killer" is now a resident of Alliance, O.

Joey Spiegel, Uniontown boxer, snared the West Virginia welterweight crown by lacing Kid Cooke before a sizable turnout at Fairmont, W. Va. Al Becker, North Side 160-pounder, knocked out Jimmie Columbo in the first.

Jackie Wilson, clever East End boxer, is not getting the breaks his record commands. Wilson's rating on the sock market is the "leading contender for 126-pound laurels" through victories over Johnny Pena, Eddie Shea and a decision and kayo triumph over Tommy Paul. Instead of idling away, Wilson should be in the ring with Chocolate, Miller, Watson or Milling. Are you listening, promoters?

The foremost boxers in this district are: Mose Butch, Jackie Wilson, Charley Baxter, Tiger Joe Randall, Teddy Yarosz, Bruno Sala and Sunny Jim McVey.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By SKIPPY JOYCE

THE boxing sport is on the pick-up in California. Not booming, but a steady increase in attendance points toward better times. Figures show tax receipts from boxing and wrestling in September to be fifteen per cent greater than for that month a year ago.

Better times! That's great, but still not good enough to warrant the influx of fighters and managers from other parts. At the rate they are coming the big ones will soon be eating the little ones—literally.

With John Henry Lewis, Young Peter Jackson, Wesley Ketchell, Vearl Whitehead, Speedy Dado, Young Tommy, George Hansford, Jo Tieken and other local lights active there should be a warm winter session.

And you can be prepared to see Young Corbett III back.

The commission is ever with us. They recently recognized the Tommy-Dado fight as for the World's Championship. But you've heard nothing yet. What else did that august body do? They named a champion of all the middleweights. Not all the middleweights in California. In all the world. And Vearl Whitehead is the recipient of the honor! Just think of that!

I can't help but think "honors" of this sort do a fellow more harm than good. Whitehead is a pretty fair fighter. No world beater, but always turns in a good performance. He is tough and does not mind taking a few in an effort to give the customers what they pay to see. He will do well, but is not in the championship class.

For the fellow who does his fighting from the ringside and gallery, Oakland provided an object lesson. Any one can get in there and go pretty well. That is for a few rounds, and if he were in shape—Well, you know how you feel about it yourself.

Just get out there and keep throwing 'em. As the poet says, "Oh, Yeah!" Alfred C. Read, Jr., stock broker, society man, man about the movie village and so forth, found out differently.

Read, a pretty well-set-up fellow, decided, for reasons of his own, to do a measure of box fighting. Out he bounces and swings his arms. Does fairly well. Knocking his man down. But in one minute he was all in. And an easy prey for a knockout. On the floor and unable to get up.

Al Banuet provided another example. Banuet was the Champion handball player. And it takes condition to gain a title in that sport. He decided to go in for fighting. His first bout was against a youngster also making his debut. The fans howled and yelled in glee as the pair staggered through four rounds. No one was hit hard. But both took rests whenever the opportunity presented itself. They were thoroughly exhausted at the end of the match.

The management brought them back the next week. Each thought an additional week of training would spell a different story. But it was the same thing. Both had to be assisted from the ring. And mind, neither had landed damaging blows. Neither has fought since.

The commission has joined with the New York and Illinois bodies to recognize major suspensions. Why not titles also?

National Hall in San Francisco's Missions has reopened. The advertised policy is to develop local talent. And they seem to be doing just that. More power to 'em!

The amateur game has taken a new lease on life. More than two hundred took part in a four-weeks' tournament in San Francisco. Olympic Club, Taussig and Ryan, Jovial Club, Burns Club, Booker T. Washington Club, Yosemite A. C., Lodi A. C., Fresno A. C. and many other organizations as well as individuals contributed to the success of the tourney.

These events have always done well. It is the rise of the sport in other sections that is cheering. The Holy Name Society in San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego has mapped out a busy winter for boxers. Amateur clubs are doing well in Oakland, Sacramento, Burbank and Culver City.

Jim Jeffries is sponsoring the Burbank club. Max Baer's little brother, Buddy, is the big attraction in Oakland.

CHALKY WRIGHT met Eddie Shea in the center of the ring. Both weaved, Chalky to the right to bring his left into play; Shea to the left, feinting his left hand and getting into position to shoot over his deceptive right. Their noggins met. Wright was down. Up at nine. He charged Shea lashing out a left hand toward nothing in particular. Shea weaved again. This time his right landed flush against Chalky's jaw. Twenty-two seconds had elapsed. Wright's opportunity was ended for the time being. The chance he had been waiting for these eighteen months.

Wright, a stablemate of Young Peter Jackson, has been the most talked of feather in southern California. His claim to prominence rested for the most part in his ability to get a match. If no front ranker would take him, it followed, in the estimation of fans, he must be good. In the gym, he looks every inch a fighter. Without a doubt, he will get another chance. Perhaps the wait will not be so long this time.

Following the bout, George Raft vaulted into the ring and belted Shea. That is, he presented the Mae West belt, emblematic of the Junior light championship of the West. The presentation was immediately following the k.o. Raft still proxying for La West glanced toward the prostrate Wright and murmured, "Why don't yuh get up some time!" The belt is Eddie's for keeps if he successfully defends it twice.

Shea has been turning in some fine fights out here during the past month. He cracked Eddie Trujillio's jaw in knocking the Mex out. Won in a round from Frankie Arragon.

Gene Bianco was no match for Young Tommy in an Olympic ten. Tommy carried the fight to the Italian and won as he pleased.

Harold Anderson, a Michigan boy, making his first local start on the same card, looks to have plenty. A knockerouter, Anderson has in addition, color. The fans like him.

Oakland pulled a good one. A twelve-round battle for the featherweight championship of Portugal between Johnny Pena and Pinto DeSa. A no-decision bout! Not a bad stunt at that considering the Portuguese population of the East Bay City.

Pena walloped Young Tommy at Dreamland earlier in the month. Pena looked like a tough feller in taking the fighting to the Filipino.

Art Lasky, a Mid-west heavy, is either lucky or is the owner of a terrific short jab. The Olympic gave Lasky Jack Willis for his maiden start. Willis knocked Art around for a couple of rounds and went down to stay. Something of the same happened the following week. Tony Souza came into the fourth round well in front. He pounded Lasky with a hard right time and time again. Lasky seemed through. Souza, tired from swinging 'em, let up long enough to take a couple of short ones. Down he went. Flat on his back for the full count.

Wesley Ketchel and Vearl Whitehead fought a cautious ten rounds in another Hollywood bout. Whitehead earned a close decision. Bobby Olivias and Ted Frenchy looked good in prelim spots.

Kid Moro and Kenny La Salle furnished action for the citizens of Sacramento. LaSalle was forced to retire in the final round. Kenny has the making of a first-class boxer. He needs steadier work to develop fully.

Young Tommy won over Johnny Yasui at Dreamland. Yasui, brought from the Islands by Moose Taussig, put up a pretty good scrap. He is not ready for the Tommys just yet.

Vince Morris knocked out Carl Butler.

Metro Sherby and Lester Marston, former amateur featherweight title holders on the Coast, featured the opening card at National Hall. Sherby took the four-round decision. Metro has yet to lose a fight. Joe Lang, member of the American Olympic team, drew with Tony Minini of Butchertown.

Eddie Frisco lost to Cef Garcia at Hollywood. Then, as Tony Curro knocked out Babe Anderson in San Jose in eighteen seconds, a rematch gave him a chance to show well in earning a decision. He rated an Oakland shot only to undo all the good work. Paulie Walker was awarded the decision after ten easy-going rounds. Tony clutched no title.

Gorilla Jones stopped Billy Papke in Pasadena and took nine of ten rounds from Mike Payan in San Diego.

At Pico, Wally Hunt knocked out Larry Navarro in four.

Gene Espinosa knocked out Baby Palmore in three sessions. Pismo Beach was the scene.

Another of the Olympic team won when Fred Feary, heavyweight, K.O.'d James Merriott in Stockton. Another when Johnny Hines, feather, stopped Foster at Pico.

Bert Colima, the biggest drawing card during four rounds days in California was stopped in two rounds in Fresno by Philo Brubaker. It was Brubaker's first professional fight!

Eddie Ran's eye was bleeding badly in the sixth, giving Babe Marino the win at Dreamland.

AFTER THE HOLLYWOOD-BROADWAY MANNER! Jack Dempsey, Estelle Taylor's ex, was third man in the ring (referee to you!) at the Ontario A. C. the other Chewsday . . . . Norman Hartford, the sportscaster, has entered the publishing field . . . . Bozo Kammisher and Len Lauder have Phfttt! . . . . Meyer Grace and Cef Garcia were seen dancing at the Hollywood stadium one Friday fite nite!! . . . . An orchid to that charming Hollywood police officer that snapped at the galleryite's heels all around the arena until the "Exchange window" was in view. All the four-bit seats being occupied, Young Tommy and Speedy Dado signed with the Olympic to play the leading roles in a revival of "The Gate" . . . . The California Commission and Vearl Whitehead are that-a-way!! Max Baer and Dorothy Dunbar (recently renovated) together at the Shea-Wright fight.

Benny Miller learned a good deal about this and that in his fight with Steve Hamas. It was Miller's first start in fast time. Plenty of confidence Benny went out to box. Hamas was puffing and gasping. Miller was jabbing, crossing and dancing out of danger. It was too easy.

Who said the heavyweights were tough? Miller could see no reason to keep the fight fans up longer. He would slug it out. Finish it. He walked in prepared to end it. Wham! A right uppercut. Flush on the Miller chin. The fight was over. And Benny couldn't understand it. Another "big chance" ended.

BOUNCED into Reno and sat in on a couple of fights. Ray Oriente had a distinct advantage over Jack Kavanaugh in the six-rounder one week. He got a draw. The following week Ray won in a round from Eddie Cerosoli. When the bout was stopped Eddie was almost out and bleeding from a cut on the forehead. The cut was from a punch. You may or may not remember, this section picked Ray as one of California's brightest prospects a few months back—and that before he had had a professional fight.

After ten rounds Cef Garcia knocked out King Tut in the seventh. The bout ended in the third round! No contest! A k.o. victory for Cef. Cef and Tut both disqualified.

Sounds goofy. It was goofy. But that is what happened in Hollywood, and all in one evening and one bout.

Frankie Van, referee, ruled no dice after three rounds which if described would sound like a radio broadcast of a football game by Betty Co-ed. Tut's down. No, Tut's up. Garcia's down. Tut's down. He's up. Garcia's up. He's down. They are thrown out of bounds.

To be exact, each went down three times. And Van didn't like the manner of going down and stopped the fight.

Dr. Harry Martin, chairman of the commission, took over the controls. "People have shelled out good dollars, not to mention four-bit pieces," said he in effect, "to see a box fight. Let there be a box fight. Youse two guys will start from scratch and fight. And let there be no clowning."

A noble sentiment, Doctor!

So the boys went at it again with Garcia knocking Tut out in the seventh frame after the intervention.

Boxing would have lost a lot of customers had it not been for the work of Dr. Martin.

Meyer Grace disappointed a lot of us. The Philly welter seemed sincere in his comeback effort and, remembering his fight with Young Corbett, a goodly number turned out to wish him well, but he failed them.

Ever since Baby Palmore hung a Mary Ann on Dado, promoters have been sending others with little or no chance to win against the Filipino. Billy McLeod was the latest victim. McLeod is tough and puts up a good fight against boys of his class and experience. Dado had no trouble that evening. The bout was at Hollywood. On the same card, Peppy Sanchez knocked out General Padilla.

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SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

AL PAHL, Sioux City lightweight, has been making the wise ones stand up and take notice during the past month. He defeated Billy Love of Omaha in six; knocked out a couple of dubs, handed Terry Griffin a licking, and halted the winning streak of Caddy Casey by holding the Minneapolis flash to a draw. Keep your lamps on this boy.

The American Legion, with Glenn Milligan and Roy Warfield as matchmakers, has started off the indoor season at the local Auditorium with a bang. Boxing managers can reach Milligan and Warfield, care of Warfield Dist. Co., 3rd and Pierce Streets, Sioux City, Iowa.

Owing to the many requests for me to carry news from South Dakota, Nebraska and North Dakota, along with the Iowa notes, I have decided to do so. *Don't forget, correspondents, your notes must be in my hands by the sixteenth of the month.* Send same to 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

Sioux City's indoor season went off with a bang when the American Legion staged a show called "Shadows of the Past." Morrie Schlaiffer, Omaha's fighting fool, mixed three fast rounds with Eddie Morris; Glenn Milligan did three with Ray Carter; Earl McArthur and Earl Puryear handed the fans a treat in their three. What fights these would be ten years ago! It was all in fun and the fans had plenty of laughs. The main part of the card saw Battling Nelson shading Ray Schneck in six; Bobby O'Dowd licked Young Salvatore in six, while Young Rightmeier won the nod over Freddy Penn in six.

Frankie Pasha, local boxing manager, has a number of boys under his management, and promoters wishing to get in touch with him can do so by writing care of the Martin Billiard Parlors, Sioux City, Iowa.

Another interesting knuckling show staged at the Auditorium showed local fans some dandy bouts. Sammy Musco, Omaha bantam, lost to Young Rightmeier in an eight-round re-match. Bobby O'Dowd and Speedy Ricco, bantamweight champion of Colorado, drew in six. Speedy Clayton knocked out Ray Stanton by a T.K.O. in two. Young Tommy Sacco and Mickey Slater fought four slashing rounds to a draw. Al Pahl beat Terry Griffin in four. Kid Roy Newman shaded Ernie North in four.

My new list of boxing promoters is now ready. Besides containing a list of promoters from this section, you will find the names of the leading newspapers, the leading boxers, and the best fight towns. There is a small charge of ten cents, which only covers the cost of getting the matter into your hands. Our address is 2206 N. Lafayette Place, Sioux City, Iowa.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—Just twenty years ago, Harry Forbes, former bantamweight champion, boxed in Sioux City . . . . That Sailor Burke, former Sioux City lightweight, had steel plates in his left arm . . . . He fought over three hundred battles, winning the lightweight title of South Dakota . . . . Young Rightmeier is under the management of his dad, who is also his trainer . . . . Harry Jones, local outdoor promoter, may stage one or two indoor shows . . . . Johnny Burds is now a referee . . . . Babe Barnes is promoting shows at Leeds, Ia., and is giving the youngsters a chance to do their stuff.

Something we have had on our chest for some time, and a matter that is important to everyone connected with the boxing game here, is this: Why boxers are permitted to enter a bout here without a physical inspection is something I am unable to understand. It has been going on that way for a number of years, and it is high time local promoters and other promoters around the state took a tip and pulled up on the safe side.

Battling Nelson, the Nebraska bearcat, knocked out Young Schmeling in six at the Auditorium. Jay Conlon shaded Speedy Ricco in six; Al Pahl shaded Billy Love in six; Billy King beat Lefty Tiger in four; Mickey Slater beat Young Rogers in four; Harold Peters drew with Billy Grayfox in four.

The indoor wrestling season opened up with the following results: George Kogut lost to Al Schanke; Pat McGill beat Arthur Von Saxton in two out of three falls; Mike Marhoff and Jimmie Dementral wrestled to a fast draw.

Fort Dodge, Iowa, will be back on the fistic map this winter with some big shows. Jimmy Salvatore is the big hit there and, win or lose, the fans are always on hand to see him go. During the past month he defeated Bobby McLaughlin at Jefferson, Ia., lost a hairline go to Hymie Wiseman at Waterloo, Ia., beat Bobby Rogers at Holstein, Ia., and lost a close bout to Bobby O'Dowd.

FORT DODGE FLASHES—Glen Musselman and George Fritz, who have been on a vacation from the fistic sport, are once more ready to go . . . . Joe Lucas showed some fine form when he beat Kid Scotty at Holstein, Ia. . . . . Hal Molenhoff, a popular heavyweight, is training for a number of bouts . . . . Jack Carver intends to stage a comeback . . . . Roy Gillman and George Yruckenbrodt have a large stable of boxers . . . . Gillman is matchmaker for the Elks Club . . . . Yruckenbrodt is one of the leading trainers in Fort Dodge.

Keokuk, Ia.—Frankie Hughes, Clinton, Ind., and Jimmie Brown, Cincinnati, Ohio, mixed ten rounds to a draw. Pee Wee Jarrell, Fort Wayne, Ind., defeated Simon Nebolsky of Cincinnati in ten. Joe Muchorowski beat Russell Gross in eight. Harry Chapman of Chicago beat Benny Lenny in six.

Burlington, Ia., NEWS AND VIEWS—Paul Anthony, veteran Middle West boxing promoter and manager, is giving the fans some high-class shows . . . . Managers can reach Anthony, care of Dunn Hotel, Burlington, Ia. In one of the best fight shows of the month, Ray Beetner beat Al Wilson of New York in eight fast rounds; Dutch Kimball beat Merle McInroy in six; Ronny Malcolm beat Hack Colbert in six; Tiger Bates beat Kid Carpenter in four; Chuck Wilhelmy beat Jack Young by a K. O. in three; Burr Painter shaded Gene Nelson in four; Farmer Fedrick beat Battling Bates in a fast three-rounder.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Jimmy Gibbons outpointed Larry Udel in eight; Johnny Stanton knocked out Ernie North in one round; Wayne Short beat Speedy Clayton in six. The boxing game is going fairly well around South Dakota . . . . They have a commission in the state and things are run on the up and up . . . . Tommy O'Loughlin is building the sport up in Sioux Falls and doing real well . . . . Johnny Stanton, former Minneapolis lightweight, is the big drawing card there.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Johnny Stanton defeated Wayne Short in eight fast rounds; Jack Gibbons knocked out Bill Borbon in two; Ray Cossette knocked out Bob McConkey in two; Harry Larson knocked out Gradon Bakke in four; Tag Jensen knocked out Kid Hargrave in six. Mike Gibbons refereed the main event.

The boxing game around Nebraska has taken a turn for the better . . . . Indoor shows have started in Omaha, Lincoln and Norfolk, and a number of smaller spots . . . . Johnny Lee is doing the third-man job around Omaha . . . . Earl Puryear, Bobby Paul, the well-known Jensen brothers are just a few of the managers . . . . Tommy Corbett and Sonny Sofio are two of the leading boxers . . . . Billy King is promoting at Norfolk, Nebr.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Floyd Morey and Henry Falegano fought ten rounds to a draw; Jay Conlon and Kid Chocolate fought six rounds to a draw.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sonny Sofio and Freddy Tompkins fought ten rounds to a draw. The paper stated Sofio should have received the decision. Jimmy Wooten knocked out Kid Henderson in five. Mickey Luckey knocked out Willie Lewis in two. Glen Lee beat Joey Harris by a K. O. in three. Les Smith beat Billy Love in four.

Omaha, Nebr.—Sonny Sofio beat Jimmy Wooten; George Kenard beat Ace of Spades; Glen Lee beat Tuffy Fleishmann; Sammy Musco and Hymie Speigel drew.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Jimmy Thompson, local lightweight, lost a bout to Wayne Short at Minneapolis . . . . Mickey Slater, local bantam, is the best-looking prospect for the month . . . . Dr. A. R. Sofio of Omaha is a great lover of THE RING magazine . . . . Des Moines, Iowa, will hold some good indoor shows this winter . . . . Wrestling has been going well there . . . . Frankie Wolfram defeated Joey Forchione in ten rounds at Canton, Ohio . . . . Wolfram may return to Sioux City soon . . . . Local boxers have two spots to work out at—the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C. Gym . . . . Such boys as Bobby O'Dowd, Mickey Slater, Ray Mann, Al Pahl, Young Rightmeier, Ernie North, Tommy Sacco, and a pile of others are working out daily . . . . Whitie Dale, a newcomer, will make Sioux City his headquarters . . . . Freddy Penn, Omaha bantam, will also make headquarters here, fighting under the management of Sailor Burke . . . . The fight game is picking up around North Dakota, mainly Fargo, where Tommy O'Loughlin is promoting shows . . . . Al Pahl, local lightweight, is the big hit around Fargo at this writing . . . . Ray Mann is fast getting into shape. His brother, Kid Mann, also is in the sport.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

WITH the exception of a few amateur bouts, the boxing game has been placed on the shelf for over two months. But a personal interview by ye scribe with the local promoters, enables him to inform the boxing world that it won't be long before the popular sport will be going sky high around these parts.

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HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

RAYMOND C. KAHLER is now a matchmaker for the Furniture Capitol A. C. in Grand Rapids, taking the place of E. W. Dickerson, who is now a member of the boxing commission. Kahler's first attempt was the third meeting between Wesley Ramey and Tony Herrera, well-known lightweights. James Duffy, chairman of the commission, suggested that Barney Ross should meet the winner of this fight as he recognized Herrera and Ramey as the two logical contenders.

Ramey started out well, scored a knockdown in the second round, and messed up Mr. Herrera considerably. Herrera rallied in the closing rounds to take the eye of Referee Jack Asperry of Detroit, who then awarded the decision to Herrera.

Stanley Krennenberg and Sammy Goldman, two Grand Rapids sons who have been campaigning in the East, returned to Michigan in the preliminaries. Krennenberg was scheduled to meet Mike Flaherty of Toledo, and Goldman to meet Manuel Quintero, but Flaherty didn't pass the medical exam, and Quintero for some reason or other didn't fight. Krannenberg knocked out Bud Getz of Kalamazoo in round two, and Goldman outscored Andy Sucarde of Detroit in a slow sixer.

Georgie Quackenbush, another member of the Harry Gordon troupe, whipped Sammy (Popeye) McCauley in another six-round go. Teddy Mavranda, veteran lightweight from Bay City, fought Andy Espisito of Toledo in a six-rounder that had the crowd roaring.

Orrie Mosher, Muskegan's southpaw lightweight, fought Maxie Strub, lanky Erie star for the third time at Muskegan. Strub had what looked like a safe lead when he dropped one that went below the belt. Mosher was given the bout on a foul. In their first meeting Mosher won by decision and in their second bout Mosher was stopped.

Frankie White, colored fighter from Detroit, has been in Chicago for some time. In his last start there he defeated Johnny Rich of Cleveland in four rounds. White is a 150-pounder.

Top notch boxing returned to Detroit, when the United States Naval Reserve staged a show at the Naval Armory. Lou Raymond, veteran fight impresario, is matchmaker. They expect to run fights bi-monthly.

The first show featured Eddie Cool, tall lightweight from Philadelphia, who won from Harry Dublinsky of Chicago. Cool won with plenty to spare. In the other bout that was scheduled to go ten rounds, Freddy (Pickles) Heinz failed for the first time to go the route when his seconds tossed in a towel to save him punishment from Sammy (Kid) Slaughter, wicked puncher from Terre Haute. Heinz was floored in the third round for a nine count, and as he staggered to his feet the towel came in.

In a six-round bout Chuck Woods, Detroit lightweight, beat a good boy in Marty Gornick of Pittsburgh, stablemate of Teddy Yarosz. Frank Kapanowski, A. A. U. champion of Michigan, and Nick Torres, another amateur star, fought professionally in scheduled four-rounders on the card. Torres lost a close decision to Coca Cola Kid, a lad who is a consistent winner at the small clubs.

Ernie Maurer, Michigan bantamweight champion, was given a real test when he was matched with Frankie Genaro, two-time flyweight champion. Genaro is thirty-two years old, and Maurer is twenty. Genaro started well, and made a monkey of Maurer for a couple of rounds. But after the fourth round the Detroit hope had things all his own way. Johnny Reiggie, Flint lightie, returned to the ring after a long layoff and handed Joe Stalnes, former Detroit amateur, his first beating. Nelson Morris and Charley Murray, both Detroiters, were thrown out of the ring when the referee decided they were not trying. Less than seven hundred saw the fight at the Ypsilanti Armory.

Jack Beaton, fight manager of Detroit, expects to take his two good heavyweights to the West Coast this winter. In his last fight Alex Borshuck scored over Eddie Anderson on the Maurer-Genaro card.

Johnny Miler, heavyweight champion of Michigan, outpointed Johnny Whiters, Pontiac colored boy, in a titular scrap at Hazel Park. Orville Drouillard, flashy blond from Windsor, eked out a win over Wilbur Chevalier, Bay City buzz saw, in the semi-final of six rounds. Sidney Thomas, who is now fighting under the name of U. S. Chocolate, looked good in beating Mickey Dodge, also of Detroit, in another sizzling fight. Speaking of Chocolate, he appears to be going somewhere. He has had something like twenty fights, is only eighteen years old, but is a good prospect.

Don DeSautels, who is now promoting shows at Beaumont, Texas, wants to hear from the managers of Michigan fighters about going to Texas to box. Some of the boys he wants to hear from are Jack December, Eddie Koppy, Wilbur Chevalier, Morris Sherman, and Johnny Mitchell. His address is Dixie Hotel, Beaumont, Texas.

Orville Drouillard, clever Windsor feather, proved that he had a knockout wallop when he stowed away Kid Huston, colored slugger from Houston, Texas, in the second round of the feature bout at Windsor. In the six round semi-final, Tommy Potento, Windsor featherweight, had his hands full in beating Jimmy Crawford, Detroit negro. Chuck Muchison had an easy time with Ed Plant of Windsor in six, Cliff Boughner, Windsor, shaded Leo LaFontaine, in four, and Mark Mathieson punched out a win over Otto Worth, Detroit, in another four-rounder.

At this writing Frank Erne, Hazel Park promoter, has run shows on 146 consecutive Friday nights without a break. His shows have run below $25 several times, but he always has a show each Friday night. At Erne's Arena Teddy DeFrancis, Detroit welter, rallied in the last two rounds to gain a draw with Reuben Edmans, Muskegan puncher. Pete Petroskey, another Musky welter, beat Frankie Veith, Detroit, in six rounds. Tony Lamerato, Detroit middleweight, technically knocked out Neil Ramey, Muskegan, in the fourth; the Coco Cola Kid stopped Mickey Derider, Muskegan lightweight, in the fifth round, and Freddy Payne, Muskegan, shaded Red Russell, Detroit feather, in four.

For the third time, Orville Drouillard outpointed Wilbur Chevalier. This time they fought at Mt. Clemens. Their previous meetings were at Hazel Park. Milton (Babe) Albrecht, Utica, outpointed Sammy Caruso, Bay City, in the six-round semi-final, and Joe Bolenda, Bay City featherweight, lost to Mark Mathison in the four-round opener. In other bouts Bob Albrecht and Taft Upshaw, Mt. Clemens middleweights, drew, and Ed Plant whipped Georgie Bond, Detroit.

Harold Anderson, light-heavyweight champion of Michigan, made his debut on the Pacific Coast when he knocked out Chuck Andrieson, Whittier, Cal., in the first round as a preliminary to the Steve Hamas-Benny Miller joust. The Michigan lad weighed 177 ½ to his opponent's 202.

Ray Van Hook, former Pontiac mittster, fighting out of Cleveland, flattened Paddy Barrett, of Erie, Pa., at the latter's home town. Van Hook kayoed his man in the fifth round.

Scotty Monteith, returned to the promotorial field when he put on a beef trust tournament at the Detroit Arena Gardens. Ten bouts were held. Seal Harris, veteran Chicago negro, weighing over 230, was the ultimate winner. Harris won by default from Johnny Morris of Chicago after beating Willie Davis, Chicago, and knocking out Albert North, Pontiac, in one round. Paul Ambers, former state amateur heavyweight champ, making his professional bow, was eliminated in the first round of the tourney by Willie Davis. In a scheduled six-round go Jack Stroppa, Winnipeg, leveled Tommy Meeking, Windsor, in the fourth round.

No fighter or manager should be without lists of Michigan promoters. They may be obtained for a quarter by writing Mickey McIntire, Route 3, Deckerville, Mich.

Milton Albrecht, Utica, won Referee Frankie Daly's decision over Silent Hartman of Flint in the six-round main bout at Mt. Clemens. Ray Johnson, Flint, outpointed Sammy McCauley and Billy Moore, Flint, beat Billy Phipps, Toledo, in six-rounders, and Delmar Ford, Flint, beat George Young, Windsor, and Pat Spurling, Windsor, beat Billy Haaxma, Romeo, in fours.

Jack Tunney, Georgia heavyweight, won by a technical knockout from Jack O'Dowd, Detroit, at Asheville, N. C.

Teddy DeFrancis, Detroit, and Mickey Misko, Saginaw, welters, battled to a draw in eight rounds at Mt. Clemens.

In the main event at Dearborn, Big Tiger McClendon, colored heavyweight, surprised by beating Harry Nelson, Inkster, in six rounds.

Jack December, Mt. Clemens, had to fight hard to get a decision over Joe Ruggizonni, veteran Italian, in the six-round main event at Mt. Clemens. In other bouts Billy Gerbe beat Lou Hendler, Ray Johnson beat Jimmy Crawford, Otto Worth shaded Coca Cola Kid in six-round bouts, and K. O. Morgan, Mt. Clemens, stiffened Red Lemanske in the second round.

Bobby Young, veteran lightweight from Pittsburgh, licked Harry Robertson, Port Huron, and Milton Albrecht beat Tommy Meeking, in the feature bouts at the Dearborn Arena.

CANADIAN TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

AL FOREMAN, proud wearer of the British Empire lightweight crown, as well as the Canadian diadem, has added another remarkable feat to his credit. The dynamic Britisher boxed six and a half rounds against Joe Ghnouly, rugged St. Louis lightweight, minus 90 per cent of his vision, and despite that handicap, only took a bad beating in one round, the seventh. Foreman was restrained from coming out for the eighth round by his brother-managers and Ghnouly was awarded a T. K. O. win that elevated him into a spot of commanding attractive offers from promoters near and afar.

Foreman was the victim of one of those breaks that come once in a century. During the first minute of the fight Ghnouly flicked his left more or less aimlessly and the tip of the open glove smeared across the Britisher's eyes and paralyzed the optic nerve. Foreman, seeing only a shadow instead of Gnouly, through a screened curtain of darkness carried on so gallantly that few of the crowd at the Arena realized his condition.

Billy Hogan, Ghnouly's stablemate whom Gus Wilson hopes to pilot to the welterweight throne room, displayed masterly sharpshooting ability to stop Eddie Shapiro, New York, in two heats.

Ray Cook, blond Toronto featherweight, gave another impressive display when he stopped Benny Brostoff in four heats. Leo Paul took a pasting from the more experienced Albert Brodeur in a light-heavyweight six-rounder and Joe Marciente proved a little too ringwise for Tommy Rolling in another six-rounder. It was a spicy fight card.

Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, added to his reputation when he trounced Midget Wolgast in the ten-round headliner of the last September card at the Forum. The fiery Verdunite kept pace with Wolgast throughout and his consistent aggressiveness and two-fisted punching put him well into the van when the last round rolled around. A good prelim card supported the Leitham-Wolgast attraction. Albert Ladou drew with Frankie "Kid" Covelli, New York, and Roger Bernard drew with Paul Junior in twin ten-round semi-finals. Harry Gerson drew with Ralph Giaffone, New York bantam, in a five-rounder, and Frankie Martin, rising local bantam star, beat Dominic Nico, also of New York, in another five-rounder. Three draws in a five-bout program indicates matchmaking, huh?

Pete Sanstol confirmed his superiority over Bobby Leitham in a hectic twelve-round classic at the Forum. The public knew a great battle was assured for 8,000 fans paid $5,807.

Roger Bernard nearly upset Joe Ghnouly's fistic prospects in the ten-round semi-final. These rugged battlers staged a smashing body-punching duel with Ghnouly being a little more consistent and Bernard more spectacular in flashes. The decision went to Ghnouly, and the fans howled, and the next day the commission changed it officially to a draw when it was found that one of the judges who had his card scored in Bernard's favor had been so harassed by ringsiders swarming around him that he had made a mistake checking up hastily and erroneously scrawled Ghnouly's name in the winner's column. Anyhow, that is the story, but a return bout is more logical.

Harold Stewart, popular local Irish lightweight, redeemed his knockout defeat at the hands of Paul Junior by decisively outscoring Albert Ladou in a spicy six-rounder.

Frankie Martin, Sam Gibbs' flashy bantam, continued his onrush toward divisional heights by stopping Ritchie Carter, New York's colored ex-Olympic and Golden Glove ace, in six rounds. Carter started off well but faded from the third round on under Martin's increasing pacing and later claimed to be in poor shape. Tommy Rollings outmauled Frankie Fiore in the six-round opener.

STRAY SHOTS—Johnny Keller, colorful local 130-pounder, on warpath again and likely will be making rapid progress again shortly. . . . Harry Gerson, local bantam pride, also in harness again and the Jewish faction will be right behind him. . . . . Frankie Martin certainly is good . . . . he trounced Lefty Gwynne, Toronto's Olympic bantam champ, in Ottawa just before taking Carter into camp. . . . Yours truly glad to be back on the job again after annual vacation to Broadway's attractions. . . . Don't misunderstand now. . . . . Was also impressed with scenic beauty of Connecticut. . . . Saw great heavyweight prospect in Stillman's Gym . . . . his name is Buck Ryder, scales over 200, stands 6—1 in socks, hails from British West Indies . . . dusky hued, beautifully proportioned of build and fights like a wild man . . . . hits like blazes with right hand and had railbirds out of seats in workout with Bob Olin. . . . His manager is Babe Denico, of New York and Danbury, Conn., a square-shooting young pilot. . . . He might be in the money with Ryder yet, let's hope so. . . . Amateur fights under way in Montreal now. . . . Novice meet ran four nights, five hours for twenty-six fights or so each night. . . .Maybe we weren't bleary-eyed when it was all over.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN at least had the satisfaction of gaining a fifteen-round decision over his old Nemesis, Jack Sharkey, although he did not fare so well financially. Sharkey got all the dough (twenty-five grand), which was guaranteed before the Boston gob set foot in Phillie. When the house was counted, announcement was made that Loughran would get about thirty-five hundred dollars, but it is believed in many quarters he failed to get anything.

Loughran came out of it with two bad cuts over his eyes, but felt happy in the thought that he had beaten the man who gained a knockout over him four years ago in New York. Sharkey did very little training while in the Philadelphia district, claiming he had worked hard to get in shape for his King Levinsky bout and wanted to taper off here. One thing is sure, he did a lot of shopping after arriving from the Windy City, and blew in five hundred dollars in a big department store, togging out the family for a hard and cold winter.

It took Referee John (Spud) Murphy's decision to turn the tide as the judges, Al Voice and Herman Weingrad, cast different ballots. Voice favored Sharkey, while Weingrad went for Tommy. The majority of the Philadelphia writers voted for Loughran and the writer, who has been looking at big and little fights for a quarter of a century, scored it: "Loughran, nine rounds; Sharkey, four, and two even."

Loughran now desires to get a shot at either Max Schmeling or Primo Carnera. The latter was among the eight thousand spectators when Tommy turned in the surprise victory over Sharkey and saw the "Pride of Ritner Street" knock down the Boston heavy in the tenth round with a right cross to the jaw. Loughran weighed 183, and Jack, 202.

Obie Walker, rugged Philadelphia colored heavyweight, who has not lost a bout since he stepped foot in the burg, stopped Salvatore Ruggerillo of New York in the third round. The Italian had a bad cut over his eye when Referee McGuigan stopped the action with Walker way out in front.

Jack McCoy of Leiperville, and formerly of Virginia, battled to a hard six-round draw with Frank Watanski of Utica in one of the preliminaries to the Loughran-Sharkey bout. Don Petrin of Newark, who never fails to please in Phillie, made new friends in his six-round victory over Popper Stopper of Chester, the former's hard lefts shaking up the colored phantom time and again. Eddie Houghton, who is in Joe Smith's stable and sparred with Loughran in his training for the Sharkey tangle, scored a technical knockout over Al White of New York in the fifth round. Houghton has been improving fast, both as a puncher and boxer.

Billy Ketchell's defeat at the hands of Johnny Pilc of New York at the fall opening of the Cambria, was only his second one in almost sixty starts. Only Pat Haley, veteran Kensingtonian, had previously beaten the Millville slugging middleweight.

Johnny Duca of Paulsboro and Joe Mandarano, Manayunk, battled through eight hard rounds to a draw at the Cambria.

Convention Hall apparently will be an open house for boxing shows this winter. Taylor and Gunnis, who had the lease before, and Fried and Fishman of the Arena, are planning to conduct shows at the city-owned hall. Ray Fabiani has the exclusive lease for wrestling shows at the municipal building, Phil Glassman having been crowded out.

Norman Rahn, former amateur star, continues to win in pro ranks. He hammered Harold Kutzer of Port Richmond into defeat in a six-rounder at the Cambria.

Joe Ferry, former Norristown and Philadelphia amateur boxer, who was boxing instructor at the University of Illinois, is one chap who has gone quite a way in the films. Under the name of "Russ Clark," Ferry has appeared in "Elmer the Great," "From Broadway to Hollywood," and other hits. Ferry learned to box under Adam Ryan, one of the real veterans in the Quaker City, who has taught and brought out quite a lot of amateur and professional talent. Joe's dad is a big-time undertaker in Norristown (twenty miles from Phillie) and one of the leading sportsmen of his community. He never misses a football or baseball game and can tell you anything about the ring maestros.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

PAULIE WALKER, Trenton contender for welterweight honors, added Tommy Curro of New York to his long list of victims. This bout was held at Los Angeles. Walker's two great bouts with Young Corbett have made him a big favorite on the West Coast. This is Walker's third trip out there.

Ralph Fulton, Trenton welter, broke even in his last two bouts. Fulton lost a close one to Bert Como at Paterson and beat Tony Rock at Newark. Both of these bouts were of eight rounds.

Mickey Cohen, formerly of upstate New York, but now making Trenton his home, lost in his first start around these parts. Cohen lost by a shade to Jack Little of Philadelphia in an eight-round bout at Camden.

Young Greb of Trenton beat Tommy Huggins, colored, of Camden, in a six-rounder. Greb, who formerly fought under the name of Jimmy Barry, seems to be doing better under his new moniker.

Billy Brown of Trenton was knocked out in the first round by Eddie Houghton of Philadelphia at the Cambria in Philadelphia.

Tom Ritchie, who recently took Jack Gross, Jewish heavy, under his wing, is walking around these days in a daze. Ritchie was offered $1,000 for Gross to box Obie Walker on the Loughran-Sharkey card in Philadelphia, but Gross did not want any part of Obie. Ritchie tried to persuade Gross to take it, but it was no sale.

George Sacco, lightweight of Trenton, who has been out of the ring for over a year, is back in training for a comeback. Incidentally, Sacco is altar bound. He is connected with the State Highway.

Young Andy is another boy that is back in training. Andy worked at one of the shore points this past summer.

Jimmy Maguire and Baby Face Enslin put on a great bout for six rounds. Both boys scored three knock-downs. This bout was fought in the National Guards amateurs.

The Arena opened its fall season with a wrestling show. Johnny Ipp is promoting. Ipp stated that if the boxers play ball with him he will run two boxing shows a month.

JERSEY GOSSIP
By HERSCHEL SCHWARTZ

BENNY LEVINE, Newark Hebrew, scored a two-inning kayo over Alfred Gaona, Mex middleweight champ, in Madison Square Garden, but Roscoe Manning, Nutley negro middleweight, was beaten in six rounds by Trader Horn of New York on the same card. Don McCorkindale was in the main event.

McCorkindale's fistic activities in the United States are handled by "Babe" Culnan, matchmaker at Newark's Laurel Gardens and Dreamland park, and Willie Gilzenberg, also of Newark.

Al Rossi, Belleville's middleweight championship contender, bested Steve Carr and Eddie Moore in two fights at New Haven. Moore is the lad who was successful in several Paterson appearances this summer.

Making his initial Newark appearance in quite a spell, Harry Jacobs, home-town middleweight, scored an impressive six-round kayo over Tony Fisher in the first Laurel Garden show this season. In the semi-final on the program which was a financial flop, Jack Portney, Baltimore Junior welter, halted Carmen Roman of Jersey City in six rounds.

Al Diamond, Paterson middleweight, scored a decisive eight-round win at Philadelphia over Joe McHale of Quakertown.

Tiger Sullivan, Paterson negro middleweight, went home to Baltimore and scored a two-round and ten-round win over Arthur Danley of Georgia, in two appearances in the Maryland metropolis.

Freddy Bustard, Paterson Irish lightweight, has returned to the Silk City after a successful campaign waged in Ireland during the past few months.

All fistic writing for this column should be addressed to "Herschel" Schwartz, at the Paterson Evening News, Paterson, N. J.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS
By DAN POLIER

ASHVILLE, N. C.—Red Berry, colorful Washington, D. C., heavyweight, outclassed Frankie Simms of Cleveland, in the ten-round main attraction bout at the Pack Square Garden here.

In the semi-final bout, Firpo Hipps, rising Charlotte welterweight, outpointed Cowboy Hugh E. Gray of Washington, in eight heats.

Marion, N. C.—Staging one of the best matches ever put on here, Bobby Wilcox, of Atlanta, won a clear-cut decision over Bill Keeling of Ashville, in a ten-round bout here.

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Jack Reynolds
Sandor Szabo
Paul Jones
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NOT THE LARGEST HOTEL IN TIMES SQUARE, BUT ONE OF THE FINEST

FIGHT FLASHES FROM THE SOUTH

By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

JACK KILBOURNE, middleweight champion of Australia, who is now making his headquarters in Charleston, S. C., made his debut in the South by putting away his opponent in the first round.

Gordon Fortenberry of Cocoa, Fla., boxed his way into Eddie Borden's first ten in October with his impressive showing against Martin Levandowski, whom he put away in the first round. Other Southern fighters that were also named as "one of the best" were Joe Knight of Cairo, Ga., Bob Godwin of Adel, Ga., Vince Dundee of Baltimore, Md., Eddie Kid Wolfe of Memphis, Tenn., Tony Herrera of El Paso, Tex., Tony Conzoneri of New Orleans, La., and Petey Sarron of Birmingham, Ala.

Following up his word that he would again knock out his bitter rival, Joe Knight put away Bob Godwin for the second time. The bout was held at Miami, Fla., to which a record crowd turned out to be on hand. Grovan Rhodes K O'd Mario Santana in the semi-final.

Mike Owens, formerly of Savannah but now of Asheville, N. C., and who about eight years ago was considered to be one of the best light-heavyweights in the country, is now doing excellent work as a referee, and his work seems to find favor with every fighter and manager.

FISTIC FLASHES—At Asheville, N. C., Reds Barry decisioned Frankie Simms. Ike Hail whipped Pug Hinton and Baby Quarrles shellacked Tony Monin. At Charleston, S. C., Rufus Miles bested Pat Flaherty, while Loree Wilson thrashed Jack Kirton. . . . Bucky Burton bested Russell Gonzales at Jacksonville, Fla., in the top, while in the semi-final, clever Moro outpointed Mario Santang.

At Miami, Fla., Joe King, 176 pounds, won an unpopular decision over Carl Knowles, 168 pounds, and Roy Bailey decisioned "Whataman" Spike Webb. . . . Charlie Webber and Whit Webb were thrown out of the ring at Savannah, Ga. . . . . Jimmy Griffin, Valdosta, Ga., sent Jimmy Lundy to the cleaners in the first twenty seconds at Waycross, Ga.

At Beaumont, Tex., Jackie Gibbs, Beaumont, outpointed Mickey Hazuda, Pittsburgh; Frankie Willis, Houston, and Walter Ketchem, Pittsburgh, drew. . . . . At Savannah, Ga., Chino Alvarez, Havana, Cuba, knocked out Johnny Cook, New Orleans; Russell Gonzales, New Orleans, La., won from Tony Monin, Tampa, Fla.; Clever Moro decisioned Battling Oscar, Tampa, Fla.; Eddie Reilly, Savannah, T. K. O-ed. Joe Kent, Savannah.

At Miami, Fla., Al Jerome, New Orleans, La., and Bucky Burton, Miami, drew. . . . At Port Wentworth, Ga., Billy O'Brien, Port Wentworth, stopped Joe Kent, Savannah; Bob Roper, Port Wentworth, decisioned Chick Gill, Savannah; Babe Webster, Port Wentworth, and Kid Boykin, Sylvania, drew; Snake Brinson outpointed Baby Rollins; "Fast" Holmes decisioned "Smokey" Blue. . . . Ervin Berlier, New Orleans, won from "Tiger" Burns, when the latter broke his hand. This bout took place at New Orleans, La. . . . At Atlanta, Carl Knowles decisioned Paul Berlenbach. . . . At Charleston, S. C., Billy Shell, Columbus, Ga., lost to Le Roy Brown, Charleston. . . . . At Atlanta, Ga., Carl Knowles, Savannah, defeated Berry Baggett; Loree Wilson, Savannah, defeated Jimmy Dundee, Cartersville. . . . At Indianapolis, Eddie Speaks, 132, Louisville, Ky,. outpointed Johnny Datto, Pittsburgh. . . .

At Jacksonville, Fla., Sammy Lucas, 128, Jacksonville, won from Jackie Willis, Valdosta, Ga.; Jackie Young, Tampa, K O-ed. Jimmy Burton, Tampa, Fla. . . . Al Stillman, St. Louis, Mo., knocked out Battling Bozo, Birmingham, Ala., in the seventh round at St. Louis, Mo. . . . At Charleston, S. C., Red Walsh, Charleston, defeated Frankie Moran, New Orleans; Tim Walsh, Charleston, knocked out Bob Reilly, Savannah. . . . At New Orleans, Fla., August Camarata, New Orleans, T. K. O'd. Jimmy McNamara, New Orleans; Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, K O'd. Jesse Alderman, Brookhaven, Mass.; Snooks Campbell, Miami, Fla., decisioned Roy Calamari, New Orleans. . . . At Mobile, Ala., Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, won from Gus Campbell, Miami, Fla. . . . At Jacksonville, Fla., Cliff Greenwood, Sarasota, K O'd Willie Kreiger, New York; Battling Goslin, Cincinnati, Ohio, K O'd Charlie Gaynor, Philadelphia. . . . At St. Petersburg, Fla., Spike Webb, Savannah, Ga., outpointed Otto Kushmer, Tampa.

At Laurel, Md., Eddie Burl, Jacksonville, Fla., outpointed Benny Schwartz, Baltimore, Md. . . . At Savannah, Ga., Russell Gonzales, New Orleans, decisioned Joe Temes, Jacksonville; Jimmy Simpson, Jacksonville, and Clever Moro, New Orleans, drew; Bulldog Downs, Savannah, and Jimmy Lundy, Savannah, drew. . . . At Atlanta, Ga., Hal Glymph knocked out Battling Bozo of Atlanta, 145 pounds. . . . At Savannah, Ga., Eric Lawson, decisioned Wild Bill Cox; Tony Monin outpointed "Baby" Lincoln.

The writer is looking for good talent and fighters are requested to send me clippings and photos if interested in coming South. Address me at 1911 Waters Avenue, Savannah, Ga. Your scribe wishes one and all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FLORIDA AND SOUTH GEORGIA

By HAL DAVIS

JOE KNIGHT, rated third in the world by THE RING, looked great in stopping the fourth ranking Bob Godwin in the fifth round at Miami. Knight displayed tigerish instincts never before evinced in beating the tough Moultrie, Ga., boy.

Ed Corley, who, as Fearless Ferns, gave the South many great fights, and later, under his own name, was a successful promoter in Jacksonville, is recovering from an unfortunate motorcycle accident. Corley, now a motorcycle policeman in Jacksonville, had his foot crushed in a crash. It is odd that Ed, who was a close friend of Stribling, should come to grief in almost the identical manner of the famous heavyweight's fatal smash-up.

Turner Scott is doing a good job in bringing high-class boxing to Orlando and drawing well.

Captain Fry, the matchmaker at Fort Benning, long one of the best drawing spots in the South, has been staging amateur bouts to the exclusion of pro fights this fall. Public demand may force this clever promoter to return to the professional game before the winter comes to stay, however.

Harry Devine, smart southpaw of Worcester, Mass., won a clear-cut decision over Chino Alvarez at Jacksonville recently. The former Olympic champ displayed too much class for the spectacular Chinaman. The largest crowd of the season was on hand to witness the show, promoted by Jeff Clark and Polly Huau.

The best drawing clubs in this section are located in Miami, Fort Benning, Ga. (near Columbus), St. Petersburg, Jacksonville, Macon, Ga., Waycross, Ga., Orlando, Sarasota and Tallahassee. For several reasons the game is on the mend hereabouts and a good winter season is anticipated. Names and addresses of the leading promoters in this section may be secured by writing your correspondent, which list will be sent in return for a photo of a main bout boxer, or twenty-five cents in stamps.

Billy Hood, Orlando 152-pounder, has been going great of late. Out of twenty-eight fights during the past year, Billy has dropped but one, and that because of a cut eye, to the well-known Lope Tenorio. Hood scored recent wins over Marshall Cardwell, Leo Bailey, Rip Tetherton, Florencio Biaza, Jimmy Reed, Johnny Roberts, Willie Norwood and Jack Taylor, as well as a draw with Manuel Quintero. Billy is only nineteen.

Take it from the writer, Nat Fleischer's new book, "How to Referee and Judge a Fight," is a dandy. Not only should every member of the profession have a copy, but boxing fans would derive more pleasure and understanding of the game if they would read this well-written book. It is not only instructive but entertaining reading. The "Questions and Answers" department also made a hit with us.

If news items of general interest are mailed to the writer at 406 Isabella St., Waycross, Ga., before the fifteenth of the month, they may be incorporated in this department.

PEELINGS FROM THE ORANGE COUNTRY—Red Scrogham and Ollie Joiner drew in Orlando recently . . . . Benny Odell, the 6 ft. 4 in. heavy, is expected back in the South soon . . . . Abie Sneider beat Johnny Alba recently in Jacksonville . . . . Sam Crosby, get in touch with the writer . . . . Charlie Battle, Jacksonville bantam, is a pleasing club fighter, with seven straight wins now . . . . Spud Myers, Waycross lightweight, looks like the McCoy . . . . Joe King, Lakeland light-heavy, is on a winning rampage . . . . Wilbur Stokes is back from Texas looking prosperous . . . . Jimmie Caldwell, Leesburg welter flash, looks to be the best Negro developed in the South in years. Seventy-seven wins without a loss in the welter class for Jimmie, with his only loss being to Rough House Glover, Waycross middleweight . . . . New clubs are opening up all over Florida, what with the tourist and orange season getting under way . . . . Bucky Burton beat Russell Gonzales in a feather clash in Jacksonville . . . . Charlie Battle held twelve pounds of lead in his towel while being weighed in recently in Waycross, in order to fight Bill Hendricks, lightweight, and won by a K. O. in the fifth . . . . When is the N. R. A. going to establish a code for promoters? . . . . We have plenty of sunshine down here, anyway.